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MISS BERRY'S

JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

VOL. I.

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EXTRACTS

JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MISS BERRY

FROM THE YEAR 1783 TO 1852.

EDITED BY

LADY THERESA LEWIS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1865.

TO

THOSE SURVIVING FRIENDS

WHO FORMED THE SOCIETY

AND CHEERED THE LATTER YEARS

OF

MISS BERRY'S LIFE

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THERE being no obvious reason why the editorship of Miss Berry's Journals, Letters, and Papers should have devolved on a person unconnected with her by the ties of blood, or of long and early intimacy, it may be satisfactory to the reader to know that the task was undertaken at Miss Berry's own request.

Miss Berry had bequeathed all her papers to the late Sir Frankland Lewis. Not long before the close of her life, she informed Lady Theresa Lewis that she had done so, adding that, in case of his death, and of his not having had time to deal with these MSS., she wished her to promise to take charge of them, and not let them pass into any other hands. After the death of her father-in-law, the contents of two large trunks were put into Lady Theresa Lewis's hands.

The late Mr. Charles Greville had been named in some testamentary paper many years before,

as one of those to whom Miss Berry wished to have her papers transferred; but Mr. Greville at once declared his wish to abide by Miss Berry's later request to the Editor. Miss Berry had taken a very kind and flattering interest in the 'Lives from the Clarendon Gallery' (published 1852), and the Editor had reason to believe that it was owing to her approbation of that work (which had been read to her in MS.) that she was thus selected.

The task of reading, of selection, and of arrangement from such a mass of MSS. has been somewhat laborious; nor has it been easy, or even possible in all cases, to identify the various persons alluded to in so long a life. The want of any books of reference on the Continent corresponding to Peerages &c. cuts off the means afforded in England of tracing out families or individuals, when not sufficiently distinguished in public life to claim their place in a Biographical Dictionary; and where no note of explanation is appended to names mentioned throughout the work, it is owing to the difficulty of obtaining accurate information respecting the persons in question.

The completion of the work has been interrupted and delayed by trials too painful to be

obtruded on the reader, and by circumstances over which the Editor had no control: she can only hope that the diligence with which she has worked through difficulties, and the pains she has bestowed on her task, will be accepted as evidence of her desire to do justice to the request of her loved and respected old friend.

KENT HOUSE: *May* 1865.

INTRODUCTION.

Miss Berry has more than ordinary claims to live in the memory of those to whom she was personally known. For an unusually lengthened period of years she formed a centre round which beauty, rank, wealth, power, fashion, learning, and science were gathered; merit and distinction of every degree were blended by her hospitality in social ease and familiar intercourse, encouraged by her kindness, and enlivened by her presence. She was not only the friend of literature and of literary people, but she assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of intellectual excellence in whatever form it might appear, and to the close of her existence she maintained her interest in all the important affairs in life, whether social, literary, or political. Without any remarkable talent for conversation herself, she promoted conversation amongst others, and shed an air of home-like ease over the society which met under her roof, that will long be remembered by those who had the opportunity of witnessing it, and who saw the consequent readiness and frequency with which the guests of her unpremeditated parties availed themselves of her general invitation.

From the age of seventeen or eighteen to that of nearly ninety, Miss Berry and her sister Agnes (one year younger

than herself) lived constantly in society both at home and abroad: they had seen Marie Antoinette in all her pride and beauty, and they lived to regret the fall of Louis-Philippe, for whose prudence and abilities Miss Berry had for many years conceived a high respect, and with whom she was personally acquainted. Born in the third year after the accession of George III., she lived to be privately presented to Queen Victoria a few months before her death.

In her early youth she gained the respect of her elders, and was well known to have engaged the devoted affection of one already far in the decline of life; in her own old age the loved and admired of the fastidious Horace Walpole won the hearts of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the friends of her youth, and will be affectionately remembered by some who still lingered in childhood at the time of her death.

When her own part in the active cares and duties of life was over, she could look back upon it as on a drama that had been played out in her sight; and from the eventful period in which she had lived, she had seen all the vicissitudes of war and revolution, the overthrow of nations, the fall of ancient dynasties, the rapid rise of new ones to supply their place, the bloodless revolutions and great social changes in her own country, the glorious achievements of heroes of undying fame, the bitter strifes of political combatants hushed one after another by the solemn call of death; and she had seen all this with the eyes of a most intelligent spectator. She had seen the dawn of genius leading to lasting renown, and the wane of power, health, and beauty generation after generation. She had seen the Seven Ages played o'er and o'er again,

but in her own end happily escaped the dreary inanition allotted to the last sad stage. She retained her senses, her vigour of intellect, and even the traces of her personal beauty, to a remarkable degree; and on looking back through the long vista of the life she was quitting, if she remembered its disappointments with regret approaching to bitterness, she also looked back upon its pleasures with satisfaction, its affections with tenderness, its follies with toleration, and its sufferings with sympathy. Such were the latter days of one, who owed not the position she occupied either to the distinction of birth or of wealth, but to the result of personal character, of peculiar social habits, of literary tastes and pursuits, and of a modest but generous hospitality.

Yet, notwithstanding the pleasing impression of social cheerfulness which Miss Berry has left, even to the very close of her life, upon all who knew her, it is clear from the perusal of her letters and journals that her character was strongly tinged, from her youth upwards, with melancholy. In her journals she seemed to take a pleasure in confiding, as it were to herself, all that wounded her sensibility, oppressed her heart, or depressed her spirits; and in this minute analysis of her own character and sentiments, it is easy to see that her judgment always dealt far more severely with every failing in herself than in others. Endowed with the strong good sense and power of thought, more often attributed to man, she possessed a most feminine susceptibility of feeling and nervous organisation of body; her warmest affections had been disappointed, and physical ailments were a frequent check upon mental exertions. Her mind constantly soared above the sphere in which it could act; she longed to

be useful, she longed to influence the welfare of her fellow-creatures, she longed to be great; she was fired with ambition in the best sense of that term; but there was no career. To the merely vain woman there is in every country a large arena for display, with its rich harvest of triumphs chequered by mortification; but to the ambitious woman, in this country at least, there is rarely the power of earning distinction but as a reflection of the stronger, greater light of man. Miss Berry was amongst the few who would have received that light, and would have shone by it: she was fitted to be the partner of greatness, and she missed a participation in the serious realities of life.

The yielding, indolent character of her father inspired neither deference nor admiration. She was brotherless and unmarried; hers was the master mind at home, but without corresponding influence abroad. She estimated very highly the intellectual powers of women. She felt within herself the capability of understanding the philosophy of life on which depends the conduct of human affairs; but, unassociated by the ties of relationship or marriage with men of superior mind and cultivation, she saw, with pain, that as an isolated being, the highest position she could attain in society was that of being considered an 'agreeable woman of the world.'

But, if this consciousness of a somewhat wasted existence fostered the morbid tendency to melancholy, with which adverse circumstances had early clouded her disposition, it never rendered her insensible to the value of friendship, and her heart glowed with affection and gratitude towards the friends who surrounded her and who,

to the last, tendered her all the respect and attention which her character and hospitality had so well earned.

The path of literary fame was still open to Miss Berry, and that she pursued with such diligence as the claims of society and the too frequent interruptions of ill-health would permit. It is as an authoress that she must be judged by the Public; and it is as having been an authoress that must rest the right of those entrusted with her papers, to give to the Public such an insight into her feelings and opinions as may tend to develope her character and abilities without venturing too much to invade the privacy of domestic life.

The great age to which Miss Berry lived has given almost an historical interest to many trifling incidents in her journals; and changes and improvements, that steal imperceptibly on, in manners, in morals, in refinement, in general convenience, and in opinions, become more defined and more interesting, when brought before the rising generation by the notes and journals of one who, born above one hundred years ago, was so lately moving amongst the living in the full enjoyment of every faculty. They are as the stepping-stones that help us to remount the stream of Time, down which we often drift too fast to mark the ever-varying scenes which accompany our passage, or the objects which unconsciously determine its course. Miss Berry's own estimation of the value of the details of private life, and of individual opinion, to those who would study the past, is thus expressed, when comparing the superior wealth of the French over the English in works of that order:—

So entirely (says she) do time and distance hallow and

render interesting minute details, that after a certain period, history becomes more or less valuable as it presents more or less lively pictures, not only of events, but of their effects on the minds and manners of contemporaries.

Miss Berry's first literary effort was in assisting, or rather in executing for her father, the work of editor to the various MSS. left jointly to him and to his daughters by Lord Orford. But, to the Public, she was, on that occasion, known only by her father's allusion to the assistance she had afforded him. The account of these MSS. and of their editorship is thus given in the Preface to Lord Orford's works published in five vols. 4to, in the year 1798 :—

Lord Orford, so early as the year 1768, had formed the intention of printing a quarto edition of his works, to which he purposed to add several pieces, both in prose and verse, which he had either not before published, or never acknowledged as his own. A first and part of a second volume, printed under his own eye at Strawberry-hill, were already in a state of great forwardness. . . . The friend to whom he has entrusted the care of his posthumous works has thought proper implicitly to follow the track which he found prescribed for him. . . . In the arrangement of the two last volumes, in the notes of the letters, and in the elucidation of many passages contained in them, the Editor has been materially assisted by a daughter to whose retentive memory most of the names, dates, and circumstances alluded to in the correspondence were consigned by the author himself, during the course of that intimate friendship and almost parental regard, with which, for several years before his death, he had honoured both her and her sister.

The reader, it is hoped, will pardon from the heart of a father, overflowing with affection for a child, who from her infancy to the present moment has rendered his retired life a scene of domestic comfort, this public acknowledgment of the assistance he has received from her on the present occasion.

Mr. Berry's affectionate tribute to his daughter's merits, in this little appeal to the reader, might be very gratifying to her filial feelings, but his acknowledgment of the assistance she had rendered in preparing these works for publication by no means represents the part she really bore in the task of editorship. In a letter to an intimate friend written in 1797, she speaks of devoting all her time and thoughts to doing justice to the wishes and to the literary reputation of their deceased friend Lord Orford, but 'without,' as she says of herself, the necessary publicity attached to the name of editor.

In May, 1802, a comedy, in five acts, entitled 'Fashionable Friends,' by Miss Berry, was brought out at Drury Lane; it was performed only three nights, and proved unsuccessful. It was afterwards published by Miss Berry in the complete edition of her works, with her own explanation of the cause of its failure on the stage.

Miss Berry's next work appeared in the year 1810, and was that of editor to the letters bequeathed to Mr. Walpole by Madame du Deffand at her death in 1740. Marie de Vichy Chamrond, Marquise du Deffand, was born in the year 1697, of a noble family in the province of Burgundy. She was married in 1718 to the Marquis du Deffand, from whom she was afterwards separated; in 1754 she became totally blind, and it was, Miss Berry writes,

eleven years after this misfortune when Mr. Walpole, then near fifty, and Madame du Deffand about seventy years of age, first became acquainted. She had (continues Miss Berry) long passed the first epoch in the life of a Frenchwoman, that of gallantry, and had as long been established as a *bel esprit*; and it is to be remembered that in the anti-revolutionary world of Paris these epochs in life were as determined, and as strictly observed, as

the changes of dress on a particular day of the different seasons; and that a woman endeavouring to attract lovers after she had ceased to be *galante*, would have been not less ridiculous than her wearing velvet when all the rest of the world were in *demi-saison*. Madame du Deffand, therefore, old and blind, had no more idea of attracting Mr. Walpole to her as a lover, than she had of the possibility of anyone suspecting her of such an intention; and indulged her lively feelings, and the violent fancy she had taken for his conversation and character, in every expression of admiration and attachment which she really felt, and which she never supposed capable of misinterpretation. By himself, they were not misinterpreted; but he seems to have had ever before his eyes, a very unnecessary dread of their being so by others: this accounts for the ungracious language in which he often replied to the importunities of her anxious affection; a language so foreign to his heart, and so contrary to his own habits in friendship.' . . . 'In a MS. note upon her character drawn by herself and published in this collection, Mr. Walpole says: "Her severity to herself was not occasional or affected modesty; . . . never having taken any studied pains to improve herself, she imagined she was more ignorant than many others. But the vivacity and strength of her mind, her prodigious quickness, her conception, as just as it was clear, her natural power of reasoning, her wit, her knowledge of the world, her intercourse with the brightest geniuses of the age, raised her to a level with them." Her natural quickness, indeed, (continues Miss Berry) seems sometimes to have hit upon truths which she had no power of detecting by thought, or of applying by inference. She often feelingly regrets to Mr. Walpole that she is not devout, seeing only in the practices of devotion an occupation of time, and a defence against her dreaded enemy, *ennui*, without seeming aware that nothing but fixed principles on the subject of religion, an unshaken belief in the wisdom and benevolence of the dispensations of a Creator, can reconcile us in advancing years to the increased evils, and diminished comforts, of existence. Nothing, indeed, but a perfect and devout reliance on that Being, incapable of the changes we feel in ourselves, and see in all around us, can produce resignation

to the present and hopes for the future; the only real supports of a protracted life.'

The task of selecting, illustrating with notes, and editing a collection of miscellaneous letters, must always demand much patient industry; and the difficulty of supplying information respecting persons named was much increased by the fact of their being mostly foreigners to whom allusions are made or the letters addressed.*

Miss Berry guards herself emphatically against any approbation of, or participation in, the opinions and views of Madame du Deffand; and thus concludes her modest Preface to this work:—

The Editor begs leave to protest against being associated either in the principles, the opinions, the taste, the merits or the demerits of the author of the following letters. Having executed an humble task with care, and having obtruded as little as possible the opinions, the principles, or the taste of an individual unconnected with the writer, or the subject of the letters, it will not perhaps be presumptuous in the Editor to hope, that the public will give to them such a reception as every work seems to obtain, which in any degree augments our insight into the human heart, and adds some little to the mass of human knowledge.

* In a private letter addressed to Miss Berry, many years later, is the following account of the Deffand collection of MSS.:—

'The Deffand collection of manuscripts, consisting of:—1 folio of Œuvres de Boufflers; 1 do. letters from different persons; 2 do. letters from Voltaire to Madame du Deffand; 1 do. Journal of do.; 1 do. "divers ouvrages" of do.; 5 large bundles of manuscript papers; 1 packet, containing several hundred original letters from Voltaire, Rousseau, Delille, Montesquieu, De Staël, Walpole, Henault, &c.; 7 large packets, containing 800 letters from Madame du Deffand to Horace Walpole—was sold in one lot to Dyce Sombre for 157*l.*

'As Dyce is in Paris, and considered by the French Doctors as the *least* insane Englishman they ever saw, you may refer Monsieur d' —— for further particulars to that gentleman.'

Miss Berry had no reason to be disappointed in her hopes of a favourable reception of her work, or of her labours as editor.

In February 1811, a few months after their publication, an article appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' containing a very favourable notice of the manner in which she had executed her task; and in May of the same year an article appeared in the 'Quarterly Journal' on the same subject, and with no less favourable a tribute to the merit of the then anonymous editor.

In the year 1815 Miss Berry gave to the public the results of a work that must have been peculiarly congenial to her taste and feelings. The original letters of Rachael Lady Russell, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, had been placed in her hands for selection and publication. To these she added copious biographical notes, and prefixed 'Some Account of the Life of Rachael Lady Russell.' Of her difficulty in dealing with a subject when there was much to feel and little to narrate, she thus writes, with great truth:—

> The biographers of those who have been distinguished in the active paths of life, who have directed the councils or fought the battles of nations, have, perhaps, an easier task than those who engage to satisfy the curiosity sometimes excited by persons whose situation, circumstances, or sex, have confined them to private life. To the biographers of public characters, the pages of history, and the archives of the state, furnish many of the documents required; while those of private individuals have to collect every particular from accidental materials, from combining and comparing letters, and otherwise insignificant papers, never intended to convey any part of the information sought in them.

It is impossible not to be struck, on reading Miss Berry's account of the life of this admirable woman, how worthy was the writer to deal with a character she could so well appreciate.

The vein of well-grounded enthusiasm that pervades her description of Lady Russell's excellence of conduct and principles of action tends to raise at once the biographer and her subject. She makes no bombastic eulogy of dazzling qualities, or assumption of manly virtues for her heroine, but she is proud of her as a Christian, proud of her as a woman, proud of her as a fellow-countrywoman, proud of her because her fortitude was piety, her courage the strength of her love, and her dignity her never-failing simplicity.

In the year 1828 Miss Berry brought out the first volume of her most considerable work, entitled 'A Comparative View of Social Life in England and France, from the Restoration of Charles II. to the Present Time.' The second volume followed three years later, and both volumes were republished in the complete edition of her printed works, which appeared in the year 1844. Miss Berry thus describes in her Preface the objects proposed in her 'Comparative View':—

> Some considerations (says she) are here offered, on the changes which have taken place, and the fluctuations observable in the two countries, which, for above a century, may be said to have divided between them the social world of Europe.'

And again, she tells her readers—

> That individual characters are sometimes brought forward, as the best authority for the sentiments and conduct of the period to which they belong; and sketches are sometimes given of the

biography of such as have been distinguished in social life, although little noticed in history.

She disclaims 'great political speculations' and 'financial details,' and says 'that nothing is attempted but a review of "Social Life" and manners, from materials open to every one as well as to the Author.'

The Introduction consists of an outline sketch of the influence of public events on the manners in both countries from the time of James I. to the Restoration of Charles II.; she reviews the circumstances which had tended to produce 'an entire alienation' between France and England during the twenty years preceding the Restoration; the narrowing influence in our insular position of foreign travel being abandoned; the ignorance and prejudices that followed from this want of communication with other states; and the evils that resulted from the sudden reaction of an unusually close connection, on the return of Charles II., between the courts of France and England.

The Restoration (as Miss Berry observes) sent home numbers, of whom some had been educated and others spent the youngest and gayest years of their life in France. They had necessarily adopted much of her manners, and habits and amusements. Those they found established in their own country were certainly not likely to have superseded them, even if the enthusiasm of the moment had not been thrown into the scale in their favour. But such was the spring which the public mind had received from the removal of the forced and unnatural pressure of the sectaries upon every unaffected feeling and innocent amusement, that the nation started at once from primness into profligacy, and from sobriety to excess. The serious manners and moral habits of England were derided at Court as fanatical, and stigmatised in the country as disloyal.'*

* Vol. i. p. 34.

The work itself of the 'Comparative View' begins with the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660, and ends with the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne of France in 1830.

Writers on historical subjects are often in danger of running into one of two very opposite extremes in their style of narration: they may be influenced, on one hand, by the dread of not being understood, from the ignorance of their readers; and, on the other, by the fear of becoming tedious, in relating at too great length what is generally known. In the desire to explain *every* thing, the important facts are liable to be so overlaid with details, as to lose their just and fitting prominence, whilst the wish to avoid prolixity and an undue reliance on the knowledge of their readers, may tend to deprive an historical composition of such accessories as are necessary to give substance and life to the events and characters of which they treat. Neither history nor biography can be recorded with the fulness of the daily press or the minuteness of a diary, but it will fail to be effective if written with a succinctness better suited to the index of a book or to the headings of chapters.

It is to be regretted that Miss Berry fell into the error of too great condensation in a work which would have been more impressive and more instructive by greater amplification. Her 'Comparative View' is marked by the sound judgment and good sense which are the growth of attentive reading, keen observation, and social experience. There is neither picture-writing, nor party-writing; no hero-worship, no degraded life held up to admiration; no character drawn with striking and

impossible combinations, making a sort of living antithesis; but, throughout her work, may be traced a calm and philosophic anatomy of cause and effect in human affairs, accompanied with great toleration for the influence of external circumstances, on the conduct and character of those she describes, together with the highest appreciation of those principles of truth, virtue, and justice, without which government serves only as a means to secure the personal indulgence of those in power, and to become an instrument of oppression to those who must submit. But the length of time, the variety of subjects, the number of distinguished persons and remarkable events included, are crowded into too small a space to give sufficient weight and interest to the various parts which make up this moving panorama of the past. The mind requires more time to become acquainted with the foreground figures of the landscape, more familiarity with the scenes in which they are placed. Miss Berry wrote so well what she did write, that one cannot but wish she had written more. She has, however, exhibited a gallery of portraits, not all strictly historical, but all illustrative of the times in which the originals lived. They are painted with more or less of finish and detail, and even the slighter sketches are made with a careful adherence to truth, and thus help to people the periods described with those who breathed a social atmosphere very different to our own, and whose manners and conduct were moulded by habits and opinions of which the living generations have no personal experience.

Nor is it only by the introduction of remarkable persons that Miss Berry endeavours to bring before her readers the

comparative view of social life in England and France; the standard of public and domestic morals, the style of education, the progress of literature, the cultivation of the arts, the taste for the Drama and dramatic writings in both countries, with many other subjects, are passed in review. The Drama in all its varied forms was a subject on which Miss Berry took a lively interest; and after glancing at the days of Masques and Pageants, Eclogues, Pastoral Cantatas, &c., she gives in some detail the rise and progress of the 'Opera, or drama entirely in music.'

In 1660, on the occasion of the fêtes for the marriage of Louis XIV., the 'Ercole amanti' was given, with a French translation of the Italian poetry; and in the year 1652 an Abbé Perrin obtained letters patent for the establishment of an 'académie des opéras en langue françoise.' Other operas followed, to which French words were adapted, and it became an established amusement at Paris.* It was in the reign of William and Mary (says Miss Berry), that the Italian Opera was introduced into England. 'Several distinguished singers having visited this country during the reigns of Charles and James, a taste had been acquired for Italian music; it was now to be established in a theatre exclusively dedicated to it, and patronised by the nobility and the good company of London, as a less exceptional entertainment than the National Theatre.' Miss Berry then quotes a passage from 'Chetwoode's General History of the Stage,' descriptive of the mode in which the performance was carried on.

Mrs. Tofts, a mere Englishwoman, in the part of *Camilla*, courted by Nicolini, an Italian, without understanding a

* Vol. i. p. 141. † Ibid. pp. 208–9.

syllable each other said; Mrs. Tofts chanting her recitative in English in answer to his Italian; and on the other hand, Valentini courting amorously in the same language a Dutchwoman, who could neither speak English nor Italian, and committing murder on our good old English, with as little understanding as a parrot.

Miss Berry gives an excellent dissertation on Tragedy and Comedy, too long for extraction, but showing how much and how well she had thought on the two great branches of dramatic composition.

As Miss Berry approaches the time when her own recollections give additional life to her 'Comparative View,' the interest is increased in her observations and opinions; and a passage on the emigration of the best blood of France at the beginning of the French Revolution, is written with the vividness and warmth of having seen and felt, as well as reasoned on, the events that took place in the days of her youth.

How (says she) can all the illustrious names boasting of twelve centuries of uncontaminated blood and of distinguished actions, how can they excuse their dispersion at the beginning of the Revolution? . . . They fled leaving their King in the midst of an enraged capital and a discontented country; they fled to strangers for that assistance which they felt they could not hope for from their own dependants. Had not the great territorial proprietors known that many of them were as obnoxious (and much more justly so) to their own vassals than their poor deserted King was to the populace of Paris, they would have gone down to their estates, and spread themselves over the provinces. . . . Instead of abandoning at such a moment their irritated and misguided country, had they possessed either energy or conduct, they would have reclaimed or perished with her.* . . . The

* Vol. i. pp. 266, 267.

wiser democratical leaders, aware of the consequences of emigration, secretly encouraged it, and whilst they declaimed from the Tribune of the National Assembly against evaders, took care to leave all doors open to facilitate escape. . . . Regiments were encouraged to revolt that their commanding officers might fancy it necessary to leave them; and by this means the ruling party got rid of persons ill-disposed towards them, and found in the subaltern and non-commissioned officers zealous friends to the new arrangements. . . . While the King was thus abandoned, the country was left to be torn in pieces during ten years, by the most bloody and despicable demagogues that were ever let loose on a people, deprived of all their natural counsellors and defenders, and forced to struggle out of anarchy through all the horrors of popular convulsions. The inevitable consequences, the natural death entailed by such convulsions, were the military despotism which so long extended its iron arm over that rich and highly favoured country, which her nobles deserted, instead of defending, and irritated instead of guiding.

The author is here speaking (Miss Berry continues) of emigration as a political measure of the day, and ventures to attribute it to what it is believed all thinking minds will allow to have been at once its cause and its excuse—to the general degraded state of moral feeling under institutions which the natural quickness of the nation had long outrun. To which must be added the administration of a series of weak ministers acting under, or rather *for*, the two dissipated and profligate princes (the Regent and Louis XV) who, in succeeding to Louis XIV., succeeded to all the unpopularity which the disorder of the finances, entailed by the passing glory of his reign, necessarily devolved on his successors. The spectacle of a great nation shaking off chains it had so long worn, and reclaiming rights of which it had been so long deprived, soon attracted the eyes, and interested the feelings, of all Europe in its success:—that success it was itself entirely unprepared either to bear, or to profit by. Its wits and its philosophers had undermined every prop, both of its throne and its altars, without having condescended to form any plan for a new construction, or even to have any foresight of what was likely to arise from the ruins

they had made. Few of their number had had opportunities of occupying themselves in any practical details of reform, and the whole bulk of the nation, educated for centuries in the habits of despotism, had no standard to recur to, by which to measure either their rights, their expectations, or their demands.

In our great dispute with our monarch, a century before, *we* reclaimed rights acknowledged by repeated charters, confirmed by successive sovereigns, never infringed without remonstrance, and seldom without a further security for their future observance. But the intoxication of France, on her first successes, in a cause so new, was immediately followed by a general fever of mind, a mental epidemic, accompanied by symptoms of delirium at once horrible and ridiculous. From a centre of infection so potent the disease soon spread itself nationally and individually over the greater part of Europe, marking its progress by schemes of impossible reform, complaints of irremediable evils, visions of perfection incompatible with human nature, a dereliction of real and experienced benefits for untried and impossible improvements; a general discontent with the existing order of things, and violent aspirations after an imagined and visionary future.'*

Miss Berry's speculations as to the possible consequences to the state of France had other countries abstained from interfering, and her account of the effects she saw wrought by the excesses in France on the opinions of political parties in England, have to the present generation the value of a direct tradition from an eye-witness. Many a treatise may be found more elaborately worked on the causes of the frightful tragedy which disgraced the close of the eighteenth century; there may be ingenious palliations of its wanton cruelties set forth, or eloquent denunciations hurled at its unprovoked atrocities, and many

* Vol. i. pp. 269–72.

profound and philosophic reflections may be founded on the consideration of the various written histories of that period; but there is always a peculiar interest attached to the opinions expressed and facts related by a contemporary witness. What Miss Berry thinks and says is from what she heard and saw, and what she knew or believed she knew, at the time; and it always adds life and freshness to a narrative, when the narrator can say of the past, '*I remember.*'

It is curious to observe how little the institutions, the social habits, and political views of England were understood in France, even when most admired, at the beginning of the French Revolution.

They looked up to the English (says Miss Berry) as their preceptors in politics, treated their prejudices and their peculiarities with indulgence, and seemed only desirous of proving to them that they had outstripped their masters both in the theory and practice of civil liberty.*

It would have been difficult for England to trace the lessons drawn from her instructions in the wild alternations of terrorism and license displayed during the successive governments of the French Revolution. It was the policy of Napoleon 'to put the English name and nation out of fashion;'† but his ignorance respecting everything relating to England would seem incredible, had it not been fully shared by those whose opportunities of better information had been so much greater than his own.

The intellect of Buonaparte (says Miss Berry) on commercial subjects, and on all great views of political economy, was remarkably deficient. And she was assured by one of the most

* Vol. ii. p. 36. † Ibid.

enlightened persons employed by him in these matters, and his devoted admirer (M. Rederer), that he had great difficulty to make him comprehend even the axioms which lay on the surface of these subjects.*

He thought to depreciate a commercial nation by calling it a 'nation boutiquière;' and,

provoked (says Miss Berry) at the unbending spirit of England against the continued aggression of his all-devouring ambition, ... he succeeded in representing the English Government as a vile despotic oligarchy, uniting all the pride and all the prejudices of the old system of legitimacy and hereditary honours, with all the meanness and all the self-interest ascribed to commercial habits. Writers† were sent to England to misstate our institutions, and to misconstrue our laws; and the daily publications were full of sanctioned falsehoods, sometimes emanating from the pen of the master himself, whose style was always recognisable.‡

The vanity that sprang from his successes made Napoleon believe that, in case of his invasion of England, he would be met with powerful and enthusiastic support, and his total misapprehension of our institutions led him, when gathering information as to the spirit in which he might hope to be received, to attach the highest importance to obtaining some knowledge as to the feelings with which such an enterprise would be regarded by different classes in England, and above all *by the Lord Mayor and the aldermen*!! § He could little have appreciated the unity of sentiment inspired in England by his threatening and aggressive policy, which is thus described by Miss Berry:—

* Vol. ii. p. 15. † Fievée, and many others. ‡ Vol. ii. pp. 40–1.
§ The Editor was told this fact from undoubted authority.

In spite of public and private catastrophes—in spite of severe privations, severely felt by every order of the state,—a dejected or despairing spirit was unknown. The measures of ministers were severely canvassed, and often warmly opposed, in the councils of Parliament; but whenever the submission of other nations, or any circumstances connected with it, seemed to threaten our own national independence, one mind and one will, rose against the yoke that had been imposed on continental Europe; all difference of party disappeared.*

But if in Napoleon this somewhat laughable ignorance of his neighbours might have resulted from that active military career to which, from his earliest youth, he had devoted his whole time with such brilliant success, and from his having never visited the country he wished to undervalue, and affected to despise, what can be said of the noblesse of the old régime—who took refuge on our shores, who lived amongst us from the time of their emigration till the Restoration in 1814—who abstained from learning our language, or endeavouring to comprehend our government and institutions, or to understand our national character,—but who lived in the atmosphere of their prejudices, their resentments, and their recollections of past privileges; of whom it was said with respect to their own country 'qu'ils n'avaient rien appris et rien oublié,' and of whom it might have been equally assumed that they had allowed no new ideas derived from a new country, and new circumstances, to disturb the state of mind in which they arrived in England and again departed for France?

In alluding to the difficulties of the restored Bourbons in amalgamating the discordant elements out of which

* Vol. ii. p. 84.

was to be formed a representative government to administer their new chartered rights, Miss Berry thus describes

the old inveterate upholders of all the prejudices and pretensions of their own age, martyrs to ideas which found no longer any sympathy, and sufferers from causes known by none but themselves; resting the whole pretensions of a great body of insignificant but of inveterately obstinate people on the faithful and devoted attachment of a part of their order to the fallen and desperate fortunes of their sovereign and his family—claiming remuneration for losses which (for the most part) their own errors had incurred, and which the country regarded with a jealous eye.*

No sooner was peace established (says Miss Berry) than England poured forth her islanders, impatient of their confinement. . . . Many arrived (at Paris) with ideas of intimate friendship contracted with French individuals in emigration, by whom they conceived they were to be received with such grateful remembrance of the past, as would lead to a renewal of former intimacy, and to much enjoyment in their society. . . . All those who remembered France in the moment of Anglo-mania which immediately preceded the Revolution, fancied that they should still find some remains of good-will to the country which she had then looked to as her model, and some respect for those who had so long preceded her in the enjoyment of civil liberty. All our men of science were eager to make acquaintance and seek the society of those distinguished by similar pursuits in France. . . . In these expectations every one was more or less disappointed. . . . The remembrances of emigration could not be agreeable, and consequently the debts of friendship were in general paid as succinctly and with as little trouble as possible, without any renewal of great intimacy. Those old enough to remember the opinions in France of England before the Revolution, heard with astonishment all the vulgar prejudices against the constitution of her laws, and her public principles, which had been

* Vol. ii. p. 88.

propagated by Bonaparte, repeated not only by those of his fallen party, but by the returned Royalists and the professed Constitutionalists *

Notwithstanding these discouraging facts, Miss Berry never abandoned her cherished hope of an intimate alliance between France and England: she felt, to use her own words,

that the combined will of two such countries, the immense influence of such a mass of intellectual superiority, joined to such imposing political force, must and ought to dictate to Europe; to constitute the intellectual soul of an enlightened world; to be improved by their science, to be enriched by their discoveries, and to be advanced by their example in all the great principles of civil liberty and social happiness. †

Miss Berry concluded the second volume of her work in June 1830; but the events of the following month at Paris gave rise to another most interesting chapter:

Having been present (says she) at the marvellous events which lately took place in the political existence of France, the author feels it impossible not to notice so remarkable a passage in the civil history of mankind, and so striking a change in the character and conduct of the nation where it took place.

A king of France reigning in undisturbed splendour and unquestioned authority on Sunday, July 25, and on Sunday, August 1, in one little week, the same being having become a fugitive, without power and without rights, hardly allowed to remain two days longer in the disturbed and uncertain occupation of the most distant of his palaces;—these events seem more like the necromantic catastrophe of an Eastern tale, than facts actually taking place in the most regularly organised European government. ‡

Miss Berry had been familiar in her youth with accounts of the passing horrors of the first Revolution; and she was

* Vol. ii. pp. 93–5. † Vol. ii. p. 116. ‡ Vol. ii. chap. vii. p. 121.

forcibly struck by the comparative moderation and humanity that was exhibited in that of the year 1830. The more liberal institutions, of fifteen years' duration, had done much to improve and humanise the people. The fierce spirit of vengeance and retaliation which, in the first Revolution, had pervaded the feelings and prompted the movements of the lower against the upper classes, did not disgrace on this occasion the struggle for more assured liberty; and from this improvement in the national disposition, together with the personal character of the sagacious prince then called upon to fill the vacant throne, Miss Berry's constant hope was strengthened that the intimate relations between the two countries might be the more and more confirmed.

A world of events have passed in the thirty-four years succeeding that in which Miss Berry closed her 'Comparative View of Social Life in England and France,' and much advance has been made towards that better understanding—that better appreciation of the characteristics and attainments of each other. Time and space have been changed by the scientific application of steam and of electricity to the purposes of communication: the two countries are brought nearer together, the intercourse is constant and rapid, the combinations in commercial enterprise and financial speculations numerous, and a close approximation of the middle class of both nations has naturally followed. Twice in London, and once in Paris, have all the products of nature, art, and industry been exhibited in friendly rivalry; and commercial restrictions which, under the name of protection, fettered and impeded trade, have been removed. Our armies have fought side

by side; our diplomatists have negotiated with similar objects in view; the sovereigns of each country have exchanged visits not only of state, but of private friendship. We have welcomed in the chosen Emperor of the French, the exile who sought a refuge in England, who has never forgotten on the throne those with whom he here associated on friendly terms, and who, on a memorable occasion, bore his part as one who was ready to give his aid in defending those laws of peace and order which every English gentleman showed a determination to maintain.

We are proud to possess as residents those illustrious members of the late reigning family in France who, excluded from a return to their native country, have chosen England for their sojourn; and more especially of that Prince of the House of Orleans who, suddenly cut short in the double career of military glory and civil government,* in which he served the country that still retains his unfading loyalty and affection, now turns with frank cordiality to associate himself on every fitting occasion, whether charitable, literary, agricultural, or social, to promote the comfort, the improvement, or the amusement of those with whom he has cast his lot.

Yet neither the courtesies of the highest, nor the good-will that arises between nations when the laws of 'demand and supply' are permitted to effect a friendly dependence on each other, nor even the results of rapid means of communication, will prove of sufficient force to remove the barriers of old prejudices long raised between the two

* M. de Tocqueville, no mean judge in such matters, conceived from personal observation the highest opinion of the Duc d'Aumale's abilities in the administration of his government in Algeria.

countries. Much has been done in thirty-four years, but more remains to do. The once-received axiom, that England and France were '*natural* enemies,' has passed away; but neither country has yet reached the more Christian-like doctrine of love between neighbours. There are differences in forms of government, differences in religion, differences in habits and character, which will always dispose each nation to view from a somewhat different point the passing events of the world: but that which keeps us most asunder—that which prevents a just appreciation of the motives, the feelings, the thoughts of each other—that which most causes misjudgment, wounded susceptibility, and resentments, and denies to each the softening influence of personal communication,—is the reciprocal ignorance of each other's language. It is a very limited number in England who really speak French with tolerable ease. Amongst the upper and best-educated classes there is generally some effort made by parents to give that advantage to their daughters, but rarely to their sons; the system of our public schools giving no facility to the acquirement of even that one modern language which is more or less a passport throughout Europe. Some few fortunate youths may occasionally profit by the opportunities given to their sisters, and acquire in their infancy a little knowledge of French, and may afterwards have the energy to improve that advantage; but these are only rare and exceptional cases as compared with the mass of educated persons. The acquirement of French forms no part of the instruction which an English gentleman necessarily receives at our public schools or universities. In France, the knowledge of the English language and of English

literature is still more rarely cultivated. There is not much social intercourse between even the highest and most educated classes of France and England; and this difficulty as to the medium of communication is a constant check to acquaintance or intimacy. Literary and scientific men, even when accustomed to reading French, are often withheld from attempting conversation by conscious defects of pronunciation or want of fluency in expression: and so much practical inconvenience arises from this ignorance of each other's language when joint action is to be carried on in the services of war, that the choice of persons employed is narrowed by the question, not of the fittest man, but of the man who can make himself understood by those with whom he has to act. Some improvement in this great defect on English education may follow, it is believed, the long and patient enquiries, and subsequent report, of a Commission which concluded its labours last spring, and that the teaching of French will become compulsory in all our great seminaries of learning: nor is it unreasonable to hope that the dawning knowledge of English will be cultivated in return throughout France. It is impossible to overrate the value and importance of increased facility in direct verbal communication, in effecting those better relations between the two leading countries of Europe, so much to be desired, and so warmly advocated by the author of the 'Comparative View of Social Life in England and France.'

Miss Berry's 'Advertisement to the Letters addressed by Lord Orford to the Miss Berrys' (first published in Bentley's Chronological Edition of Lord Orford's Letters)

is included in this last edition of her works, and is dated October 1840. It is a defence of Lord Orford, whose character had been roughly handled in an article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' reviewing Lord Dover's edition of the first part of Horace Walpole's Correspondence with Sir Horace Mann. Miss Berry considered, to use her own words, 'that an unjust impression had been given, not only of the genius and talents, but of the heart and character, of Lord Orford.' She was quite aware that in endeavouring to rescue the memory of an old and beloved friend from the 'giant grasp' of his critic, it was with no other than Lord Macaulay that she had to contend: but, though she unflinchingly combated his estimate of Lord Orford's character and feelings with the knowledge of facts 'acquired in long intimacy,' it was not without a graceful expression of regret at differing from, or calling in question, the opinions of a person for whom, as she says, she felt 'all the admiration and respect due to supereminent abilities, and all the grateful pride and affectionate regard inspired by personal friendship.'

In January 1831, a nominal review of Miss Berry's work on Social Life appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review.' The substance of the article was taken from her book without acknowledgment or marks of quotation, and given to the public without any allusion to the work itself as an original essay on the subject.

In the 'Quarterly Review' of March 1845, there is a careful analysis and very favourable notice of Miss Berry's complete works as published in 1844. It contains so just a tribute to the characteristic merits of both the author and her works, that a few passages from this article will,

it is hoped, be considered a fitting conclusion to these prefatory pages.

We rejoice in the publication of this excellent and useful essay, as the avowed production of Miss Berry, because the value of its original remarks upon the society of both countries, in which she has so long moved as a member at once admired and beloved, is greatly increased by the value of her name—a name never to be pronounced without the respect due to talents, learning, and virtue. We place in the front of our criticism that which all rightly-constituted minds must regard as the highest panegyric—that she who has experienced and enjoyed the pleasures of fashionable as well as literary intercourse more and longer than any living author, has passed through both the frivolities and the corruptions of times in Paris as well as in London without a shadow of a taint either to her heart, her feelings, or her principles. The historian of society in her own as well as in former periods, the fond admirer of genius whatever form it assumed, and the partaker with a keen relish of all the enjoyments which the intercourse of polished life affords, she has never shut her eyes for a moment to either the follies that degraded or the vices that disfigured the scene, nor has ever feared to let her pen, while it described for our admiration the fair side of things, hold up also the reverse to our reprobation or our contempt.



JOURNAL

CORRESPONDENCE OF MISS BERRY.

NOTES OF EARLY LIFE.

My father was the maternal nephew of an old Scotch merchant of the name of Ferguson, who had been sent for up from Scotland by a near relation of his, long established in London, on a promise to provide for him: this he did so completely, that before the middle of my uncle's life he found himself in possession of something near 300,000*l.*, a great fortune for those days, for the said uncle had come up to London in the year of the Union, 1709. He might now have left the City for ever; but so attached was he to the habits and habitations of the counting-house, that not even his marriage, and his having purchased a considerable estate in Fifeshire, could persuade him to remove to the West-end of the town, or to abandon Austin Friars,* where he lived for more than half a century, and till his death. He had married a Miss Townshend, the sister of the wife of Mr. Oswald,† a neighbour of his in Scotland, who was

* Broad Street. The House of the Augustine Friars was founded by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, in the year 1243.

† Mr. Oswald married Elizabeth, daughter of —— Townshend, of Honington Hall, Warwickshire, 1747. Mr. Oswald was for many years in Parliament, and filled the offices of Commissioner of Navy, Lord of Trade and Plantations, Lord of the Treasury, and Treasurer of Ireland. He died in 1766.

in Parliament, and employed in several public offices during the Administrations of 1753 and 1754.

There being no children from Mr. Ferguson's marriage, his sister's sons became his natural heirs. Of these, my father being the eldest, was, like all elder brothers of those days, bred to the law, with or without any intention of following the profession. After my father had left college, and gone through the routine of this education, he obtained his uncle's leave to travel; but he had only spent seven months in the Netherlands before he was recalled by his uncle, who, I conclude, ensured obedience to his orders by stopping the supplies. The law he seems never to have thought of more, nor was it thought necessary he should. But in all other respects I can easily suppose his careless disposition, even to his own situation, his turn towards literature and literary society, little suited the hard narrow mind of the man on whom his fortunes depended.

My father's marriage, in 1762, with a distant relation of his own, of the ancient name of Seton, the daughter of a widow then living in Yorkshire, with a family of four daughters, did not serve his interests with his uncle. My mother is said to have had every qualification, beside beauty, that could charm, captivate, or attach, and excuse a want of fortune. At first she succeeded in captivating the good graces of the old man, but not to induce him to augment the allowance he made to his nephew. On this allowance they retired to live in Yorkshire, in the same house with her mother at Kirkbridge, where she gave birth in two succeeding years to two daughters, myself and Agnes. But however well pleased the old uncle might have been with his niece, his expectations were disappointed at her not producing a male heir, and were finally crushed by her death in childbirth. I have been told that his uncle was very importunate with my father to marry again directly. If so, I am sure my father must

have finally destroyed his prospects from him, by the manner in which he would have received such a proposal immediately after the untimely death of a beloved wife of twenty-three, after four years' marriage.

In the meantime, his younger brother William, a sharp lad, who had obtained a good report from the mercantile house in which he had been placed to qualify him for business, was employed by his uncle in looking into his accounts in Scotland during his absence in London. He soon perceived the carelessness of his elder brother's character, and how little it fell in, in any respect, with that of the old man, and how easily he could assimilate himself to all his views. He thus continued to gain every day on his confidence, and secured his goodwill by marrying a daughter of the house of Crawford, with 5,000*l.*, a handsome female fortune in those days, especially in Scotland: Fortune too favoured him in the birth of two sons in the first two years of their marriage.

1769.—From this time his uncle seems to have considered him decidedly as his heir, established him in the house in Fifeshire, and made him direct everything about his estate and affairs in Scotland; while quietly letting my poor father continue to starve on an allowance of 300*l.* a-year, he made him understand that his intentions as to his heir were entirely altered, and that he had been supplanted by his younger brother. That my father should have allowed himself to be thus choused out of a great inheritance, by a brother who had not a sentiment or feeling in common with himself, and by an uncle whom he had never offended, and in whose society he continued to spend three days of every week, while his brother was living in ease, indulgence, and luxury at Raith, and only making a yearly visit of a couple of months to the melancholy residence of Austin Friars,—that the easy temper of my father should have silently acquiesced in all this; that he should not have seen the character, and

obviated the conduct, of his brother before it was too late, during all the youth and middle of my life sorely afflicted me. Every expense of education in the acquirement of talents was denied us, and much of the gaiety and *all* the thoughtlessness of youth were lost in the continual complaints I heard, and the difficulties I saw in getting through the year on the wretched pittance allowed us, and which my father's disinheritance (now known to everybody) prevented his attempting any scheme to mend: thus, seeming not to feel for himself, he was allowed to sink into the state of a disinherited man, without any of the pity such a state generally inspires. When I grew to an age to look about me on the affairs of the world, and the situation of my own family, I saw the lamentable one in which my father's easy inefficient character had placed himself and his children. While yet a mere child, I had already suffered in spirits and gaiety from the melancholy difficulties and little privations of every sort, which his very narrow income entailed on us, and which so engaged his mind as to make him inattentive to its effects upon us.

1763.—I was born on the 16th of March, at Kirkbridge, a lone house situated immediately without the precincts of the Park of Stanwick, then inhabited by Hugh Earl Percy, son of the first Smithson, Duke of Northumberland, and his first wife, the daughter of Lord Bute (the Minister), from whom he was afterwards divorced.*

1764.—My sister Agnes was born on the 29th of May this year, at the same place, which was the residence of my grandmother Seton and her three unmarried daughters, Isabella, Jane, and Mary, with whom my father and mother resided during the first two years of their mar-

* Earl Percy first married, in July 1604, Lady Anne Stuart, third daughter of John, Earl of Bute, by whom he had no issue; they separated in 1769; and in 1779 he obtained a divorce, on account of her intimacy with Mr. William Bird. Lord Percy afterwards married Miss Frances Julia Burrell, sister to Lord Gwydyr, by whom he had a numerous family.

riage. I have no further recollection of Kirkbridge, except that sixty years afterwards, when going to see Stanwick, I had a recollection of the ornaments of the room in which I had sat in somebody's lap at breakfast, and of the disposition of the staircase which led to it. I have no further recollection of anything till when my mother died of a milk fever (1767), giving birth to another girl, who died at the same time. Of my mother I have only the idea of having seen a tall, thin young woman in a pea-green gown, seated in a chair, seeming unwell, from whom I was sent away to play elsewhere. Of the excessive grief of my father and grandmother at her death I have no recollection; I think I must have been kept away from them. Of my own irreparable loss I had certainly then no idea, and never acquired a just one till some years after, when my father told us that my mother, on hearing some one say to her that I was a fine child, and that they hoped I should be handsome, said, that all she prayed to Heaven for her child was, that it might receive a *vigorous understanding*. This prayer of a mother of eighteen, for her first-born, a daughter, struck me when I first heard it, and has impressed on my mind ever since all I must have lost in such a parent.

From her death, however, dates the first feeling of unkindness and neglect which entered into my young mind, accustomed to nothing but the fondness of everybody about me. The first wife of that Lord Percy who lived at Stanwick had become, from her near neighbourhood to Kirkbridge, very intimate and very much attached to my mother. Lady Percy was in London at the time of my mother's death, but, on her return to the North, had stopped in York to see and to weep with my grandmother, who from my mother's death had taken the care of her two children. I have even now the clear and distinct idea of a lady in a riding habit, sitting leaning on a chair drowned in tears, and on my running up to her and calling her by her

name, pushing me away from her, and avoiding looking at me, instead of taking me on her lap as I expected. The feelings of sorrow, of surprise, and mortification were the very first of that long series of wounds to a very affectionate heart, which everybody has to undergo in life, and which nothing subsequent has blotted from my memory.

1768, 1769.—Of the years '68 and '69 I remember nothing, but that there we remained living at Askham, and that we had a sort of *Bonne*, governess, Miss Porter, who walked with us, and taught me to read I suppose; but as I have no remembrance at all of the process nor of existence without the power of reading, I can say nothing of the talents of my teacher. Agnes was slower than myself at her book, and I have some faint idea of tribulation over the spelling-book with her. Our only playfellow was Mary Garforth, the youngest sister of Mr. Garforth, the Squire of the parish, whose mother, during her son's minority, lived at the Mansion House, which was within a stone's throw of the house in which we resided.

1770.—In the spring of this year we removed from Askham to Chiswick. My father, I fancy, had begun to think (too late) that he ought to pay more attention and to court the favour of the uncle to whom, during his education as an advocate and before his marriage, he was considered as the certain heir. At Chiswick we inhabited the *College House* on the river-side, so called from belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster as a retreat for boys on the foundation, whenever the plague was in London. In the intervals it was let unfurnished at a small rent, with two large enclosed gardens belonging to it.* It was this, I conclude, principally recommended it

* It is not known that the school was ever removed to Chiswick since Busby's time. It is on record that he resided here, with some of his scholars, in 1657. A few years ago, when this house was in the tenure of

to my father, who was then living on the wretched 300*l.* a-year allowed him by his uncle. Here, we had I believe, soon after our arrival, a new governess instead of Miss Porter—a Miss Bourchier, a lively good-natured young woman, with little more information than the former one, but having been a little more in some sort of world. She was intelligent and lively in society, and made herself agreeable, without any bad intention (for she was engaged to marry a stock-broker as soon as ever their funds allowed them), to all the few men, old or young, coming to the house; and I remember the anguish we both felt, when, in 1775, my father first announced that she was going to leave us and to be married.

I was then only twelve years old, my sister only eleven. My extreme precocity, both mental and physical, helped to lead him to suppose that the expense of another governess might be spared, and we were thus left, almost children, to our own devices—to be as idle, and to read what books, and choose what other employments we pleased: with me it led to much serious evil; with Agnes, to obliging her much later in life to acquire such knowledge as she should have had given her without pains in early youth. To neither of us had the least religious education been at all thought of. It was in the middle of the age of Voltaire, and his doctrines and his wit had been adopted by all the soi-disant Scotch wits. My dear grandmother, indeed, aware of this neglect, made me read the Psalms and chapters to her every morning; but, as neither explanation nor comment was made upon them, nor was their history followed up in any way, I hated the duty and escaped it when I could. The same consequence took place by the same dear parent making me read every Sunday to her a Saturday paper in the

Robert Berry, Esq., the names of the celebrated Earl of Halifax, John Dryden, and many others, were to be seen upon the walls.—*History and Antiquities of Chiswick, &c.*, by Thos. Faulkner.

'Spectator,' which, till the middle of life, prevented my ever looking at those exquisite essays, or being aware of the beauties of the volumes they were in.

The year after we came to settle at Chiswick, my aunts Cayley* and Lynnot returned to England from Italy, where they had passed two or three years in search of health for Mr. Cayley, and the means of living during the lifetime of his father Sir George Cayley.† The accounts my young ears heard from them of the beauties and charms of Italy, first impressed on my mind the strong desire of seeing what they described, and which certainly, in after-life, fell not short of my youthful expectations, and figure as the greenest spots in my long monotonous and insignificant existence.

In 1773, while our governess was yet with us, my grandmother, who had lived with us ever since my mother's death, went to Ireland for six months to visit her daughter Lynnot, who had been married to an Irish squire while with her sister in Italy.

In 1774, my grandmother took us to visit at Mr. Loveday's, at Caversham near Reading, an old Tory country gentleman, who had married a cousin of hers, and had two daughters much about our age: with them we formed an intimacy which lasted till their death thirty or forty years afterwards. The intimacy gave me occasion to learn in several visits to them afterwards, and when I was able to observe it, the character of Tory country gentlemen of those days, or rather of days before, and the sample I saw was certainly a rare and most respectable

* Isabella, daughter of John Seton, Esq., married, 1763, to Thomas Cayley, Esq.; died 1828, leaving one son [afterwards Sir George] Cayley, and four daughters:—

Elizabeth, married to Benjamin Blackden, Esq., of West Wycomb, Philadelphia; Sarah, married to Barry Slater, M.D.; Isabella, to Launcelot Shadwell, Esq.; Anne, married to the Rev. George Worsley.

† Sir George Cayley, Bart., died at the age of eighty-four, in 1701; and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Thomas, born 1732, died 1792.

one. He saw much of all the clergymen in his neighbourhood. At dinner, the first toast was always *Church and King*; the second, *To the flourishing of the two Universities*; the third, *To Magdalen*, or as he called it, *Maudlin College*, where he had been educated. But he was, with all this, an elegant and accomplished scholar, and was delighted at finding me apt at recalling to his mind passages of the Roman poets.

Of the few succeeding years the entries in Miss Berry's notes of her early life are unfortunately very meagre.

In 1775, she states, as the only event, the loss of their governess.

1776.—We went in the summer with my father to Lymington.

1777.—My grandmother, Agnes, and I went to Yorkshire to Lady Cayley, and did not return till the middle of winter.

1778.—We went to visit Mr. Michell in Berkshire, and the Lovedays.

1779.—I became acquainted with Mr. Bowman. Suffered as people do at sixteen from a passion which, wisely disapproved of, I resisted and dropped.

1780.—The Catholic riots in London.

1781.—I went into Yorkshire with Miss Drury, an old friend of my mother's on a visit to her; when at last, at the age of ninety-three, our old uncle died, before my return in November. This absence I have ever regretted, as I should certainly have endeavoured to back up my father in these difficult and mortifying circumstances. The brother William was left all; was residuary legatee, inherited above 300,000*l.* in the funds, together with an estate of some 4,000*l.* or 5,000*l.* a-year in Scotland. To my father a bare legacy of 10,000*l.*, with no mention *at all* of his two children; so that if my father's had been a lapse legacy by his death before the uncle, we must have been left to the parish, or to the tender mercies of his brother. There

was another will written before the death of my mother, which was never produced; and I own that I have never been able to conquer my suspicions that all was not fairly arranged by the lawyers towards my poor father, who stood before them at the reading of the will, to receive what they pleased to give him, and to be asked by the principal executor (of whom he knew nothing), when he announced to him the 10,000*l.*, *if he thought it too much!*

For many years afterwards I never could figure to myself this scene without my blood boiling in my veins, and lamenting that I had not been present to support and reply for my father. To this 10,000*l.* was added no personals of any kind, nor plate, nor linen, nor china, nor anything left in the old man's house in London, to help to set him up in greater comfort—he, that had so long been starving on 300*l.* a-year! My uncle knew that his brother would not complain, and he treated him accordingly. But he was aware that he could not treat the opinion of the world—of that world whose opinion he valued—as he had the feelings of his brother, and therefore he immediately announced that he meant to settle on him an annuity of 1,000*l.* a-year, with no mention made of his two daughters, who, he concluded, would marry, and be thus got rid of.

This arranged, he immediately returned to Scotland to take legal possession of a residence which he had already long enjoyed, and to get rid of the society of a brother in whose presence he could not but feel awkward, in whose tastes he did not at all participate, and to whom he therefore never proposed a visit to Scotland. This we, from our ignorance of the world, had supposed he certainly would; but I must do his conscience the justice to say he always avoided as much as he could his brother's society, and felt embarrassed in his company. But from my father's carelessness of disposition he had nothing to fear, while

on the other side, his children had nothing to hope, or depend on, for he was quite as little careful about our future prospects and success as he could ever have been about his own.

1781.—I was now eighteen, and began to long to see that world of which I had been picking up all sorts of accounts from much desultory and often improper reading.

1782.—The first fruit of our enlarged income was spent in a tour to the West of England as far as Plymouth, and we went in July for some weeks' residence at Weymouth.

1783.—I persuaded my father to give up the house at Chiswick, which we had hitherto inhabited; and after a month or two spent in a lodging in Charles Street, Grosvenor Square (now an hotel), to go abroad. This had long been the first object of my wishes; and it was therefore settled that my grandmother, who had hitherto always lived with us since my mother's death, should be received by her daughter, Lady Cayley, now a widow, during our tour abroad.

In May 1783, we went from Harwich to Rotterdam, where a branch of the Crauford family, into which my uncle had married, had been always established, and where two unmarried sisters, but little older than ourselves, were now spending the summer with their brother. They received and lodged us on our arrival at Rotterdam in their house on the beautiful terrace shaded with great trees, which forms the principal street in that town. With them we remained about three weeks, and made with them an almost complete tour of Holland; and certainly during my very long after-life I have always looked back to those three weeks as the most enjoyable and most enjoyed of my existence, in which I received the greatest number of new ideas, and felt my mind, my understanding, and my judgment increasing every day, while at the same time my imagination was delighted with the charm of novelty in everything I saw or heard.

From Holland we went by the banks of the Rhine to Switzerland, to Lausanne, where a family of Cerjats, Swiss by birth and English by marriage and connection, to whom we had been particularly recommended, took a sort of protecting care of us. In the month of October we took the Geneva road to Italy. At Florence was our first stop; and here for the first time I began to feel my situation, and how entirely dependent I was on my own resources for my conduct, respectability, and success. My father, with the odd inherent easiness of his character, had since my mother's death entirely abandoned the world and all his early acquaintance in it, entirely forgetting that on him now depended the success and the happiness of his two motherless daughters. I soon found that I had to lead those who ought to have led me; that I must be a protecting mother, instead of a gay companion, to my sister; and to my father a guide and monitor, instead of finding in him a tutor and protector. Strongly impressed as I was that honour, truth, and virtue were the only roads to happiness, and that the love and consideration of my fellow-creatures, and the society in which I was about to live, depended entirely on my own conduct and exertions, the whole powers of my mind were devoted to doing always what I thought right and knew would be *safe*, without a consideration of what I knew would be agreeable, while I had at the same time the most lively sense of everything that was brilliant and distinguished, and the greatest desire to distinguish myself. Add to this the most painfully quick feelings, and a necessity for the support of some kind sympathising mind, and it is easy to imagine not only how little I could profit by all the advantages nature had given me, but how little I could have enjoyed of the thoughtless gaiety and lightheartedness of youth.

Here end Miss Berry's Notes of her early life, written when far advanced in years, but to which no date is affixed. In the

two successive years of 1848-9, she added the following melancholy entries. It is much to be regretted that her intentions were not fulfilled of continuing the précis of her life she had begun.

1848.—I had intended and hoped to carry on this sort of short-hand account of my life and the few enjoyments and severe sufferings of my middle age, which hung about me longer than anybody, for I was past sixty before I was allowed by anybody but myself to consider myself as old. But within this last twelvemonth I have found all the weaknesses of age so fast increasing that I have little hope of being able to fulfil my intention.

1849.—Yet, as here I am still, and in spite of the regular progress of old age on all my senses, still possessing my intellect, understanding, and memory, as far as regards long-passed events, I will still endeavour, in such hours as are yet left me of capacity for writing, to recall, in a very succinct manner, the many years I have left far behind. I must for this return to the date of 1783—no less than sixty-six years ago. In the autumn of 1783, then, we found ourselves at Florence, where Sir Horace Mann* was still our Minister, and where Lord Cowper,† the grandfather of the present lord,‡ had taken up his abode for several years, had there married a very handsome English woman of the name of Gore,§ had in every respect a very

* Horace Mann was the second son of Robert Mann, Esq., of Linton, Co. Kent. In 1740 he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from his own court to that of Tuscany. In 1775 he was made a baronet, and afterwards a K.B. It was in 1740 that Horace Walpole visited Florence; and between him and Horace Mann there commenced a friendship which was maintained, by frequent correspondence only, during a period of forty-six years.—*Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries*, by Eliot Warburton, Esq.

† George Nassau, third Earl Cowper, born 26th of August, 1738; married, 31st of May 1778, Anne, daughter of Francis Gore, Esq., of Southampton. He was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, January 1778; ob. 1789.

‡ Great-grandfather of the present Earl Cowper.

§ She died 1820.

handsome establishment, by which all the good company travelling in Italy were anxious to be admitted. We were received most graciously by a letter I brought to Miss Gore, Lady Cowper's sister, who was then living with her.

Thus ends the last entry of these Notes.

Miss Berry's earliest Journal was that, written during her first tour on the Continent, to which she alludes in the preceding Notes with so much pleasure. This Journal, begun at the age of twenty, shows how early the tastes of her after-life were exhibited. It is impossible not to be struck with the choice of subjects to which she turned her attention, and with the intelligence and tone of decision that marks her observations on all she saw; and though the total absence of all apparent consciousness of personal admiration shown towards herself and her sister, and the scrupulous omission of light gossip and frivolous remarks on the characters and circumstances of those with whom she associated, may make the journal of a young lady in the year '83 less amusing to read eighty-two years later, it cannot fail to raise the respect of the reader for one who, with not even the average advantage in the training and cultivation of her mind and tastes, felt such pure enjoyment in the beauties of nature and such absorbing interest in the works of art. In estimating the value of her opinions on all she viewed in architecture, sculpture, and painting, it must be remembered that Miss Berry wrote without the help of those invaluable works, the modern handbooks, to form her judgment or to guide her taste. She was travelling with those from whom she did not derive instruction, but whom she was more accustomed to lead; and that her opinions, whether agreeing or not with the popular criticisms of the present day, have the merit of being the genuine impression which such works produced on a young fresh mind of superior intelligence and of genuine enthusiasm.

The Editor is aware that Miss Berry's Journal in full, of her first visit to Italy, would be liable to the objection of savouring too much of the guide-book, or catalogue of sights and pictures, to be interesting to the general reader: but, considering the many changes that revolutions, wars, and treaties make in the destination of treasures in art, it seemed on the whole desirable to preserve extracts at least of this authentic record of the

locality and condition of different works eighty years ago, for the benefit of those who take an interest in such subjects.

For works of art, and for the beauties of nature, Miss Berry had a keen perception, but for that which we term picturesqueness in buildings she was evidently without any appreciation. So unobservant was she, indeed, of the picturesque effects that arise from those irregular outlines of varied and grotesque forms that would fill the modern artist's portfolio with the richest subjects for his art, that the doubt naturally arises whether, at this time, the sense of the picturesque, as now understood, was yet developed. The particular disposition or combination of objects in nature, or the appearance of grandeur, of unity of design, or of architectural decorations in works of construction, were recognised subjects of admiration, but that sense of picturesque beauty which springs from certain combinations of form and colour, and which imparts a charm and gives a value to the poorest tenement, was probably unknown and unacknowledged till a more recent period. Miss Berry could see no beauty in a town in which neatness, cleanliness, and regularity were not the prevailing features, or that could not boast the still higher merits of well-built houses and well-paved spacious streets, running at right angles to each other; characteristics so seldom to be found, that it was not surprising Miss Berry should often have been most unfavourably impressed with the appearance of continental towns.

JOURNAL.

1783.

Tuesday, May 26th.—Set out from Charles Street at four o'clock; slept at the Blue Posts at Witham.

Wednesday, 27th.—Arrived at Harwich at four o'clock; sailed on board the Prince of Wales packet-boat, Capt. Nasson, at eight at night.

Thursday, 28th.—All day at sea with a very brisk gale; monstrously sick; came to an anchor at the mouth of the harbour at Helveot at ten o'clock at night.

Friday, 29th.—Came on shore to the Golden Lion at Helveot between three and four in the morning; breakfasted at six with some of our fellow-travellers; at eight, went on board a yacht sent by Mr. Crauford to convey us to Rotterdam. These yachts are elegantly fitted up with every convenience for eating, drinking, and sleeping, and are often hired by Dutch families for several weeks together on parties of pleasure. The passage from Helveot to Rotterdam is commonly made in four or five hours, but there being little or no wind, and the tide being against us, we were from eight in the morning till nine at night in the yacht, and were at last obliged to get into a little rowing boat, in which we arrived at Mr. Crauford's house at Rotterdam between ten and eleven o'clock, not a little delighted to find ourselves again on terra firma and in company of our friends.

Saturday, 30th.—Spent the day in visiting the principal buildings and streets of Rotterdam, which must strike all strangers with its appearance of great bustle, cheerfulness, and most remarkable cleanliness. The canals are broad with rows of trees on each side, and generally full of

vessels of all sizes, which are enabled to come up to the very doors of the merchants' and traders' houses. The canals are crossed by drawbridges, of which there are commonly more than one in every street, and which gives them such a look of similarity that it was with difficulty I could distinguish one street from another.

Sunday, 31*st*.—Went to the English Episcopal Church. It is a neat but perfectly plain building, and is in general very ill attended in the forenoon.

Monday, *June* 1*st*.—Dined at the Orangie Room, a house of entertainment about a mile and a half from Rotterdam; the dinner (given by Mr. Crauford), a most elegant French and Dutch one of eight courses and a dessert, as a specimen of Dutch cookery.

Thursday, 19*th*.—Left Rotterdam and our friends, with much regret, at seven o'clock in the evening; sent our carriage to meet us at Meer Dyck; crossed the Maese ourselves from the new works to the Toll Huys in a sailing boat in about ten minutes; slept at the Toll Huys.

Friday, 20*th*.—Left the Toll Huys at about five o'clock in the morning in a phaeton; arrived at the passage of Meer Dyck about eight; crossed in a sailing boat in half an hour; breakfasted at a little ale-house, from whence we took six horses to convey our coach to Antwerp, and were notwithstanding eleven hours in coming thirty-nine miles, on account of the very deep sandy roads, most part of the way over a great black dreary heath, till within about a league and a half of Antwerp, where we came upon a broad pavée, with a row of trees on each side and through a rich enclosed corn country. Our equipage at leaving Meer Dyck (being the first of the kind I had ever seen) amused me not a little. Our six long-tailed black horses were fastened together with very long rope traces, the leading pair mounted by one of the tallest men I ever saw, in a long blue coat, trowsers, and a pipe in his

mouth, with much more of the respectable air of a skipper than of a postilion. The other four were driven in hand by a man sitting upon the fore trunk, accoutred exactly in the same manner not excepting the pipe, which they never failed stopping to light every two or three miles. Arrived at the Hôtel de Bruxelles at Antwerp at eight o'clock at night.

Saturday, 21*st*.—Saw the Church and Abbey of St. Michel, or rather the abbot's apartments, for no other part of it are ladies permitted to see. In the cabinet is a Dead Christ by Vandyck, which struck me more forcibly than any picture I had ever seen. The squalid and cadaverous appearance of the body is wonderful and affecting. It is three quarters, supported in the arms of his mother, with another head (I suppose of St. John) weeping over it. The collection of M. le Chanoine Knyff consists of three large rooms, entirely covered from the floor to the ceiling with valuable pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

Sunday, 22*nd*.—Spent the whole day in visiting various churches enriched with the noble works of Rubens and Vandyck, and the collection of Mr. Van Lanckwex, in which were several pleasing pictures, but I believe more copies than originals. Almost every gentleman's house in Antwerp and its neighbourhood has a collection of pictures; nay, almost every little auberge has its walls covered with vile imitations and copies of the Flemish school, which shows how general the profession and love of painting has been, nay, even still is. Our valet de louage was by no means a bad judge of the beauties and merits of pictures, so much is the taste improved by having constantly before one's eyes the works of great masters.

Monday, 23*rd*.—Breakfasted at Malines. Arrived at the Hôtel de Belle Vue, at Bruxelles. The road between Bruxelles and Antwerp is a fine pavée, planted with rows of trees, and through the richest and most uniformly cul-

tivated country I ever saw; the villages and farm-houses had all a great air of comfort, and the country in general has nothing to distinguish it from any of the richest corn countries in England. Within three miles of Bruxelles, by the side of the canal, the road becomes particularly beautiful; fine rising ground on all sides, well wooded and adorned with several fine country-houses. Indeed, all the environs of Bruxelles on every side deserve this character. The lower part of the town itself is up and down hill, ill built, and irregular; but the new buildings on the upper part are at once gay and magnificent, especially the Place Royale, the street that leads to it, and the buildings round the Park. But I must observe, from all I saw, the new houses are not very judiciously disposed of within, nor is the finishing by any means equal to their outward appearance.

Went in the evening to the *Théâtre des Enfants*, a new-built circular theatre in that part of the Park called Vauxhall. The performers are children under fourteen or fifteen years of age, and some of them not more than six or seven. We saw a very droll *petite pièce*, and afterwards a tragedy in pantomime, both admirably well acted.

Tuesday, 24*th*.—At shops all the morning, of which there are excellent ones of all sorts at Bruxelles. In the evening at the Grand Theatre. Much like our Opera House in London, but the painting and decorations very dirty and shabby, and the house very dark, as the lights are almost all within the boxes, and never lighted but when the box is occupied.

Wednesday, 25*th*.—Went to see the country-house now building for the Archduke Albert,* the Governor of

* The Prince Albert of Saxe-Teschen and the Archduchess Maria Christina were at this time joint Governors-general of the Austrian Netherlands. At the early outburst of rebellion they attempted to temporise: the Emperor disapproved their measures, and recalled them to Vienna.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

Bruxelles, about a mile and a half out of the town. It is a large handsome building commanding fine views. The lawn and grounds are all laid out entirely in the English taste.

Thursday, 26*th*.—Went to the play, the 'Femmes Savantes' of Molière. Very well acted, particularly the parts of Trissotin and the Grecian. Indeed, if I may be allowed to judge from the little I have yet seen of foreign theatres, one is never shocked with either a very awkward or a very absurd representation of any part. The very confidantes and gentlemen-ushers perform their offices decently, and the chief parts have always been supported in a style of mediocrity, which, if it did not captivate, would never disgrace or shock.

Friday, 27*th*.—Left Bruxelles. Breakfasted at Louvain; from thence by Tirlemont and St. Thron to Liège, where we did not arrive till ten o'clock at night, owing to an accident happening to our wheel.

Saturday, 28*th*.—Walked about the streets of Liège, which is one of the dirtiest, ugliest, worst-built towns I ever saw. The very palace of the Prince Bishop* has not the least air of cleanliness or propriety about it; the streets are crowded with beggars, exhibiting every possible form of wretchedness, and everything bears the appearance of poverty, vice, and misery. Indeed, the many instances of profligacy observable in the city under the government and the residence of a bishop, shocks and surprises one. Every priest openly keeps a mistress, and the principal bookseller's shop was filled with nothing but libertine and profligate tales and novels. Left Liège at two o'clock. The road to Aix very romantic, but the worst I ever travelled, so narrow as only just to admit the coach, and always very high on one

* Liège remained under the dominion of its bishops down to the time of the French invasion, 1794.—Vide *Murray's Handbook*.

side and low on the other, so that we seemed every moment oversetting. Arrived at Aix about eleven at night.

Sunday, 29*th*.—Left Aix; came by Juliers (a wretched old walled town, guarded by some as wretched-looking troops) to Dusseldorf, the residence of the Elector-Palatine; crossed the Rhine about two miles before Dusseldorf, not less (I think) than half a mile over.

Monday, 30*th*.—The town of Dusseldorf is ill built, poor, and without manufactures, but is distinguished and much visited for its magnificent cabinet of pictures in the Electoral Palace.* They fill five large rooms, one of which, called the Salle de Rubens, is entirely occupied by the works of that great master: the largest canvass he ever drew (The Last Judgment) is among them. The Elector, who began this collection, got it from a church of the Jesuits. The other four rooms are filled with noble examples of the Dutch, Flemish, and Roman schools. To see a collection of this sort as it deserves, one should not attempt to comprehend it all at once, but return day after day to its various beauties. To see it, as we did, in two or three hours, surprises and fatigues the mind more than it can be properly said either to entertain or improve it. The rest of the apartments of the palace have, I fancy, nothing to boast of, for they are not shown, and their outward appearance is not very prepossessing; they are, however, undergoing a considerable repair.

Left Dusseldorf at two o'clock; crossed the Rhine again three miles from the town (as broad as the Thames at Greenwich) in a large vessel, or rather raft fixed upon two boats, and swung over by the rapidity of the stream. Arrived at Cologne at 8 P.M. Cologne is a

* One wing alone remains of the palace built by the Elector John William. The main edifice was destroyed by the bombardment of the French in 1794. It formerly contained a famous collection of pictures.—*Murray's Handbook.*

remarkably ill-paved town, but seems to have some business going on in it.* Vessels of some burthen are drawn up thus far on the Rhine by horses; further the rapidity of the stream renders it impossible, for it may be truly said of this noble river—

> Facilis *descensus* . . .
> Sed revocare gradum, . . .
> Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Tuesday, July 1*st.*—Arrived at Bonn; the road the whole way along the banks of the Rhine, which here begin to lose the flat appearance they had about Dusseldorf. Went to see the palace of the Elector of Cologne, who resides here.† It is *almost* the greatest extent of building, and assuredly the very largest palace I ever saw, and is just as unfit for the Elector of Cologne as the small house of Windsor is for the King of Great Britain; it is divided into long suites of apartments, one of which, together with a tennis court, were entirely dismantled by a fire about seven years ago, and are now repairing; but of the other suites, some apartments are furnished with much clumsy old-fashioned magnificence, and some hardly furnished at all. There is a picture gallery, 200 feet long, filled with vile daubings of a number of reigning princes; a music room, 100 feet long, and a complete theatre, in which German plays are acted three times a week, at the Elector's expense.

Left Bonn at three o'clock; arrived at Andernach, a little village on the banks of the Rhine, about ten. Bonn is surrounded by vineyards, and the road from thence to

* It is evident, from Miss Berry's making no mention of the Cathedral at Cologne, that it was not in those days regarded as one of the most indispensable, as well as one of the most beautiful sights in a tour on the Rhine.—Ed.

† The Electors of Cologne removed their court from Cologne to Bonn as early as 1268. The palace now contains the university (established by the King of Prussia in 1818), lecture-room, library, academical hall, and museum of Rhenish antiquities.—*Murray's Handbook.*

Remagen, and from Remagen to Andernach, is most beautiful and romantic; the whole way entirely upon the banks of the Rhine, which rise into mountains on each side covered almost to the top with vineyards, diversified every here and there with wood, and very often crowned with the ruins of an old castle, or rather beacon, for one should hardly think castles could have been at any time of use in such situations. For some miles before Andernach the road seemed to have been cut out of the rock, which rose almost perpendicularly on our right hand, and every here and there adorned with little crucifixes and Jesu-Marias placed in hollows in the rock, some painted and curiously dressed up for their reception. Between Bonn and Remagen, a convent of nuns, beautifully situated on an island in the Rhine.

Wednesday, 2nd.—Breakfasted at Coblentz, the road hilly and bad. Coblentz is large, but ill built; it is the residence of the Elector of Treves, whose palace is most romantically situated opposite the town, on the other side of the Rhine, and immediately under a very high hill, or rather rock, the top of which is covered by a large fortress or castle, and barracks for soldiers. Nothing can be more romantic than the palace when viewed from Coblentz, the rock covered mostly by shrub-wood and crowned by the castle,* with its batteries jutting out one beneath another. Left Coblentz, crossed the Rhine: the road from thence to Montabaur is through a most beautiful wood and corn country, but the road so bad that we were five hours going eleven miles.

From Montabaur to Limbourg the same pretty country, and the same tedious travelling.

Limbourg is a large wretched village, enclosed within walls: it contains eight or ten thousand inhabitants, has no sort of manufacture, and every appearance of poverty

* The original castle of the Elector of Treves, built 1558, is now converted into a manufactory.—*Murray's Handbook.*

and idleness; the people, too, had the most untidy appearance of any I have yet seen in Germany.

Thursday, 3*rd*. — Breakfasted at Wiergis; between Limbourg and Wiergis passed the famous spring of Seltzer; it belongs to the Elector of Treves, and is guarded by some of his troops, for the country people are only allowed to take the water away in broken cruches, that they may not sell or export it. The Elector has a paltry house and garden close by the spring. The dexterity of the people in filling, waxing, and corking the cruches amused me. From Limbourg to Koningstein and Frankfort, the road throughout the worst imaginable; but, let me add, through the most beautiful country.

Frankfort is a large populous, busy town, but not in general well built, though there are some good houses in it; they are mostly painted on the outside—some of the older ones very whimsically with festoons, pots of flowers, and various devices. The Maison Rouge, the inn we were at, is I believe the largest in Europe; the present landlord pulled down the old house and built this, round the three sides of a long square; it contains ninety-two apartments, besides accommodation for servants, and great cellars under the whole building, in which the landlord, who is likewise a wine merchant, has 200 tonneaux of hock, each tonneau contains eight ohens.

Friday, 4*th*.—I saw the church in which the emperor is crowned King of the Romans. It is the plainest and the worst-paved Roman Catholic church I have yet been in: in one of the altars the glory round our Saviour was expressed by yellow glass in the window behind, which I thought had an excellent effect. Left Frankfort; slept at Gerau, a small neat village belonging to the Prince of Hesse; the road from Frankfort very sandy; half the way through a fine enclosed forest, or deer park, of the Prince of Hesse. Saw a very large wild boar, which, walking

peaceably in his native woods, is by no means the fierce-looking animal he is represented by Snyders.

Saturday, 5th.—Crossed the Rhine; breakfasted at Worms; dined at Manheim, the capital of the Elector-Palatine's dominions. It is by far the prettiest town I have seen in Germany; all the streets are broad and at right angles, and all the houses white. When I said the palace at Bonn was the largest I had ever seen, I had not been at Manheim.* The palace here is I think little less than Greenwich Hospital; it has an air of grandeur from its immense extent of front and the large court before it; but no architectural beauty, nor is it built according to any of the Grecian orders, but is merely a body and wings, containing long ranges of windows, adorned with fancy stone ornaments. It contains, besides the apartments for accommodation, a suite of nine rooms filled with pictures; a tenth with drawings and the collection of prints; three with a cabinet of natural history; an opera house; a gallery of antiquities; a tennis court; a noble library; and a chapel.

The cabinet of natural history is prettily arranged: it seemed to contain fine specimens of ores, crystals, and spars, and some very good shells. The library is a magnificent and gay-looking room, 100 feet long, 50 broad, and 36 high, with three rows of galleries around it, and contains 80,000 volumes, and a very pretty painted ceiling by a young German who had studied at Dusseldorf. Having seen the cabinet at Dusseldorf, I confess I expected little from that at Manheim, supposing that the master of the former could not have much more to boast of in the way of pictures; but I was mistaken: for though the *finest* pieces of Rubens and of the Italian school are at

* The palace was erected by the Elector Palatine, Karl Philip, when he removed his court from Heidelberg and made Manheim his capital in 1720. *Murray's Handbook.*

Dusseldorf, there are in every one of the nine rooms at Manheim several very interesting pictures, and a fine collection of the Dutch school. Two heads in particular of an old man and an old woman, as large as life, by Denner, of Hamburgh, so minutely and so accurately finished, that the nearer one applied a magnifying glass to them the more one was tempted to believe them *alive*. The Electoral troops at Manheim, the best-looking and best-dressed I have seen in Germany. In spite of all the magnificence of Manheim and the pictures of Dusseldorf, the Elector slights them both, and lives almost entirely at Munich, another Electoral town, where the librarian told us he had still a larger collection of books than at Manheim. The Electress spends the winter at Manheim and the summer at a country-house about a league from thence. The approach on every side is by beautiful avenues of Italian poplars, and the road from Gerau excellent. Slept at Spires: the aisle of the church there one of the loftiest I have seen.

Sunday, 6*th*.—Arrived at Strasbourg, a large, populous, busy, ill-built town. The front of the cathedral church is one of the most highly finished and beautiful, in the Gothic style. The spire too is beautiful, but loses some of its effect by the church or rather belfry coming up too high against it, and making it appear not high enough for the rest of the building. Saw the monument to the memory of Maréchal Saxe in the Lutheran church of St. Thomas. The design is interesting and the effect excellent. The expression in the figure of France is particularly happy; but the sculpture and execution, though done at the expense of the king and by one of the first artists in France, struck me as by no means equal to that of many of our capital ones in Westminster Abbey. I could not help observing with pleasure, that among the emblems of the different nations with whom he fought and conquered, while the German Eagle is overthrown and the Russian

Bear sprawling on the ground, the *British Lion* is only turning sulkily away. The road from Spires to Strasbourg like the finest turnpike in England, the third stage entirely through one great and beautiful forest of oak, beech, birch, and firs; observed strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and barberries, all growing in it.

Monday, 7*th*.—Slept at Neuve Brisac, built by Louis XIV. At the Peace of Ryswick the possession of Alsace was confirmed to him; he destroyed the fortifications of old Brisac, a German town exactly opposite on the other side of the Rhine, and built this. It is a fortification of Vauban's, is surrounded by four fossés, and has every appearance of great strength. The streets are neat, all *tiré à cordeau*, and there is a large square in the middle of the town, which consists entirely of such houses as one can suppose brought together to supply the want of a number of soldiers. The garrison at present consists of 1,200 men, including a regiment of cavalry.

Tuesday, 8*th*.—Arrived at Basle; the streets much up and down hill, but most romantically situated on the banks of the Rhine.

Wednesday, 9*th*.—Left Basle with a voiturier, who agreed to carry us to Lausanne in three days and a half, with four horses for the coach and one for the servant, for ten louis.

Saturday, 12*th*.—Arrived between nine and ten at night at Lausanne. The country the whole way most romantically beautiful, and the weather most intolerably hot.

Sunday, *August* 10*th*.—Left Lausanne; passed through Morges, Rolle, and Nyon, and arrived at Geneva. The road from Lausanne to Geneva great part of the way upon the very edge of the lake. Morges is a fine open broad street, the prettiest town I have seen in the Pays de Vaud. The streets of Geneva are narrow and not well built, but the whole town has the greatest appearance of

business and population, and being Sunday evening, we saw crowds of people of all sorts both in the streets and upon the ramparts, which are one of their public walks, bordered with a row of trees.

Monday, 11*th*.—Left Geneva; baited the horses at Bonneville, a poor town upon the banks of the Arve, surrounded by Alps. Dined upon plums and bread and butter, not liking to attempt anything else at such an inn, the dirtiest and only bad one I have yet seen. The staircase was of rough and broken stones, perfectly dark, with a door half-way up it into the stable, where, indeed, the horses seemed to be better lodged than their masters; the bare walls of the room where we sat were covered with splashes of dirt of all sorts and colours; the floor had surely never felt water since the time of its being laid, and had the accumulated dirt of years upon it; and the beds, 'where dingy yellow strove with dirty red,' were quite of a piece with the room: it was, indeed, only a comfortable habitation for vermin, which abounded in numbers. The road from Bonneville to Sallenches beautifully wild, winding along the valley of the Arve, in some places so narrow as only to admit the river and a narrow road for a carriage, walled in on each side by immense mountains, cultivated almost higher up than one could suppose them accessible, and their craggy tops fringed with firs; from the winding of the valley the mountains seem in many places entirely to shut up the end. Baited the horses at Cluse, a larger town than one could expect to find in the midst of mountains, and apparently swarming with inhabitants. The appearance of a postchaise and two ladies in strange dresses drew all the people to their doors, a train of children after us walking the street, and a crowd of all ages round the carriage, who kept their eyes fixed upon us and examined us with a stare of as much admiration as if we had been the inhabitants of another planet. The other villages through which we

passed were only a few scattered rude cottages built of and covered with planks of fir, and ill calculated to keep out either heat or cold, but they are covered in summer by the shade of fruit trees, and warmed in winter by the cattle, which are all brought under the same roof. Every cottage, and in general the sides of the road, are surrounded with plum, pear, and apple trees; the fruit being dried, in the winter forms a part of the food of the inhabitants. The plum-trees were so loaded with fruit that the leaves were hardly distinguishable; they were of two kinds, a small purple and a small yellow. Crossed the Arve at Sallenches, where we arrived about eight o'clock. The inn decent, and the fleas less troublesome than at Bonneville. Much amused all the evening by the patois songs of a voiturier in the next room to us. Rained all night.

Tuesday, 12*th*.—As it still continued raining we could not mount our char-à-banc till near nine o'clock to proceed to Chamouni. These *cars* have little resemblance to the carriages we generally call by that name, and in which we represent gods and heroes, being nothing more than three or four planks fastened between four low wheels, and on which you sit sideways about two foot and a half from the ground; from these planks is suspended another bit of board by two chains to put the feet on by way of stirrup or foot-board. It being wet weather, we had a canvass roof, supported upon four sticks; and however mean it may appear in description, it is an excellent carriage for the roads it is intended to go on, as it cannot be overturned (the shafts forming part of the carriage), and is much less jolting than one would suspect.

The whole road from Geneva to Sallenches is perfectly good for any carriage. Beyond Sallenches nobody takes their carriage, as the road becomes impassable except for a char-à-banc or horses. One here leaves the Arve, the current of which is confined to very narrow limits by

mountains rising perpendicularly from its edge. The scenes presented to the eye are the most sublime that imagination can form. They fill the mind with great ideas, and leave it impressed with a degree of admiration which attempts not to express itself by words. I experienced this so forcibly that when I arrived at Chamouni, after being for nearly six hours surrounded by these new and astonishing views of nature, I sat down perfectly absorbed in a confusion of ideas, every one of which seemed too great for my mind, and could neither speak myself nor wish to hear others on the subject.

Baited the horses at a little wooden village, where there are lead and silver mines, which a company of German and French have undertaken to work. The house that was building for the superintendent of the mines, from having plastered walls and glass windows, had the appearance of comfort in a place where the house of the *curé* consisted of nothing but deal planks rudely enough put to together. After passing through about two leagues of the valley of Chamouni arrived at our inn, the interior of which had a semblance of decent accommodation, at once pleasing and unexpected in so remote a place. The village of Chamouni consists of about twenty or thirty houses, a very neat church and *curé*-house, and both the cottages and inhabitants have a much greater appearance of comfort than those of any other village through which we have passed.

Wednesday 13*th*.—Rained the whole forenoon so violently that we could not stir out. About four o'clock the rain abating, went upon mules to see the source of the Arveron (a small river which joins the Arve at Chamouni), in the Glacier de Boisson. The river runs from under a large cave or arch of ice in the lowest part of the glacier, which rises sloping up between two immense hills. The ice is for ever falling in large bodies from the mouth

of the cave from whence the river proceeds; it is of the most beautiful greenish-blue colour, which it loses after having been for some time exposed to the air. Our mules carried us to within a quarter of a mile of the ice. We then clambered over a number of large pieces of rock, left by former glaciers, to the edge of the water, where we stood upon large blocks of ice that had fallen at different times from the great body of the glaciers which rose on one side like an immense wall above us, while on the other the river rushed from under its blue cave over masses of rock and ice.

Thursday, 14*th*.—Still much rain, and fog that entirely covered three parts of the mountains. Went to the *museum* of a peasant in the village. It consisted of some pretty crystals and two very well-stuffed chamois and a bouquetin. The man himself had been all his life a guide to the strangers who visited the valley; and from that and from the company he had kept, he had acquired ideas and conversation far above his situation. He remembered the arrival of Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Pococke,* the two first

* Messrs. Wyndham and Pococke's excursion to Chamouni, and their report of it, led, by its publication in the *Mercure de Suisse* in the months of May and June 1741, to the excitement of great interest in those retired wilds, amidst the most sublime scenery in nature, and at the foot of the loftiest mountains of Europe.—*Murray's Handbook.*

'Quelque incroyable que la chose puisse paroître, cette vallée si singulièrement intéressante, dans laquelle on voit la montagne la plus élevée de l'ancien monde, est demeurée entièrement inconnue jusqu'en 1741. Ce fut alors que le célèbre voyageur Pocock et un autre Anglais nommé M. Windham le visitèrent et donnèrent à l'Europe et au monde entier les premières notions d'une contrée qui n'est qu'à 18 lieues de distance de Genève. M. Baulacre, bibliothécaire de Genève, fut le premier qui fit connoître la vallée de Chamouny par une relation abrégée de ce voyage qu'il publia dans le *Mercure de Suisse* pour les mois de mai et de juin de l'an 1743.'—Ebel, *Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse*, vol. ii. p. 255.

To this account M. Ebel adds the following note:—

'Comme tout le monde croyoit que cette vallée étoit un repaire de brigands et de peuples barbares et sauvages, on blâmait généralement leur résolution, on leur conseilla si sérieusement de bien se tenir sur leur garde, qu'ils partirent de Genève armés jusqu'aux dents avec un nombre de domestiques également armés; ils n'osèrent entrer dans aucune maison, ils

strangers that ever visited the glacier from curiosity, to whom his father had served as guide; and the consternation of the inhabitants of the valley, who, seeing two strangers, with several attendants, horses, and firearms, pitching a tent in their village, were persuaded they came with an hostile intention, till informed by the *curé* of the real motive of their journey. Went into the inside of the church. Much neater than we could expect; adorned with a number of pictures not quite of the sign-post kind, and a profusion of gilt wooden figures about the altars. About eleven o'clock, the weather clearing up a little, we mounted our mules, accompanied by two guides on foot, to ascend Montanvert. The road the mules picked out upon the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, over and between immense masses of rock, loose stones, and roots of trees, astonished me; but as I had before heard of their sagacity and steadiness when left to themselves, I did not experience the least degree of fear even in those places where a slip would have been fatal, but putting the bridle upon the mule's neck, took care only not to slip off his tail, which the steepness of the ascent often rendered possible. When we had got about a third part of the mountain, as high as the mules could carry us, the rain and fog were so great that, by the advice of our guides, we submitted to the mortifying necessity of returning. They could give us no hopes of better weather, and declared if we went to the top of the mountain we should see nothing from the thickness of the fog. We descended on foot, and I found myself much more apt to stumble, and the road much more difficult to pick than my mule had done. Gathered a number of plants. The side of

campèrent sous des tentes, et tinrent des feux et des sentinelles en garde pendant toute la nuite. Les montagnes des environs étoient alors connues sous le nom de "Montagnes inédites."'

It was not till 1760 that M. Saussure first visited the Valley of Chamouni, when it was still regarded as a dangerous journey.

the mountain abounds in bilberries, cranberries, and strawberries. Found our mules waiting for us at the foot of the mountain. Seized the first fair moment to go to the Glacier de Boisson, which, about a league from the inn, descends quite into the valley of Chamouni. The mules carried us to within what appeared a few steps of the ice, but these steps were so rugged and upon so perpendicular an ascent, that we were yet half an hour before we found ourselves upon the moraine, a sort of wall or mound of gravel and stones, which runs parallel with the length of the glacier. From hence we descended to the edge of the body of ice, in the side of which one of our guides cut two or three notches with a hatchet by way of steps, to enable us to get up so slippery a surface. They then gave us light fir poles, shod with iron, which we could fix into the ice, and my father a small piece of leather, with iron spikes fastened in it, to buckle round each foot. These they call grimpons. Thus equipped, and with the help of our guides, one of whom took me by the arm, and the other my sister, we passed the ice with perfect ease, and without even the fear of tumbling. Our guides were so accustomed to treading upon ice that, though without any precaution but a pole, they never made a false step; took us over that part of the glacier where the surface was least unequal, and where we were not stopped by any of those dreadful chasms so much talked of by travellers.

Monday, 13*th*.—Left Lausanne, reached Geneva.

Wednesday, 15*th*.—Dined at Lord Grandison's,* at the Château de Coppet.

Thursday, 16*th*.—Left Geneva with a voiturier for

* George, Earl of Grandison, son of Lady Elizabeth Villiers, daughter of James, first Earl of Grandison. In consequence of the death of her two brothers, she was created Viscountess and Countess of Grandison; and, dying 1782, was succeeded by her son George, born 1750, married February 1772 to Lady Gertrude Conway; ob. 1800, leaving one daughter, Lady Gertrude Villiers, married to Lord Henry Stuart. The title of Earl of Grandison ceased, and the Viscounty descended to the Earls of Jersey.

Turin, who agreed to carry us three, with three servants, to pay all the bills on the road and all expenses in crossing Mont Cenis—in short, to set us down at Turin for 24 louis. The bargain was thought a good one. We were asked 38*l.* for the same journey from Lausanne. But this man was at any rate returning to Turin. We did not arrive at Remilly till past ten at night, our horses never going out of a walk nor ever making out a league in an hour.

Friday, 6*th.*—Breakfasted at Aix les Bains, at the post-house, a wretched hole.

The baths are in a handsome edifice, begun by the present King of Sardinia in 1773,* and hardly yet finished; they are numerous and well contrived; the water is much warmer than that of Bath, and has a sulphureous smell not much less disagreeable than that of Harrowgate; the town, or rather village, is poor.

Dined at Chambéry, the capital of Savoy. It is a walled town, garrisoned with Piedmontese troops; its situation beautiful, in a fine valley, surrounded by mountains with a number of picturesque châteaux and country-houses scattered upon their sides; the streets are narrow, but it has more an air of business and population than any of the other towns in Savoy; the best auberge very bad. Left Chambéry, arrived at Mont Melian at seven; the people very civil; the room we slept in was tolerably clean.

Saturday, 17*th.*—Dined at Aiguebelle. Arrived at La Chambre between eight and nine. The road the whole way from Mont Melian most romantic and beautiful, along a narrow but cultivated valley, watered by the rapid and turbulent Arche, and bounded on every side by lofty Alps, on the tops of many of which some spots of snow were already to be seen, while their sides, to an astonishing height, were covered with vines, apparently growing

* Victor Amadeus III. succeeded his father Charles Emmanuel III. in 1773. His reign was unfortunate; he lost Savoy; died 1796.

upon the bare rock. Mont Melian is surrounded by vineyards, and its wine much in esteem, but the pleasure one everywhere receives from the sublime beauties of the country is much diminished by the appearance of extreme poverty in the people, and the perfect wretchedness of their cottages and villages. The cottages are generally a parcel of loose stones, put together without even mortar, over which a number of wooden planks or pieces of flat stone are thrown by way of roof; two or three little holes with iron bars before them for windows, often without either paper or glass. Their villages consist of about eighty or a hundred such houses placed together in a street hardly ever more than nine feet wide, which keeps it at all times of the year equally dirty, wet, and dark. The church (with which they are all provided) is the only building which possesses the luxury of a few panes of glass. The inhabitants, in every respect, too well correspond with these wretched dwellings. In one or two villages between Aiguebelle and La Chambre, almost every creature we saw had a goitre, and most of them that humiliating appearance of stupidity and idiotism which is observed to accompany that malady. L'Ecu de France, at La Chambre, dirty. Two French travellers had got possession of the only decent room before we arrived, which, however, they gave up to us; there were three beds in it, one of which my father was obliged to occupy.

Sunday, 18*th*.—Dined at St. Michel, a wretched village, enclosed with a wall; from hence we had four horses added to those of the voiturier, to draw us up a very long and very steep hill about a league from Modane.

The whole road from La Chambre to Modane, still through the valley of the Arche, was at every step more and more sublimely beautiful. The vine cultivated about all the houses and high up upon the sunny sides of the mountains.

Monday, 19*th*.—Left Modane; arrived at Lanslebourg

at the foot of Mont Cenis before eleven. The road from Modane to Lanslebourg a continual ascent and descent along the side of the mountains, the Arche rolling below in a very narrow rocky channel. At Lanslebourg one is surrounded with the porters of the mountain, but we had agreed with the voiturier for our transport, and had nothing to do with the bargain which after much clamour was made with them. At half-past twelve three chairs were prepared for my sister, myself, and our maid, a mule for my father and another for one of the servants, while the other was left to come over with the carriage.

Just before we set out, a chair arrived from the other side of the mountain with a gentleman whom I immediately knew to be Cozens* the painter's son,† and surprised him by saluting him by his name, as he was stepping out of his chair. An unexpected meeting in such a place, even with a person in whom one is little interested or acquainted, is very pleasant.

Left Lanslebourg; stopped at La Saverne, on the plain of Mont Cenis, for twenty minutes, to rest the chairmen; and arrived at Novaleze, the village on this side the mountain, before 5 P.M. The pace at which these chairmen carry one, and the dexterity with which they take the poles from one another without stopping, is truly astonishing; down the steepest and ruggedest part of the road they went for two leagues without intermission, much quicker than my father could possibly follow, though carrying no weight, and taking always a shorter way than the winding of the road allowed them to do.

* Alexander Cozens, by birth a Russian, was a landscape painter, but chiefly practised as a drawing-master; he was also the author of some works connected with art. Died 1786.—Edwards' *Anecdotes of Painting.*

† John Cozens, son of Alexander Cozens, followed the same profession as his father. He produced some drawings of great merit, executed by a process that may be considered as tinted chiaro oscuro, and which has served as a foundation to the manner since adopted by Mr. Turner. In the year 1794 he became insane, and died 1799.—*Ibid.*

The road is in no respect dangerous, though in some parts amazingly steep, but the way is always wide enough to admit half a dozen chairs or mules abreast, and the chairs are carried so near the ground, that were the porters to fall (which they never do) one could hardly be hurt. The views of the surrounding Alps noble, and the cascade formed by the torrent of Cenis one of the finest I ever saw. Though much snow had fallen on the mountain about ten days before, a few small spots only remained on the northern side.

The auberge at Novaleze the dirtiest and worst we have yet been in.

Tuesday, 20*th*.—At St. Antoine began to lose the mountains and get into the plain of Lombardy. The mulberry begins here to be cultivated; the trees are all pollarded and kept low, to force young shoots for leaves, and are far from picturesque. Slept at St. Ambroise, a large village situated under a high rock, on the summit of which is a beautiful castle, formerly a monastery; at present there is but one prêtre or monk, who performs service in the chapel there.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—Left St. Ambroise; arrived at Turin between twelve and one. The road from Rivoli to Turin (two leagues) through one continued avenue of elms. The Duke of Savoy's palace at Rivoli a great, ugly brick building.

Mr. Pitt,* and Mr. Ashetons,† Sir James Graham,‡ and Mr. Brand§ supped with us.

* Mr. Pitt's name, though constantly mentioned in Miss Berry's journal during this first tour, never occurs again till in the year 1809, when staying in the neighbourhood of West Moulsey, she finds her old acquaintance, Mr. Thomas Pitt, residing near there with his grown-up family.

† Of the Mr. Ashetons it is difficult to obtain any account. The Rev. Thomas Asheton, Rector of St. Botolph, and the friend of Horace Walpole and Mason, died 1775, leaving two sons. Query, if them.

‡ Sir James Graham, Bart., of Netherby (father of the late Right Hon. Sir James Graham), created a baronet in 1782; married, 1785, Catherine, eldest daughter of John Earl of Galloway; died 1824.

§ The Rev. Thomas Brand took a high degree in mathematics at Cam-

Thursday, 22*nd*.—Saw the palace and the Great Theatre. The palace is built of brick and *intended* to be stuccoed, which not being yet done gives it a mean, unfinished appearance; it is divided into fine suites of summer and winter apartments. Much gilding and a great deal of looking-glass, and a number of pleasing pictures:—A Youth caressing a Dog, by Cignani, beautiful; and a Group of Cows, by P. Potter, nature itself; the *Femme Hydropique*, by Gerard Dow, for which the late king gave 1,500*l*. sterling, did not strike me much; I think I have seen many of the cabinet pictures in Flanders much more highly finished; the same subject, in the gallery at Dusseldorf, far superior to it.

The Great Theatre joins to the palace by a long gallery. There are only performances in it at the carnival, or on the occasion of some prince visiting the Court of Turin, when it is illuminated with 2,000 lights in the boxes, and must make a brilliant appearance; we saw it by daylight, and all in rubbish. It is considerably larger than our Opera House in London, contains 182 boxes, in six rows, exclusive of the king's, which is ornamented with glass, and occupies the centre of the second and third rows. During the carnival they say it is always full.

The buildings and streets of Turin disappointed me; they are, to be sure, at right angles, and the buildings regular, but the finest and newest streets have almost a ruinous appearance, from being of that rough sort of brickwork, with the holes of the scaffolding left, *intended* to be covered with stucco, but it will be long, if ever, before it is done. The *Strada del Po*, the finest street, is in this condition, and it takes off the beauty which its regularity, height, arcades on each side, and gate at the bottom would otherwise give.

bridge; married, in 1798, the daughter of Dr. Wharton, of Old Park, Co. Durham; died Rector of Wath, near Ripon, and Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral of Ripon. His wife survived him many years.

The palace of the Dukes of Savoy is the only building that has a front much ornamented. The king's palace is like the streets, all unstuccoed and unfinished. The town has a great air of business, bustle, and population; the streets are full of men walking about in full dress, for every creature here above the commonest shopkeepers wears a bag, a sword, and a suit of clothes. Went in the evening to the Théâtre de Carignan, where an opera buffa is performed all the summer. It appears as wide, but not so deep, as Drury Lane; the Prince of Carignan's box occupies the place of the king's at the other house. The king never comes to this. The dancing consists almost entirely of feats of agility worthy of Sadler's Wells, continued vaulting into the air, and the higher they jump the more *bravos* or *bravas* they receive from the delighted pit. The dresses elegant and various, and the stage well filled.

Friday, 23*rd*.—Day rainy. In the evening paid our compliments to Mr.* and Mrs. Trevor, to whom we had a letter from Count Walmoden.

Saturday, 24*th*.—Saw the museum at the University. The museum, besides the famous Isiac table,† contains some pretty Roman busts, and a number of lamps, small bronze figures, and earthenware, most of them found at Industria,‡ the remains of the Roman town that was

* Mr. John Trevor, Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Sardinia in February 1783, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the same court in June 1789.

† A tablet of bronze of about 4 ft. by 3 ft., with figures engraved of Egyptian deities and hieroglyphics. It went to Paris with other stolen goods, and has been restored to Turin.

‡ Near Verolongo, but on the opposite side of the Po, is Montea del Po, occupying the site of the Roman city of Industria. This city, mentioned by Pliny and other ancient writers, had been in a manner lost. Many antiquarians supposed that Casale had risen upon its ruins; but in 1744 the discovery of Roman remains on this spot, and some fragments of inscriptions, led to the supposition that this was the site, and further excavations were made. The result proved that this soil covered a very rich mine of antiquities, and produced many of the finest articles in the museum at Turin.—*Murray's Handbook*.

discovered near Turin, some very clear glass cups, and a glass bottle corked, containing a liquor they take to have been milk. The chapel of the Saint Sudario joins the palace to the cathedral. The cathedral is an ugly old building, hung with bad tapestry; the chapel of the S. S. is singular and beautiful, it is lined through with black marble, and supported on black marble pillars. The holy cloth is kept in a large crystal case, with a brass grating before it, upon an altar.

Sunday, 25*th*.—Left Turin; slept at Casale. The road through the rich flat of Piedmont very populous, and a considerable appearance of comfort. Came the first three or four stages as fast as we could have posted in England. At Casale a clean auberge.

Monday, 26*th*.—The people broke the carriage in pushing it out of the inn yard, which delayed our departure till near 10 A.M. Slept at Novi.

Tuesday, 27*th*.—Passed the Bochetta, between Novi and Ottaggio. The morning was cloudy; when at the summit of the hill we came into a beam of bright sunshine, while rain and thick clouds were below us. The road makes a thousand turns round the side of the mountain to avoid different gullies and torrents from the mountains; it is all paved, and in some places supported against the rock by masonry and piles of wood. In one part it had fallen in, and, though sufficiently repaired for carriages to pass, was rather frightful and dangerous. The lower part of the Apennines is covered with chestnut trees; higher up and near the top there is neither wood nor cultivation, but bleak and bare, without either the beauty or sublimity of the Alps. From Campomarone to Genoa (eleven miles) a magnificent road, made entirely at the expense of the Marquis Cambiaso, in consequence of a vow made when his wife was ill that if ever she recovered he would make such a road; it is very broad, with a row of elm trees on each side and a very low stone

wall; it was finished only in 1776. Nothing can be more like fairyland than the whole road between Campomarone and Genoa; the sides of the hills are covered with country-houses, gardens, and vineyards, forming the gayest scenes imaginable; for above three miles before arriving at Genoa it is one continual row of houses, which join to the faubourg of San Pietro d' Arena. The view of the town, the hills behind it, the harbour, and the moles, from the point of the Lanterna on entering the town, most striking and beautiful.

Wednesday, 28*th*.—Sent our letter to the consul; received a visit from his partner, Mr. Brame; walked through the principal streets. The Strada Nuova a row of palaces, but so narrow that much of the magnificence of its effect is lost; and yet, except the Strada Bolli, it is the widest street in the town. The rest are no broader than a court in London, paved almost entirely with flat stones, and very pleasant for walking. A street of silversmiths, the shops nearly as showy as those in London. From the narrowness of the streets carriages are hardly ever used, except when the families are going into the country. All the people of fashion in town go in chairs, with two or three footmen; the gentlemen often walk, their chair and footmen always following them; the chairs sometimes very handsome. Mr. Pitt and the Mr. Ashetons, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Brand arrived in the evening, and all took up their lodgings in the same inn.

Thursday, 29*th*.—Went all out in a felucca of eight oars to view the town from the sea. I think upon the whole it is not more striking than on entering it by land from the point of the Lanterna. My father, my sister, and myself went afterwards to the Albergo dei Poveri, an immense building which serves both for a hospital and house of correction. An end to one wing is still wanting to make it regular. It is built upon rock, which juts out

immediately behind the building. It contains 1,080 persons—780 women, and 300 men and boys. The boys are put out to trades; the women, if they do not marry or find a service, may remain there all their lives. Great defalcations made from its revenue by those who have the administration of it. There are six of them, not places for life, but appointed at pleasure by the reigning people in power. The revenues of the house are large enough to admit of all the people being perfectly well fed, but they are not, and have a very scanty allowance both of bread, wine, and meat.

Saw the church of the Annunciata, entirely covered in the inside with gilding, painting, and marble, in a very gaudy taste.

Went to the opera. There is a sort of gallery or balcony before the first row of boxes, very convenient for the gentlemen, and what I never saw before.

Friday, 30*th*.—Saw the Palazzo Brignole, Chiesa Carignano, Doge's palace, and the Doge himself, attended by all the senators, coming from the council-chambers. The two new council-chambers most magnificent and elegant.

Saturday, 31*st*.—Palazzo Durazzo, Palazzo Balbi, and the Church of St. Filippo Neri.

Sunday, *November* 1*st*.—Gardens of Andrea Doria, Palazzo Dominico Serra, the new Grande Salle very magnificent in gilding and glass.

Madame Durazzo has 200 livres of Genoa an hour (29 livres in a louis).

The house of Cambiasi, consisting of three families, have 1,800,000 livres a year rent among them. No hotel or auberge allowed to keep wine in their houses; the state are the wine-merchants and bakers of the town.

More monks of every sort in Genoa, and more continual services going on in their churches, than I have seen in any other town in Italy. Left Genoa.

Monday, 3*rd*.—Left Campomarone. Between Ottagio

and Novi they gave us six such tired horses that, going uphill, they refused three or four times to draw, and, in spite of all our efforts, stood still for a quarter of an hour at a time; this, together with fording the river, which was very much swelled with the rain of the night before, prevented our getting to Novi till three o'clock. More than an hour was taken up in getting our baggage put on, and we did not leave Novi till past four, in a heavy rain, to go to Tortona, with the Scrivia to pass. By the time we arrived at the bank of the river it was dark, and the rain continued to pour. We called in vain for the boatmen; the boat was there, but the men were gone home for the night. Our postilions were desired to carry us to the first house that would take us in; it was about half a mile off—the Rivalto di Scrivia, a poor village of a dozen houses. After hard knocking for about five minutes, we at last got admittance into a sort of auberge. Here we found a place to sit in, which had acorns spread in one part of the floor and a wine-trough in another; it was, however, decently clean, and the people civil. We got a fire made—felt ourselves thankful to get housed—and were soon very comfortable. Above we found two beds for ourselves and Hannah, and my father had a mattress put upon the table in the room below. Rained all night.

Tuesday, 4th.—Left Rivalto di Scrivia. When we arrived at the passage of the river, we had the greatest reason to be thankful that the absence of boatmen had prevented our attempting to cross it in the dark. Two days and a night's rain had swelled a shallow stream into a broad and rapid river, and the boat, a small and bad one, was unaccustomed to carry carriages, which, except in cases like the present, always ford the stream. We passed ourselves first, then our six horses; and afterwards our two servants, with the assistance of half a dozen other men, were employed for nearly two hours in getting the coach put in and taken out of the boat, we looking on, and

expecting every moment it was to be broken in pieces. By good luck, however, it escaped both from the embarkation and afterwards from some of the worst road I ever saw on this side the ferry. The road was close upon the edge of the river, and portions of it had been newly carried away by the rapidity of the water; it was also full of great holes, where trees had been dug up, and large stumps of others which had been cut down. We got out, and the servants supported the carriage on each side. I never was better pleased than when I saw it upon smooth ground, with only the loss of a trifling screw.

At Novi we left all mountains, and found ourselves in the rich plain of Lombardy—great cornfields, and vineyards with mulberry trees planted in rows round them; the vines in rows, at a considerable distance from one another, and corn between them. The roads broad and good. Arrived at Broni. Clean auberge.

Wednesday, 5th.—Arrived at Piacenza about midday. The road still a rich plain of uninterrupted cultivation of corn and vine; notwithstanding which the inhabitants of all the small towns and villages are idle and wretched to the last degree.

> Starve in the midst of Nature's bounty, curs'd,
> And midst the loaded vineyard die of thirst,

is a true and poetical description of the effects of the slavery and idleness in which their religion and government keep them.

The moment a carriage stops at the post it is surrounded by a crowd of idle wretches wrapped up in large cloaks, which serve to cover the rags beneath, and who, having apparently no other occupation than that of walking up one street and down another, seem happy in having something more than their accustomed walls to gaze at; every creature who passes through the street joins this set, so

that, before the horses are put to and the former postilions paid (about which there is always a squabble), one has been as thoroughly stared at, and as closely examined, as at the entrance of a masquerade in London. Two miles from Piacenza, the Trebia is crossed in a boat. The water was considerably swelled by the quantity of rain that had fallen, and crossing rivers is always troublesome; the boats are small and bad, the boatmen awkward, and the postilions noisy and quarrelsome. Piacenza is a great half-inhabited-looking town; the streets are tolerably wide and in general straight, but consisting of mean irregular houses, interspersed with the long dead walls of monasteries, and here and there a palace going to decay. The Strada Grande, which is of a great length, broad, and *tirée à cordon*, is overrun with grass, and looks more like the approach to a great town than a street in the town itself. The Piazza Grande, where are the statues of Alexander Farnese and his son,* is the green market, consequently very dirty, and consists entirely of mean shops. The equestrian statues are noble, whether they are done by John of Bologna or his scholar Francesco Mocchi.† That of Ranuccio Farnese struck me upon the whole as the finest.

The cathedral is a great building supported on stone pillars. The pictures by L. Caracci are so black that one can hardly make out the subject, far less the beauties. In the cupola, painted in fresco by Guercino, one can admire the grandeur and grace of some of the heads, but they are too high to give pleasure upon a cursory view.

* Alexander Farnese, third Duke of Parma and Placentia, was the eldest son of Octavius Farnese and Margaret of Austria; born 1555; married, at ten years old, to Mary, niece of the King of Portugal. He was wounded at Candebec, 1592, and died from the effects of his wound at the age of forty-seven.

Ranuccio Farnese married Margaret Aldobrandini; died 1622.

† These statues were designed by Francesco Mocchi, a scholar of John of Bologna.—*Handbook.*

The church of St. Augustin, built by Vignola,* new and elegant, has five aisles, supported on Doric pillars which struck me as being too low.† They took us to the church of St. John to see a monument of one of the family of Scoto,‡ which is not worth the trouble of the walk.

Thursday, 6th.—Left Piacenza; arrived at Parma. The roads good, through the same rich plain, except immediately in the neighbourhood of Parma, all corn land and vineyards, much less pasture than one would expect to see in so great a dairy country; the post here well served. Five miles from Parma crossed the Taro, but without any trouble; the stream is narrow, the boat large, and the people used to the business.§

Friday, 7th.—Saw the church of St. Antoine, built by the Pope for a convent of nuns; it is small but very pretty. It has two arched roofs, the first of stone perforated, and so light that it is with difficulty one can believe it is not of wood; through the perforations are seen the paintings of the second roof, which represent our Saviour, angels, &c. &c., in the clouds: it has a good effect, though perhaps more like a *coup de théâtre* than the decorations of a church. The church of San Sepolcro has a picture of Correggio—the Virgin, our Saviour, and Joseph, with angels in the air offering palms; Joseph's head beautiful; the Madonna struck me as without any dignity or much grace; the Bambino not like an infant, and in a very distorted attitude. Also a picture of the Holy Family of Parmegiano, the Bambino beautiful. The church of St. John large, dark, and dirty; the cupola painted by Correggio so dark

* Giacomo Barozzi da Vignola, born 1507 at Vignola in Modena; much patronised by Cardinal Alexander Farnese; appointed architect of St. Peter's on the death of Michael Angelo, 1564; he died 1573.

† 'Now desecrated and closed, and in danger of demolition.'—*Murray's Handbook.*

‡ Church of San Giovanni in Canale, founded by the Knights Templars. There is a very fine tomb of the Count of Montalbo, Orazio Scotti, by Algardi.—*Murray's Handbook.*

§ A magnificent bridge was begun by Marie Louise in 1816, and completed in 1821.—*Ibid.*

and small that one could hardly have seen the pictures the day they were put up, far less now when they are faded and dirty. The two pictures of Correggio in the same church of a dead Christ and the martyrdom of a monk were too brown and faded for me to discover their beauties; in the first the drawing strikingly incorrect, both of the arm of the Christ and of the Madonna.

The palace is a great unfinished brick building, the windows small and shabby; a space remains in front where a new palace was intended to be built.

The Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture is attached to the palace. In the gallery they have models of all the remains of antiquity for the use of the students, and some few ancient statues. A female figure in drapery, though without either head or arms, most beautiful, found at Velleia,* and a bust of Vitellius in white marble, much smaller than life, which had all the expression of painting.

The *chef d'œuvre* of Correggio is likewise preserved here (the Madonna and Child, with St. Jerome and Mary Magdalen); it is the first picture of his I have seen that gave me real pleasure; it is in excellent preservation, the colours fresh. The Madonna's head is said to be too dark, but the longer one looks at it the more beauty and grace is to be discovered; the head of the angel beautiful; the Child like a child, though neither a dignified nor lovely child. In another apartment of the Academy is preserved the patent or charter of Trajan to the Velleians, found at Velleia; it is upon a copper plate about 6ft. long with a copper border like a frame round it; it is broken into a number of pieces, but is perfectly legible, though the engraving of the characters is what we should now call very bad. There are

* Velleia, though it must have been a city of considerable note, is nowhere directly mentioned in any existing ancient writers. The subterranean treasures were first obscurely known in the 17th century. In 1760, the Infante Don Philip, then Duke of Parma, ordered excavations to be scientifically begun. The excavations have not been regularly continued since 1760. *Murray's Handbook.*

likewise a number of Roman antiquities, such as lamps, inscriptions, &c., &c., &c., all found at Velleia.

The cathedral large and dark; the cupola by Correggio, like the other, so high and so much spoilt that I could neither see nor admire it. A head of Correggio by himself. The church called La Steccatta, belonging to the King of Naples, magnificent in the decorations of the altar: the cupola by Parmegiano, a transfiguration of the Virgin, God the Father receiving her, surrounded by an infinity of angels; the colours were less gone than those of Correggio's, and the grouping seemed grand, but it is much too high to be examined with pleasure. The Baptistery, a very old Gothic building, octagon, with a roof very like, but not so pretty as, the Chapter House at York.

Being a fast day, we could get nothing but birds in the town, and not many of them.

The Great Theatre (the largest in Europe) a great ruin; it is above fifty years since there has been any representation in it, and in all probability there will never be another, as it would cost more to clean and repair it than ever the state of Parma will have to bestow. It seems an attempt to unite an ancient amphitheatre with a modern theatre; the space usually occupied by the parterre is flat, and paved like an arena; when the theatre was in use, they told us, water used to be introduced and sea-fights represented. Round it are rows of seats, one above another, for spectators, and above them two rows of arches—the boxes, and above them a gallery. The distance of the stage from the boxes is great, and yet we could perfectly well hear a man speaking in an ordinary voice. It could contain 12,000 or 14,000 people. Mr. Pitt and the Mr. Ashetons arrived; Sir James Graham, Mr. Brand, and Captain Coussmaker in the evening.

Saturday, 8*th*.—Left Parma. The road good through a continued flat to Modena. The vines were trained up high trees, generally elm, planted in rows in the fields;

the vines hanging in festoons from one to another, and twisting up almost every tree by the roadside. When the fruit is ripe the effect must be beautiful. On entering the states of Modena, the population seems to be greater, and the people more in comfort, than those of Parma, who bear great marks of poverty and wretchedness. Their soldiers are the best-dressed and most comfortable-looking people among them; there are about 2,000 between Parma and Piacenza, by far the best-looking troops we have seen in Italy. Modena is a pretty town, and clean for Italy. The front of the duke's palace is handsome. The four orders of architecture support a sort of clumsy pediment in the middle. Walking in the garden (a Dutch parterre) behind the palace, we saw the duke's carriage waiting to take him up at the garden door; it was one of the very oldest, plainest, shabbiest chariots I *ever* saw, and would not have sold for fifty shillings; the horses were like old broken-down hacks, and the harness and coachman exactly of a piece with them. We saw him and another gentleman get into the carriage, behind which two servants mounted, whom for liveries and appearance any country parson in England would have been ashamed to own; yet in his stables we saw above ninety good-looking, well-fed horses. The duke* is old, rich, and close; his only legitimate child is married to the Duke of Milan.† He lives with a mistress by whom he has a son; his duchess (a Princess Massa Carràra) has been long parted from him, and lives at

* Ercole Rinaldo, the last Duke of the House of Este. He married Maria Theresa Cibo, sovereign princess of Massa Carrara. He was deprived of his dominions by the French invasion. A principality was offered to him in the Brisgau, but he would not accept this compensation, and died in retirement at Treviso, October 1803.—*Murray's Handbook.*

† Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, son of the Emperor Francis and the Empress Maria Theresa, married Mary Beatrice of Este, daughter and heiress of Ercole Rinaldo; died 1806. The duchy was secured to her by the treaty of Versailles. She died at Versailles, 1829.

Reggio.* Saw the orphan hospital, a plain handsome building, clean and proper in the inside, contains 300 boys and 300 girls; the boys kept till they are sixteen, the girls twenty; some of them we saw employed in gauze and riband weaving, and preparing silk. Opposite to this orphan house there is another large handsome building, which contains under the same roof an hospital for the state in general, and another for the troops. The troops ill-clothed and shabby. The cathedral a very ugly Græco-Gothic building.

Sunday, 9*th*.—Intended to have set off early for Bologna, but all the post-horses were stopped for the Duchess of Parma and her suite going to Naples; were obliged, therefore, to spend another day at Modena.

Monday, 10*th*.—Left Modena, arrived at Bologna; still the same rich, flat country, vines all twining up high elm trees, and hanging in festoons from one to another. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Ashetons arrived at Bologna with us; Captain Coussmaker in the evening.

Tuesday, 11*th*.—Walked to the Chiesa di Santa Maria di Luca; it is a league from the town, upon the top of a hill called Monte della Guardia; the walk is up the steepest part of the hill by a number of steps, and the whole way under a colonnade. This great work was begun in 1674, and carried on at the expense of all orders of people at Bologna, in days when the belief and confidence in the wonders worked by this pilgrimage were so great, that not only all rich individuals contributed according to their ability in building three or four or more arches, but societies of artisans and menial servants associated together to save their souls by building an arch. In every one is the arms, device, or name of the person or society of persons who built it. Several of them near the top are

* The Duchess of Parma was buried at Reggio. A fine monumental bust was erected to her memory in 1820, by her daughter Mary Beatrice. *Murray's Handbook.*

inscribed *Da vendore*—that is to say, for so much money you may have the honour of placing your name and arms on the wall, and the reputation of having contributed to the holy work. The price of this was formerly fifty sequins, but has since fallen to ten.

St. Peter and St. Paul, by Titian; Abram and Hagar, by Guercino; a Group of Children, by Albano; and a Man receiving his Sight at the Tomb of a Saint, a large picture by Cigoli, all in the Palazzo Sampieri,* are the pictures which pleased me most in Bologna. The palaces at Bologna are cold, half-furnished, uncomfortable-looking places; indeed, they never show but the suites of apartments which contain the pictures, and which, I believe, are very seldom used by the families who inhabit them; many of them, too, have sold all their originals, but have still the walls of their apartments covered with bad copies adorned with the names of great masters of whom they once possessed the originals.

The serious opera is performed in a small theatre. In the new theatre we saw the tragedy of Tamerlane, but as the piece was not printed, I could not tell whether it had any resemblance to ours of the same name; what most delighted the people was a battle upon the stage, which lasted nearly a quarter of an hour with unremitted ardour, and concluded with the slaughter of eight or ten men left dead upon the stage. All Italian actors, I am told, are very bad, because dramatic performances are not the taste of the upper ranks, who relish and encourage nothing but the opera. These were called superlatively bad; they had much less action than I expected.

Bologna is one of the towns in Italy where there are the most frequent attempts to murder and stab people—

* The famous pictures of its once celebrated gallery have been sold; the greater part have been transferred to the Brera at Milan. Its fine ceilings and chimney-pieces, by the Caracci and Guercino, are well preserved.—See *Murray's Handbook.*

our books of travel said much above a hundred every year. Everybody we questioned upon the subject owned there might be above fifty or sixty. We tried in vain to buy a stiletto, or what is called from its length a *sept and demi*, but their sale is prohibited, and we could not meet with one.

Bought a piece of crape at the manufacturer's at two paoli and a half the braccia, about two shillings the English yard. The peasants in the neighbourhood of Bologna have an air of poverty in spite of the richness of the country and the epithet of *Bologna la grasse*, to which the Italians add, *ma non per chi passa*.

Monday, 17*th*.—Slept at Feligara; the hills quite barren and having the appearance of old volcanic matter, or of some effect of fire.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—Passed the mountain on the side of which is Pietra Mala; before it was light it seemed from the road like two broad steady flames joined together, clear and bright as that of a candle rising from the ground, and might at a distance in the night-time be mistaken for a forge or large fire. Broke one of the springs of our carriage about thirty miles from Florence, came with it the whole way tied up with leather straps and cords. Had the happiness of finding a dozen letters for me, besides those to my father, on the table in our apartment. The delight of hearing of the welfare of most of our friends, of receiving letters after being so long deprived of them, of hearing of the safe arrival and happiness of my grandmother in Ireland, joined to the comfort of finding ourselves in an excellent inn, surrounded by English people, after a long tedious day's journey in a bad day, with a broken carriage, my father, myself, and the maid all ill, will make me ever remember with pleasure the evening of our arrival at Florence.

Monday, December 15*th*.—Left Florence at 10 o'clock

A.M., with a voiturier and four mules, who agreed to carry us to Rome in five days and a half for thirty sequins, and arrived at Raggibonsi. The view of Florence three or four miles from the hills most beautiful.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—Dined at Sienna; saw the cathedral, the hospital, and the library. The front of the cathedral is Gothic, much ornamented, but in very bad taste; the acanthus leaves of the Corinthian capital are placed upon the top of cluster pillars and a crowd of Gothic ornaments. The library adjoining the church contains some finely illuminated missals. The marble group of the three Graces,* standing upon a pedestal in the middle of it, are in my opinion clumsy, bad workmanship, and, though antique, never could have been called good. The walls are covered with very old fresco paintings, which they say were designed by Raphael, and painted by Perugino and Pinturiccio; they are as fresh as if done yesterday, and the drawing may be good, but they are stiff. The hospital—we only looked into the wards; they were mostly full, but seemed very clean and orderly. Left Sienna, arrived at the auberge at Buono Convento. Here we were ushered through the stable (the end of which formed the kitchen) up some broken brick steps into a room, the only one in the house which contained a place for fire; it was furnished with a long table and benches, at the end of which three or four women were at work by the light of a lamp. From hence we ascended some more steps to see our bed-rooms. The walls were only white enough to make the dirt upon them more visible, the floors much worse paved than any stable I ever saw in England, and to the full as dirty, and the beds with quilts that did not touch the edge any way. After the view of these comfortable chambers we returned to the room below; with much difficulty we got a fire made with *wet* wood. The

* This group was copied by Canova. Raphael made a sketch of it, still preserved in the Academy at Venice.

women continued working at the end of the room, and were joined by several others and by a man, whom at last they left sleeping upon one of the benches. As this room was a general passage to all the upper part of the house, there were men, women, children, dogs, and cats continually going to and fro; it was like Noah's ark, on the side of the *unclean animals*. We begged the people would not trouble themselves to bring any other supper than eggs, and upon which, with the help of some chesnuts and apples, we made a very good supper, and had three hours' sound sleep (in our clothes) upon a bed which would perhaps have turned our stomachs in England.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—Left Buono Convento at 2 A.M., in order to reach Aquapendente, forty-four miles distant, at night. Dined at Ricorsi in a hayloft, underneath which was, as usual, the stable and kitchen. Before we came to Aquapendente, there was a very steep hill to ascend; it was slippery with the frost, and the mules, being tired, were unable either to draw the carriage or to keep their feet. We all got out to walk. After walking about half a mile without either seeing or hearing anything of the carriage, there being hardly light for us to pick our steps, and nobody to show us the way either to the town or to the inn, we thought it advisable to turn back, and found the carriage exactly in the same situation as when we left it. The mules, assisted by three others, could not move it; and after standing nearly half an hour in the dark and cold, preaching to the people not to break the carriage (which they seemed in a fair way of doing), we were obliged to leave it to their mercy, and, taking one of the servants and a lamp from the carriage, made the best of our way to the town. We kept ourselves warm by walking, but when we arrived we knew not which way to turn, and were obliged to knock at the first door for information. The people were civil, and offered us a guide, by whose assistance we at last reached a miserable

auberge, where, instead of a civil waiter, we were saluted by the barking of a large hungry mastiff, who would not suffer us to come up the stairs. At last, however, we made good our entry into an apartment, which, after a long walk in a cold night, was welcome if not comfortable, and thus ended the adventures of a tedious day.

Thursday, 18*th*.—Left Aquapendente; arrived in twelve hours at Viterbo, five miles from Aquapendente; passed through *Nuovo San Lorenzo*,* a regular village or small town built by Pope Ganganelli. It is the only *new* building of that sort I have yet seen in Italy; a neat octagon, traversed by the road, and open to another street, at the end of which is a church, and opposite to that another dedicated to St. Lorenzo. In the octagon, the view from thence of the Lake Bolseno beautiful. The road from Montefiascone to Viterbo very good.

Friday, 19*th*.—The road from Viterbo to Ronciglione the whole way through an ugly, wretched country, apparently without either cultivation or inhabitants; bare hills covered with fern, except those surrounding a lake. Observed broad-leaved laurel growing in the hedges, and yesterday a species of jasmine. The auberge very bad as usual.

Saturday, 20*th*.—Arrived at Rome at twelve o'clock. The approach to it by no means agreeable. All the houses in the faubourg without the gates wretched. Found the *lasciar passare* lying for us at the gate; a note from Mr. Brand directing us to the lodgings he had taken for us at Madame Trufina's, Strada San Sebastianello. They consisted of an ante-chamber, dining-room, two bedchambers for ourselves, besides rooms for the servants above, neatly and elegantly furnished for twenty sequins a month, including the use of linen and silver.

* Built by Pope Pius VI. at his own cost, as an asylum for the inhabitants of the old town, which was afflicted with malaria.—*Murray's Handbook.*

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In the evening Mr. Coussmaker, Mr. Pitt, the Mr. Ashetons, Sir J. Graham, and Mr. Brand called upon us.

Sunday, 21*st*.—Went to St. Peter's. The approach to it most magnificent and striking, not from the immense size of the building, which, it has been often and most justly observed, does not at first strike you as very extraordinary, but from its regularity and the beauty and richness of its front. The same is observable in the inside; the grandeur of the *coup d'œil* does not seem to proceed from its immense length, but the magnificence and symmetry of the ornaments. Walked through the great aisles, merely to get a general idea of the whole. Sent our letters from Miss Gore to Baroness Dieden. In the evening to the Comtesse Scarowska,* Madame Navasittzoff, and Mons. Santini; Sir George and Lady Warren,† Mr. Coussmaker, Baron and Baroness Dieden, Mr. Hallet, Mr. Pettingal, Mr. Repington, Sir J. Graham, and Mr. Brand.

Monday, 22*nd*.—Went to the Campidoglio. In the evening visited Lady Knight,‡ Madame Scarowska, Lady Warren.

Tuesday, 23*rd*.—In the morning at St. Peter's, and to see Angelica Kauffman's§ pictures. In the evening, at the Princess Santa Croce's conversazione, we were presented by

* It is probable that Miss Berry may have written this name of Scarowska for that of Skavronsky, well known in the history of Russia; and in 1791 the Russian minister at Naples was Count Paul Skavronsky.

† Sir George Warren, made K.B. 1761; married Jane, daughter of Thomas Revel, Esq., East Mitcham, Surrey. Their only daughter and heir married, in 1777, Viscount Bulkeley; died 1826.

‡ Mother of Miss Cornelia Knight, whose 'Memoirs' were published in 1861.

§ Mary Angelica Kauffman, born 1740, at Coire in Switzerland. She was instructed in painting by her father, who took her for further improvement to Italy. From Venice she accompanied Lady Wentworth to England, where she received the most liberal patronage, and became a Member of the Royal Academy. She married, 1781, A. Zucchi, a Venetian artist; died at Rome, 1807. During Joseph II.'s visit to Rome, he purchased two pictures from this celebrated artist.—*Biographie Universelle.*

Lady Warren to Cardinal Bernis.* The emperor† there; he had arrived about midday in Rome without any courier, entirely unexpected either by the pope or by his own minister. Half an hour after he arrived he had a long conference with the pope, and went with him and prayed in St. Peter's. Two cushions were put down for them, side by side; the emperor put his aside, and knelt upon the bare stones. His countenance is lively and pleasing, and his manner easy and affable; his whole deportment, however, is not, I think, without a degree of pride which would prevent one's ever forgetting the emperor in Comte Falkenstein. Supped at Lady Warren's with a number of English. Began Italian with Signor Dalmazzoni, at six sequins a month, to come every day to one or other of us.

Thursday, 25*th*.—Went to St. Peter's with the Countess Scarowska to see the pope perform high mass. A part of the choir was divided from the rest by hangings

* Bernis, Francis Joachim de Pierres, Count of Lyons, and a cardinal and statesman of France, born at Marcel de l'Ardêche, 1715, of an ancient family, patronised by Cardinal de Fleury, then prime minister, but refused promotion on account of his indifferent morals. 'You can have no expectation of promotion while I live,' said the Cardinal. 'Sir, I can wait,' replied the young abbé, making a profound bow. He was afterwards introduced by Madame Pompadour to Louis XV. He was ambassador from France to Venice; but, falling out of favour, resigned his mission, and went into exile; returned to France in 1764, and made archbishop of Alby; and, five years afterwards, was sent ambassador to the court of Rome. During his residence there, his house was the general rendezvous of strangers of distinction, and many English travellers bore testimony to his hospitality. In 1791 the aunts of Louis XVI., driven from their country by the Revolution, took up their abode for a time with him. The Revolution robbed him also of his possessions, as he refused to take the oaths then required. The court of Spain settled a pension on him. He died at Rome, November 1794, in the 80th year of his age. His poems gave him admission into the French Academy before he rose in the world. Frederick the Great ridiculed his poetry in the following line: 'Evitez de Bernis la stérile abondance.' Voltaire had a high opinion of Bernis' talents; their correspondence was published in 1799. The cardinal's works, in verse and in prose, have been often printed.—Extracted from Chalmers' *Biographical Dictionary*.

† The Emperor of Germany, Joseph, second son of Francis and Maria Theresa.

of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, at the upper end of which was the pope's throne, under a canopy of the same materials, and opposite to it the altar under the great baldequin. On one side was another great chair, up several steps, under a canopy, in which the pope first made his appearance and dressed himself before he went to the throne. The floor was covered with green cloth, and the steps up to the altar with a very fine carpet, embellished with the present pope's arms; and on each side, from the chair where he was dressed up to the throne, were three rows of benches for the cardinals, bishops, and prelates. The cardinals sat in the second, and under them the prelates, who each held the mitre of the cardinals under whom they sat.

The emperor and the King of Sweden,* who had arrived the night before, were both there. There was a gallery prepared for them, but they did not choose to make use of it, and stood together against one of the pillars of the great baldequin facing the pope's throne. The emperor's deportment was the most serious and respectful that can be imagined; he spoke very little, was attentive to what was going on, knelt when the rest of the people knelt, crossed himself twice, and had every external mark of decent devotion. The King of Sweden talked a great deal, was more eager to see every part of the show, knelt more awkwardly, and bowed less low. It is impossible for me to remember in their order, or attempt to describe, the various manœuvres of the grandest and best-acted pantomime that can be imagined. The pope, after he had had a robe of some sort of light white silver tissue and several other habiliments

* Gustavus III., born 1746, ascended the throne 1771. A conspiracy was formed against him by Counts Horn and Ribbing, Colonel Lilienhorn, and a nobleman named Ankerstroem, who undertook to murder him; he chose a masked ball at Stockholm as the best opportunity for carrying out his intention, and on the 16th of March, 1792, he shot the king through the body. He expired on March 29th.

put upon him in the chair on one side, and a mitre (exactly like one of gilt paper) upon his head, went up to his throne, his train borne by four prelates. Here he chanted a part of the service in a very audible voice, one man, upon his knees, supporting the book before him; another, kneeling (though it is broad daylight), holding a large lighted taper; a third standing by to prompt him, in case *his infallibility* should go wrong; and a fourth to turn the leaves of the book, for he is allowed to do no one thing for himself. His mitre is taken off his head always before he begins to pray or read, and replaced when he has done. His petticoats are settled about his feet every time he gets up or sits down; his gloves are pulled off and put on for him; and when he held out his hands to give a blessing, the sleeve of his robe was held out of his way. Two priests of the Greek Church read a part of the service, standing on one side, and holding their book in their hands, and then, after kneeling two or three times, kissed the pope's foot (as did the prelates), and then seated themselves round the lowest step of his throne. The cardinals, when they approached him, he crossed and embraced. The only man seated near him was the cardinal archbishop assistant, who sits upon a sort of stool with a low back close by the throne.

Three times in the course of the ceremony the pope washed his hands. Water was brought him in a gold basin, covered with a white satin mantle, and preceded by two people with maces in their hands, and followed by two more with napkins. After chanting and praying by turns several times, and performing various other ceremonies, he went to the altar, elevated the host, and took the sacrament himself. In the meantime the cardinal-assistant went round with the incense to all the other cardinals; to each separately he made a bow, which was returned; then giving him three or four puffs of the incense, another mutual bow, and then on to the next.

When he had gone round, he gave the incense to some bishop or prelate, who went through the same ceremony with him. The pope then returned to his throne, where the wafer and wine were brought to him, and he administered the sacrament first to the cardinals, represented by so many of them; then to the Roman princes, represented by Prince Colonna, whose duty is always to be by the throne of the pope; and then to the *populus Romanus*, represented by *four* people (of what sort I know not) in yellow and red robes—*quantum mutatus ab illis!* After this he read a Latin homily, which lasted about ten minutes; he looked very little at his book, and delivered himself with great expression and vehemence. He then went again to the altar and prayed, had the tiara or triple crown put upon his head, prayed again, and then was seated in a chair placed upon poles, and carried by ten or twelve men dressed in crimson, preceded by his guards, down the middle aisle of the church. By this time he was so completely tired with the long operations he had gone through, that he could hardly lift up his hand to give his benedictions to the crowd which surrounded him.

There are two rows of benches for ladies placed on one side within the circle of guards; the gentlemen stand on each side about the pillars of the baldequin; everybody is obliged to have their heads dressed, and the ladies are all in veils. We saw so ill from the benches, that we got permission to go up into one of the galleries over the four great niches of the dome, where we had a perfect view of everything that was going on.

This gallery, which appeared from the body of the church as if fifty steps would have conducted us to it, was at a very considerable height; the people in the body of the church looked quite little from it; but the view of that noble building, with an immense crowd of people, though not a *quarter* filling the great aisle, was a magnificent spectacle, and gave one some idea of its enormous

size. Mass was performed at the same time at almost every chapel in the church, but they seemed to have no more to do with the business that was going on at the great altar than if they had been in another part of the town.

Went afterwards to Santa Maria Maggiore, where a piece of the crèche in which our Saviour was born is always exposed for so many days at Christmas on the great altar, in a fine gilt case, in which through glass you see the pieces of holy wood; it is in general kept in a subterraneous chapel, and is carried with great pomp and a long function at midnight on Christmas Eve, and placed on the great altar. The church is beautiful; the great aisle put me something in mind of the Assembly Room at York, though it is in much superior taste; the church being dressed, the beautiful marble pillars were all covered with crimson damask.

Went to the church of a convent at the Capitol, where was a representation of our Saviour in the manger and the adoration of the shepherds, by very well-dressed puppets half as large as life; the church was darkened, and the scenery behind the show all lighted up in the exact style of a punchinello theatre. Returned home as heartily tired with *staring* and *standing* as ever I remember to have been in my life.

Mr. Repington, Sir James Graham, Mr. Brand, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Ashetons dined with us—an English Christmas dinner.

Friday, 26*th*.—Went to Moore, the landscape painter,* to the Palazzo Colonna; the gallery magnificent, ornamented with statues and busts alternately, and a vast number of pictures, some of the pictures beautiful. In

* Jacob Moore, a native of Edinburgh. He went to Rome about the year 1773, and there acquired a great reputation. His works were much overrated when compared to the productions of Claude Lorraine.—Edwards's *Anecdotes of Painters*.

the evening a conversazione and concert at Cardinal de Bernis'. As the emperor and king were both to be there, the crowd assembled was immense; the street was illuminated near his house, and the house completely so on the outside from top to bottom; large rooms were crowded. The king had dined there and came early; the emperor not till late, stayed above an hour, and then seized an opportunity when he was speaking to no one, and darted off faster than anybody could attempt to follow him. He was as usual in his green regimentals, undistinguished by any star, and spoke to everybody he knew most affably, not *much* to the king, but a great deal to the cardinal. There was a supper for the king, some of his suite; very few ladies, and no English.

Saturday, 27th.—Saw the Pantheon, the Stanze di Rafaelli in the Vatican, and St. Peter's for the fourth time. The portico of the Pantheon so surrounded with beggars and wretched objects of every sort, that it is with the greatest difficulty one can stand to admire the size of the columns; the shape of the Rotunda is beautiful.

The Stanze, painted by Raphael, astonished me more than I expected, perhaps because I had been told they would not strike me at first. Fresco paintings have always a lightness and beauty peculiar to themselves; and these have such a superiority in grouping, expression, and grace, as must strike the most ignorant beholder who will take the trouble to consider them.

The room in which is the School of Athens is that which has suffered most by time and ill-usage. It is said to have been used as a guard-room for the Duke of Bourbon's soldiers, and that they made a fire in the middle of the room, there being no chimney. A group of Apollo, surrounded by all the most eminent poets of antiquity and those of his own time in Italy, most beautiful; it is painted in a space which is cut by the aperture of a large

window. It is wonderful how he managed, on all these occasions, to group and connect his figures so as to make them all appear concerned in the action he means to represent. The Angel delivering St. Paul from Prison, painted in the same situation, has an astonishing effect of light and shade; the glory and supernatural light which surrounds the angel, seen through the prison bars, has the *exact* effect of a transparent painting, and it is with difficulty one can persuade oneself it is not so. The paintings under Raphael's pictures, in chiaro oscuro, all done after his design, and wonderfully executed.

This suite of rooms have no other furniture whatsoever, and are dark and dirty; they are those the pope passes through every day in going from the chapel to his apartments. He passed while we were there; we pulled off our riding-hats, made an inclination towards kneeling, and received a particular benediction.

Walked in St. Peter's; the oftener one enters this building, the more one is struck with the magnificence of the whole, and the proportion and beauty of the component parts. Went down to the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul; it is lined with the finest marbles, and there are six lamps always burning within the *cupboard* where the silver-gilt box is kept, in which are the ashes of the two apostles. The emperor, with one attendant only, was walking about, staring like ourselves; having seen us the night before, he came up and spoke to us for about ten minutes. The people about soon discovered who he was, and he had immediately a train of three or four hundred beggars after him, which speedily drove him out of the church; he had given sequins to some of them, which raised the whole community, and he had a crowd for ever round his lodgings, an indifferent house at the corner of the Piazza di Spagna. He refused to lodge at his own minister's, and would neither dine nor sup with anybody.

Sunday, 28*th*.—Went to the Colosseum; it is surrounded by turf, and, though within the walls of Rome, seems to be quite in the country. Its size, though I had seen models and views of it, and expected it *great*, surprised me—one can easily conceive it holding 'uncrowded nations in its womb.' The arena is covered with turf, and there is a large cross in the middle, and I know not how many little chapels all round it, to sanctify and make it holy ground. The Arch of Constantine is close by, the bassi relievi upon the upper part very little damaged, and *most* beautiful; the ground is so much raised about it, that half the bases of the columns are buried.

Walked from thence by the Arch of Titus, through the Campo Vaccino (the Forum of the Romans), to the Arch of Severus; the ground here is so much raised, that in Severus's Arch half the *shafts* of the columns are buried, and the three pillars of Jupiter Tonans, just by it, are *not* a fourth part out of the ground. In the Campo Vaccino one more especially *feels* oneself in ancient Rome, surrounded at every turn by monuments of Roman grandeur. The three admired columns of Jupiter Stator stand in the midst of much dirt; neither their base nor plinth is above ground. They have put iron round and between them, that they may as long as possible escape the injuries of time.

Monday, 29*th*.—Walked through the Vatican library; the keeper not being there, we could only look with astonishment at the range of apartments in which it is contained. The rooms are all plain, one excepted, painted in fresco by ——,* and the books are all in painted wooden presses.

The Sistine Chapel is where the pope hears mass every Sunday. The ceiling is painted by Michel Angelo with stories from the Old Testament, and the whole side

* Scipione Cajetani, Paris Nogari, Cesare Nebbia.

of the chapel is covered with his famous Last Judgment, it has almost lost its colours; and though the ideas and imagination of such a piece are astonishing, and the anatomy of the figures immediately strike one as remarkable, one wonders, but is not charmed.

In the evening, the Opera Aliberti. Theatre much ornamented, and cleaner than most Italian theatres; the scenery excellent. Had I not before known that no women are admitted upon the stage in Rome, I should not perhaps have found it out; the men who act there are so well dressed, and made up with red and white, and are so much less awkward than might be expected; the danseuses detestable. King of Sweden sat above half an hour in our box.

Tuesday, 30th.—Went to the top of Trajan's Column, 160 steps. They are hewn out of the same block with the Pillar, and neither dark nor dirty. The base of the column is above twenty feet below the surface of the street where it stands. It is enclosed with a modern brick wall, like a well, round it, the base beautifully ornamented with military trophies; and the basso-relievos upon the pillar, in spite of the injuries of time, wonderful.

Palazzo Rospigliosi. On the ceiling of a casino in the garden is Guido's famous Aurora, painted in fresco; it is in good preservation, and its grace, gaiety, and appearance of motion exceed either imagination or description. In another room in the same casino, a large picture by Domenichino—David, Saul, and a group of females; the figure of David dignified and beautiful. In the palace, Guido's Andromeda chained to the Rock; heads of the Twelve Apostles, and our Saviour by Rubens; and the Five Senses of Carlo Cignani, expressed by a female figure with five children—one she is suckling, another holds a rose to her nose, a third rings a little bell at her ear, &c. Opera at the Argentina.

Saw the ancient granite Obelisk, which is taken from the mausoleum of Augustus, and going to be erected between the two horses on Monte Cavalli, with a fountain before it; and for which purpose the horses have been turned, from standing thus | |, side by side, to stand / \.* Workmen were polishing the pillar, and mending it where it had been broken.

Went through the Colonna Gardens.† There remain in the gardens two immense blocks of white marble, pieces of a frieze and cornice belonging to the ancient building, the size and workmanship of which may serve to give an idea of its former magnificence.

* Mr. Murray states, in his 'Handbook of Rome,' that this obelisk was here erected in 1786, by Antinori, in the pontificate of Pius VI. He also mentions that 'the statues were restored and placed as we now see them by Antinori, in the time of Pius VI.' It would appear, by Miss Berry's journal, that both changes were made in 1783.

† The Colonna Palace was begun by Otto Colonna. He was elected pope on St. Martin's Day, and took the name of Martin V.

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1784.

Thursday, January 1, 1784.—Presented to the Pope by the Princess Santa Croce, together with the Marquise Montefermeil and the Comtesse Stolberg, a Danish chanoinesse. We were all full dressed with black gauze veils. We were to have been in St. Peter's before twelve o'clock, but one of the ladies not being ready, we did not get there till near one, and were therefore obliged to wait in the chapel of the St. Sacramento till the Pope had done his prayers in the church. He passes through this chapel every day to the Vatican: when he came we stood in a row, Princess Santa Croce made a curtsey, then went down upon her knees, and made a motion with her hands as if to touch his foot: he immediately said '*Alza, alza,*' and she rose. We then, one after another, did the same as she named our names: he then stood and talked to us, or rather to her, in Italian for seven or eight minutes, asked if we could speak Italian, supposed we were learning it, we should find it easy, how long we had been here, &c. As we were none of us good Italians, most of these questions were addressed to and answered by Princess Santa Croce. He then said he would not detain us longer; we made low curtseys, and he departed without giving us the blessing which I expected. He was attended by a number of monsignors, &c., who permitted nobody to come into the chapel but ourselves.

Dined at the Senator's: a large party. After coffee, Santé played and sang some of the airs out of his own *Olympiade* with wonderful expression and taste.

Friday, 2*nd*.—In the morning, the Villa Borghese; the outside covered with ancient basso-relievos and statues in niches, the inside so rich in statues, mosaics, marbles, pictures, and every species both of ancient and modern magnificence that, at the first cursory view, one is dazzled and lost in the number of things worthy of observation. The ornamenting the rooms all done by the present prince, who though, I am told, not a man of taste, has now a sort of pride in making it the first thing of the kind in Europe, and lays by a sum of money to be yearly expended, during his lifetime, in its embellishment; and he is employing all the celebrated modern artists to fit up rooms for him. Hamilton* is doing one with the story of Paris, beginning with his birth and finishing with his death. Moore another, with landscapes. Hackert† another, in the same way. The painting and fitting up of the Fighting Gladiators' room cost 36,000 crowns, and that of the gallery 52,000 crowns. The gardens perfectly adapted to the climate, fine avenues of evergreen oaks and fountains, all ornamented with numbers of ancient statues: they are much frequented as a public walk: the day we were there, three or four carriages were waiting at the doors. The prince never goes there but to look how the workmen are going on; lives almost entirely in Rome. In the evening, Cardinal Bernis' conversazione.

Saturday, 3*rd*.—Went to St. John Lateran—the aisles too narrow. The Borghese Chapel *most* beautiful. The

* Gavin Hamilton was descended from an ancient Scottish family. He resided at Rome the greater part of his life. He was distinguished as a promoter of art, a collector of antiquities, and as an artist. His best pictures are taken from the Iliad. He published an interesting work, entitled 'Schola Italica Pittura,' to show the progress of art from the time of Leonardo da Vinci to that which succeeded the school of the Caracci in 1797.—*Bryan's Dictionary of Painters.*

† James Philip Hackert, a Prussian painter and engraver, born 1734, studied landscape under Le Sueur, went to Italy in 1766, resided many years at Rome, where he painted views of the environs. The King of Naples appointed him his principal painter.—*Ibid.*

Scala Santa, in a separate building near the church, with a chapel at the top, which no woman ever enters, and which is generally locked. We saw two poor men, one like a countryman, the other like a servant out of place, ascend the stairs with every mark of humiliation and great inward contrition and misery; they said a short prayer at every step, and kissed every place marked by a cross where they suppose the blood had fallen: but, to the disgrace of this enlightened age, or rather of the Roman Catholic religion, this ceremony is still performed by people who *ought*, by their education, to be above such fooleries or supposing them agreeable to the Creator. The Princess D. and her daughter (a young girl) were seen by the King of Sweden ascending these steps upon their knees, praying, kissing the cross, &c., their footman behind going through the same operation. It must be remembered, however, that the Princess D. is a notorious bigot, and for these some years past has been entirely governed by a mean and ignorant priest, who has made himself more master of the palace than the prince himself, and amassed a considerable fortune, and yet is such a perfect blackguard that he does not even make his appearance when there is company in the house.

Sunday, 4th.—Palazzo Justiniani: the suites of apartments shown are not better kept than an auberge; fine pictures, all dust, against bare walls, without frames, and good busts in little niches, in windows where they cannot be seen, and placed without any order upon the floor round the room: a Saint fed by Ravens, beautiful, by Guido; St. John writing his Gospel, by Domenichino—the book supported by an angel, the drapery fine—the face of St. John full of enthusiasm; a small group of the Murder of the Innocents, by one of the Caracci, ill drawn, but the expression wonderful—one could not look at it without pain. In the wall on the staircase, a basso-relievo, Amalthea feeding the infant Jupiter out of her

cornucopia: the figure and drapery of Amalthea and the ease and nature of the infant beautiful.

To the Pantheon—a second time: the ancient brass and other metal, which covered the upper part between the top of the pillars of the recesses to the arch of the rotunda remained till Pope Barberini had it stripped off, and was going to apply it to his own private use; but the clamour was so great that he was obliged to put the money into the public treasury. The following words appeared upon Pasquin on the subject: 'Quod non fecerunt *Barbari* fecerunt *Barbarini*.' Supped at the Maltese ambassador's.

Monday, 5*th*.—Saw the pictures and drawings of Labruzzo *, a young Italian landscape painter; his drawings seem good, his pictures too green and gaudy. Supped at Cardinal Bernis'.

Tuesday, 6*th*.—In the evening a conversazione at the Princess Doria's, at which was present the Duchess of Parma† (who had arrived in Rome from Naples the night before), as well as the King of Sweden: the whole first story was open and lighted up, the company for the most part in the galleries, which were filled but not crowded by so great a number of people. We were presented to the duchess by the Princess Santa Croce. She is tall, well-made, like the emperor, but not near so well-looking, ill and oddly dressed, rather masculine in her voice and manner, mixed with a considerable degree of hauteur. The king and she played a great pool at commerce, and afterwards went to a supper at Cardinal Bernis'.

Wednesday, 7*th*.—Went with Mr. Moore, the painter,

* Pietro Labruzzi, or Labrosse, historical and landscape painter, brother of Carlo Labruzzi, also an artist.

† Maria Amelia, daughter of the Emperor Francis and the Empress Maria Theresa, sister to the Emperor Joseph II., here mentioned, and to the Queen of Naples. Married the Duke of Parma; died 1815. Duke of Parma died 1802.

to Mr. Dernot's, a history-painter, to Mr. Hamilton's, &c., and to a painter of fans. Bought two of the ruins of Rome for a sequin apiece. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Asheton, and Mr. Moore dined with us.

Thursday, 8*th*.—The evening, supper at the Portuguese ambassador's.

Friday, 9*th*.—St. Peter in Montorio, where is Raphael's famous picture of the Ascension. Like all Raphael's pictures, the longer you consider, the more you admire it. In a side altar of the same church is a picture by Fiamengo (the putting our Saviour into the sepulchre); the light and shade of the body, and the expression of the two men supporting it, wonderful. The church belongs to a convent of Franciscans, in which there are no less than eighty. In a court of the convent is a little round temple, with a colonnade round it supported on granite pillars, erected by Philip III., King of Spain, on the spot where 'tis said St. Paul was crucified.* The building is pretty much like a temple in a garden in England.

Saturday, 10*th*.—Saw the pictures in the Capitol; many seemed to me very bad. Guido's Fortune flying over the Globe—a boy endeavouring in vain to retain her, a crown in one hand, a sceptre and palm leaves in the other—beautiful; the Wolf suckling Romulus and Remus—Rubens—the wolf life itself; a St. Sebastian, Guido—the expression of enthusiasm and beauty in the face, exquisite; Guido's Bacchus and Ariadne—the figures of Ariadne, Venus, and the head of Bacchus exquisite. This picture, like many of his, has certainly been left unfinished; some of the boys in the background are all of one colour, and the ground and rocks are a sort of grey, instead of their natural colours. It is said the original of this picture was lost on board a ship, in being trans-

* This is stated in 'Murray's Handbook' to have been built by Ferdinand of Spain.

ported from some place to another, and that this was a copy made by Guido assisted by his pupils. The Sibylla Persica, by Guercino—beautiful, but not so charming as that at Florence.

In the evening, the Teatro della Valle, where there is an Italian comedy of three acts, and an intermezzo of music, that is to say, an opera buffa between the acts; the music was some of the prettiest of the kind I ever heard. The comedy, if one might judge from the bursts of laughing it excited, very droll; but between the noise made in the house and my imperfect knowledge of the language, I lost much of it.

Villa Borghese. Apollo and Daphne in the hall; Catius, a basso-relievo, exquisite; Silenus embracing an infant Bacchus; Centaur with Cupid; Fighting Gladiators—one arm broke in two places, the other at the shoulder; a Muse leaning upon a pillar of rock; basso-relievo of Venus and Cupid rising from the sea, &c. &c. The gallery lined and paved with the finest marbles. Busts of Juba, Berenice, Cleopatra, Lucius Verus.

The painting the gallery in the Farnese Palace is supposed to have partly caused the death of Caracci. Without fixing any price he set about it, and employed both himself and all his best pupils—Domenichino, Albano, &c. &c.—nearly seven years in perfecting the work, never doubting that the Farnese family, who had employed him, would settle a pension upon him, or keep him in their service. When finished, instead of paying him according to the excellence of the work, some greedy people without taste advised them, as no prices had been agreed on, to make a valuation of his labour and time, and pay him as you would pay a house painter. This ill usage is said to have so deeply affected him, that he took to drinking, and never painted anything great afterwards.*

* He was paid only 500 gold crowns, or 120*l.*, for his labours.—*Murray's Handbook.*

Sunday, 11*th*.—Saw the Farnese Palace; the apartments dismantled; nothing remains but a few ceilings painted in fresco, which could not be removed; that of the gallery, certainly the most perfect I ever saw, by A. Caracci, assisted by Domenichino, &c.; not only all the great compartments, but all the smaller divisions, thermes, ornaments, &c., exquisitely painted. The imitations of stucco figures wonderful. Of the large pictures, the Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, Hercules and Iole, Aurora in her Car with Cephalus, Mercury giving the Apple to Paris, those that pleased me most. In the court of this palace are the two famous statues of the Flora and the Hercules Farnese; they are both much larger than life. The Flora, an easy graceful figure, and the drapery which is beautiful, shows the whole form without affected plaits.* The Hercules, though appearing overcharged in the muscles for a man, may justly represent a demi-god immortalised on account of his strength. There is another Hercules exactly in the same attitude on the other side the door, called the Nemean Hercules, from having the mane of the lion on his club. This is said to be a modern one, made before the other was found from Pliny's description: if true, 'tis wonderful how exactly the artists have agreed in their ideas. The ancient Hercules was found† without legs. Guglielmo della Porta was employed to restore them; in which he succeeded so perfectly that, when the original legs were afterwards found, M. Angelo declared it was unnecessary to replace them,‡ and they still remain.§ The Toro Farnese is in a shed behind the palace, much too small to allow it to be seen to advantage;

* Found in the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla; now in the Museo Borbonico at Naples.

† Found in the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla in 1540.

‡ Della Porta executed and added the missing limbs, from models in terra cotta by Michael Angelo. The original legs were discovered twenty years later in a well; they are now restored to the statue.

§ Removed to Naples in 1786.

it was intended to have been put in the gardens, but the palace being no longer inhabited, it has never been removed. The block of marble most astonishing. Saw the Farnesina, a lesser palace of the King of Naples, which is exactly in the same state of ruin as the other; the ceiling of the vestibule, painted by Raphael and his pupils, beautiful as to design and grouping; but Carlo Maratti,* who was employed to repair them, put so deep a ground of blue that it has given the pictures a harshness of outline not natural to them. In another room is the Venus Callapyge,† a much-admired statue: the attitude to me is not a pleasant one, the drapery very pretty. A Head in chalk by M. Angelo, sketched upon the wall in the same room.

Tuesday, 13*th*.—Dined with the Countess Scarowsky, and set off all together at 2 o'clock P.M. for Naples, with a voiturier: we paid sixteen sequins for four mules for our carriage.

Arrived at Prince Ghigi's palace at Lerici, eighteen miles from Rome, at 7 o'clock, permission having been obtained from the prince for us to have beds and everything we should want there. It is a noble house, delightfully situated a mile beyond Albano; the rooms are furnished almost like an English villa, and surrounded by a large deer-park full of fine wood.

Wednesday, 14*th*.—Left the palace, dined in our carriages at Torre di Quattro Ponti, where the mules stopped to rest at a miserable inn. The new road to Terracina is excellent. Terracina (the Ansur of the ancients) is a beautiful town, close upon the sea-shore, with fine white rocks rising behind it.

Thursday, 15*th*.—Dined at Mola di Gaeta, situated im-

* Carlo Maratti, born 1625, pupil of Andrea Sacchi; died president of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, at the age of eighty-eight, in 1713.

† Now in the Museum at Naples.

mediately upon the sea, which here forms a fine bay, hills rising behind it, and surrounded by fine orange gardens, and large olive trees growing almost to the water edge. The auberge wretched: all the poor people in the town were trooping into a room there, where a man was showing the representation of a saint in wax: it was the figure of a poor wretched sickly-looking man, almost in rags, standing with a book in his hand, most admirably done in wax; there was a light burning before him, and all the poor people were on their knees at a rail round the figure.

Arrived at Sta. Agata before 7. The whole way from Terracina most beautiful, the mountains all covered with myrtle-bushes; the road, great part of the way, through hedges composed of myrtle, laurestinas, arbutus, phyllarea, a broad-leaved jasmine, and a bush I was not acquainted with. Picked crocuses and anemones by the road-side, and observed in a grass-field the polyanthus, narcissus in full bloom, and in the hedges several eglantine roses in blow.

Friday, 16*th*.—Dined at Capua; all the rooms in the auberge having an abominable smell; we mounted up a sort of ladder from the upper story to the top of the house, where we had chairs and a table brought, and dined *en pleine air*: the sun shone, and it was so warm, that the water we were drinking soon became unpleasantly heated.

Arrived at Naples about 5 P.M. The country near it all in the highest cultivation, fine corn-fields, full of vines trained up large elm-trees, and often twisted in festoons from one to another. The approach to Naples has every appearance of that to a populous and great metropolis. Above two miles from it you enter a string of houses which join to the suburb; the road is full of carriages, and people and everything looked gay and bustling. We had written to have lodgings taken for us, and to have a letter left at

the gate, saying where we were to go; but gates there are none, so we entered the town, not knowing where to go, and were obliged to wait in the Grande Place till Stuart found some of the English servants: from them we learnt that our letter had never been received, and no lodgings taken for us, but that we could have apartments in the house where Sir G. Warren was lodged. It was by this time dark; it was above a mile and a half off, and I began to think we should never arrive there. Sir G. and Lady Warren came to see us; Mr. Brand and Sir J. Graham, Mr. Pitt, and the Ashetons.

Saturday, 17*th*. — Out all the morning looking for lodgings, of which there were few unengaged, and all very bad: fixed at last in the Hôtel de France, St. Lucia, the rooms dirty and indifferently furnished. In the evening Mr. Clark and Lady Warren called. Left our three letters to Marchese Ferrante, Duchessa Castel Pagano, and Princessa Belmonte. Called on Madame Scarowsky.

Sunday, 18*th*.—A most violent storm of wind and rain; it blew in and broke all the windows in our apartments, which looked to the sea; we were obliged to shut the blinds and dress by candlelight. Dined at Lord Tylney's * with most of the English who were in Naples, it being our queen's birthday. Came home after dinner and put on our bahuts, and went with Lady Warren to Princess Belmonte's box at the Florentine theatre, where an opera buffa is represented. The house is small, but gay and light, almost every box having candles in it. The opera: most pleasing music of the lively sort. After it was over, to a masked ball at the great theatre. The pit, boarded over, makes a magnificent salle, which is illumi-

* Richard Child Tylney, Viscount Castlemain, Baron Newtown; succeeded in 1760, and was the son of Richard, first Earl, and of Dorothy, daughter of Francis Tylney, of Rotherwick, co. Southampton. The name was changed from Child to Tylney, 1735; title extinct. Seat, Wanstead House.

nated by a vast number of chandeliers and large wax candles placed before looking-glass, round the whole six rows of boxes. As the weather was very bad, there were not above 300 or 400 people exclusive of those in the boxes, which were almost all occupied. After taking a turn below stairs, we went up to Princess Belmonte's box, and then supped, near thirty people, in a salle behind, of which Prince Belmonte, as being grand maître to the king, has the use.

Monday, 19*th*.—In the morning, went with a number of English to Capo di Monte. The hill is so steep that, having only two horses to the carriage, we were obliged to walk up. No beauty about the architecture; within is a labyrinth of quite unfurnished rooms, of which the bare walls are covered with innumerable pictures, some good, some bad, and many indifferent, all without frames, placed without order, and most wretchedly neglected; a portrait of Parmigiano's Maid, by himself, a most pleasing picture; the Deposition in the Sepulchre, by A. Caracci; a Magdalen, by Guido; and a Saint, by Guercino. In this palace is the collection of medals, some fine cameos and intaglios, and the famous Agate Cup, with the Medusa's head on one side and figures on the other, the workmanship of which, and the natural beauty of the stone, exceeds description. There is likewise a large collection of drawings, and so *many* pictures, that before I had got above half through the apartments I lost all power of observing anything particularly. In the evening, called on Madame Scarowsky; went to Princess Belmonte's assembly; myself the only English person in the room.

Tuesday, 20*th*.—A violent storm of rain and wind; this is the fourth day of the continuance of incessant rain, accompanied by the highest wind I ever heard.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—The rain and wind continuing as violent as ever, we did not attempt stirring out; in the

evening called on Madame Reventlow, Lady Warren, and Madame Scarowsky.

Thursday, 22*nd*.—Went to the courts of justice; heard pleadings in three civil and one criminal court. The last very interesting, as the plaintiff spoke very distinctly, and I understood for the most part what he said. They all spoke with great vehemence and gesticulation, but generally very ungraceful; all, however, with fluency and without any hesitation or stammering. There are said to be 40,000 people belonging to the law in Naples; go to the courts of justice, and one can easily believe it. The crowds of wretched starved faces to be seen there in bands and black gowns is astonishing: it was with difficulty, though attended by several gentlemen, we could push our way through them. In the courts that were sitting the judges were very polite to us: we stood behind their chairs, between their table and the bar. Women, I fancy, very rarely make a part of their audience, for every creature seemed to look round with astonishment at us.

In the evening, called on Madame Scarowsky; went to the Teatro di Fondo with Princess Belmonte; it was three boxes laid together; they can at any time take down the partitions, which are only hooked on. The Teatro di Fondo is a comic opera, performed for the benefit of a fund pensioning the widows of officers. The music pretty, but none of the voices remarkable.

Friday, 23*rd*.—In the morning, at the Museum at Portici. We had time only to take a cursory view of the rooms. The household utensils, &c., &c., are prettily arranged. We spent the longest time amongst the pictures, all of them pieces of the wall at Herculaneum and Pompeii, which have with great care and pains been cut out and placed in cases with glass before them. They are to me an incontestable proof that the ancients had carried the art of painting to almost as high a degree of

perfection as that of sculpture. The expression, grace, and grouping of their figures are astonishing. Their drawing is for the most part not strictly correct; but we must suppose that the first-rate artists were not employed to paint the walls in a little country town. The two equestrian statues in stone of Balbus and his son, who were proconsuls of Herculaneum, and who on account of their good administration had these statues erected for them in the town, were found very little damaged. They are now placed in the open arcade of the palace at Portici opposite one another. They are, in the ease and spirit both of the horse and rider, most beautiful equestrian statues; both *exactly* in the same dress and attitude.

In the evening to the Academy. This is a great meeting, but the company are divided into so many rooms at play, that the music room is never too crowded; it is upon an easy, excellent, plan; nobody sitting in rows, even in the music room, but in little parties and circles, as they find it agreeable. Too much noise made to hear the music.

Saturday, 24*th*.—At shops in the morning.

Evening, at home. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Asheton called, &c. &c.

Sunday, 25*th*.—In the morning to see the Cathedral, a very bad sort of Gothic, without any beauty whatsoever. The Chapel of St. Januarius wonderfully fine, but being Sunday there were so many people there that we could not well see it. The Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the front of which are two columns; they formerly made part of the pediment of the temple of Castor and Pollux, which was overturned by an earthquake in 1686. They are white marble fluted, with fine Corinthian capitals. In the front of the building are two torsos of ancient statues, belonging to the same temple, and which the Neapolitans have stupidly sunk in the wall. In the

evening, at a small concert given by Count Rosanmofsky, the Russian minister. Millico* and La Balducci sang. Afterwards to the Festino; supped in Princess Belmonte's box.

Monday, 26*th*.—In the morning, Portici. Evening, the Florentine Theatre; the opera ('Che d'Altrui si veste presto si spoglia'), the prettiest of comic operas, and La Cottellina the first comic actress.

Tuesday, 27*th*.—In the morning to the Grotto del Cane, a small hollow in the side of the mountain, shut up with a door; a peasant keeps the key, and has a dog always ready to undergo the experiment of being put into the vapour. This poor animal has already had three years of it, and, at a moderate computation, he has been killed a hundred times a year. In about three or four minutes' time, being held down to the steam, he is in violent convulsions, and immediately afterwards has every appearance of being dead: upon being brought again into the air, his lungs begin to play violently, and in four or five minutes' time he is perfectly recovered. The steam rises about seven or eight inches from the ground; above that, gunpowder will take fire, a candle burn, and the air is not pernicious. The steam, and the ground from whence it rises, is so warm that standing on it is like being over the steam of warm water.† The Lakè Agnano (near the Grotto del Cane) is indisputably the crater of an old volcano: it is one of the finest situations imaginable, surrounded with sloping hills beautifully clothed with wood. It is full of water-fowl of every kind, kept for the diversion of the king; it is the punishment of the galleys for life if anybody fires a gun in that neighbourhood. Walked from thence to Astroni, the crater of

* Giuseppe Millico, well known as a singer and as a composer, born 1750. In 1774 he sang in London with great success. In 1780 he was attached to the court of Naples as singer to the king.

† Grotto del Cane, Far. therm. 74°.

another volcano; it is now walled in, and made a park for the king's hunting. It is a hollow, four miles round, covered with fine wood, and the hills rising precipitately on every side. The inner cone, always observable in volcanos, still remains in the middle of the hollow, and is now covered with fine trees.

From thence to what the Neapolitans called the Pisciarelli. In the side of the mountain, at every crevice, there gushes out a smoking vapour, so hot that it is impossible to keep the hand near it. At one cavity, larger than the rest, is heard the water boiling up with the greatest violence, as if it were close to the ear, and there runs from it a small stream of boiling hot water. There are several little puddles in which Fahrenheit's thermometer rose to the height of boiling spirits. The edges of all the crevices from whence the vapour issues are encrusted with nitre, and the boiling water is of a white milky colour.

In the evening at the Academy. The ball nights are upon the same easy footing as the concert—everyone making their own little party.

Wednesday, 28*th*.—In the morning with Madame Scarowsky to see two Precipios. These are representations of the Nativity of our Saviour, the Adoration of the Magi, &c. &c., by little figures about eight inches high, made of terra cotta coloured to the life, and dressed more neatly than I ever saw a milliner's model. These are made about Christmas time by societies of people, or sometimes by individuals, as a sort of act of devotion; everybody has liberty to come and see them. They remain till the next Christmas, when they newly group, add to, and differently arrange the same figures. It is impossible to give an idea how much these things please by the expression thrown into the figures, the neatness of their dress, and the perfect proportion between them and the objects about them—buildings, ruins, caves, cattle, horses,

fruit, pots and pans, &c., &c. The perspective, too, is wonderful, for the scene is generally carried on upon the flat tops of two or three houses, and you see a distant view, apparently as far as your eye can reach, of buildings, figures, and cattle, all in nice proportion; the foreground figures admirably grouped, and much expression and spirit both in their faces and attitudes. In the evening, Theatre St. Carlo.

Thursday, 29*th*.—In the evening went with Princess Belmonte to pay our respects to the grande maîtresse of the ceremony—an attention always observed before one is presented.

Friday, 30*th*.—Set out between 8 and 9 A.M. for Pompeii,* with Sir George and Lady Warren, Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Coussmaker, Mr. Brand, and Mr. Clerk. Spent four hours and a half in visiting the interesting remains of this town, which are a good deal dispersed, as they have dug first at one end and then at another, and left the middle still covered with its shower of ashes, upon the top of which are now flourishing vineyards.

This inscription is upon a stone tablet on the lesser theatre at Pompeii :—

C. QUINCTIUS C. F. VADQ.
M. PORCIUS M. F.
DUO VIR. DEC. DECR.
THEATRUM. TECTUM
FAC LOCAR FIDEMQ. PROB.

Inscription upon a funeral monument, close on the road-side, nearly opposite the entrance into the Casino at Pompeii. The last line in much smaller letters than the other two, except the T marked larger in Magister :—

M. ARRIUS S. L. DIOMEDES
SIBI. SUIS. MEMORIÆ
MAGISTER. TAG. ANG. FELIX SUB. URB.

* Pompeii was destroyed A.D. 79. Excavations were first begun in 1755.

Dined under the trees. The peasants of a little cottage in the vineyard brought us a bench and chairs, some wine, water, and two or three plates and an omelette. It was one of the finest days I ever beheld. The road to Pompeii is very pleasant, quite round the Bay of Naples. About seven miles from Naples crossed a stream of lava, above half a mile broad, which ran from Vesuvius in 1760, from seven mouths, on the south side of the great mountain. It has, as yet, hardly a quarter of an inch of soil upon it, and is perfectly bare, black, and rugged, giving one a clear idea of the perfect devastation these dreadful streams carry along with them, and, at the same time, of the length of time it requires to re-fertilise the soil.

Saturday, 31*st*.—Received a note from Princess Belmonte at 9 in the morning, saying we were to be presented to the queen* at four that day. Neither gowns nor trimmings were begun to be made. Set the mantua-maker and milliner to work directly, and we were ready before four in gowns, which were untouched at 10 o'clock in the morning. Went with Princess Belmonte and Madame Reventlow (who was likewise to be presented) to the palace, where we waited for about a quarter of an hour in an antechamber, when Princess Belmonte was called forward to the queen, who stood just within the door of an apartment, two distant from us. After she had spoken to her for a minute or two, she returned and took in Madame Reventlow, who had an audience of about ten minutes; when she came back, we went in together, and stayed near a quarter of an hour. The queen spoke a great deal to us; she is very gracious in her manner, and very ready at the conversation necessary

* Caroline, wife of Ferdinand IV., daughter of the Emperor Joseph II. and the Empress Maria Theresa.

upon such an occasion. She was quite alone, the attending ladies being in an outward room, and stood the whole time just at the door. After we came out, Lady Elizabeth Foster * was presented by Princess Ferrolita, and Madame Scarowsky and her niece by the Duchesse Castel Pagano; but they had much shorter audiences than ours. Returned home; changed our dress, and went to St. Carlo.

Sunday, February 1st.—In the evening at the Florentine Theatre, afterwards to the Festino; supped in Princess Belmonte's box with the King of Sweden; waited upon by soldiers, which is likewise the custom at all the courts, dinners, and entertainments. They were very shabbily dressed, which one would suppose soldiers often about the person of a king ought not to be.

Monday, 2nd.—Dined at Mr. Morier's, in the evening St. Carlo, and afterwards to a supper for the King of Sweden at the Russian minister's.

Tuesday, 3rd.—A ball at court, at which everybody is obliged to be in domino, most of which were bespoken in such a hurry that they were not brought home till the moment before they were wanted. The suite of apartments was magnificent and well lighted; the queen sat for about an hour in the dancing-room, and then went into another room and played vingt-un with the King of Sweden, foreign ministers, Lady Warren, Princess Belmonte, &c., &c. The King of Naples was very little in the ball-room, but played macao in another room. Lord Tylney was of his party. Before the queen went to cards she walked round the room and spoke to us all, and after cards were over she again walked about the dancing-room, and spoke much to everybody. The king

* Daughter to Frederick Augustus Hervey, Lord Bishop of Derry, and fourth Earl of Bristol. Married first to John Thomas Foster, Esq.; secondly, to William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, Oct. 1809. Died 30th March, 1824.

too returned to the ball-room, but spoke very little to anybody. There was a supper, to which no strangers were asked but the King of Sweden and his suite.

Wednesday, 4*th*.—Supper for the King of Sweden at Prince Belmonte's after the opera; between forty and fifty people there.

Thursday, 5*th*.—Supper at the Imperial minister's after the opera.

Friday, 6*th*.—The Accademia, at which there was both a concert and a ball. The Queen of Naples and the King of Sweden were there. There could not be less than a thousand people. The queen moved about a good deal, and spoke to everybody. There was afterwards a private supper at court for the king and his suite.

Saturday, 7*th*.—Set out for Caserta with Sir G. and Lady Warren, Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Repington, and Mr. Clerk. The palace there—the largest, I believe, in Europe—the architecture not in good taste. In the great front the pediment is too small. The grand staircase is under the centre of arches, which unite the four quadrangles of which the building is composed, and is magnificent. Not an eighth part of the building finished in the inside; they are going on with it by slow degrees. The furniture of the king and queen's apartments neat and elegant, all covered with English carpets. The theatre of the palace, which was the part first finished, very gay with gilding and painting. The great chapel not finished; it is all magnificence of marble and painting, but, like everything else, in bad taste. The pedestal of the columns almost half their length.

It rained so uninterruptedly, that though we went to the aqueduct, it was impossible for the ladies to get out of the carriages. It is thrown over a deep valley five miles from Caserta, to convey the water from Spezzia, thirty-one miles distant from the palace. It was finished

in 1752, by the present King of Spain,* and consists of three rows of arches, on the top of which the water runs in a covered channel. Eat our cold dinner in a clean apartment in the palace belonging to a civil woman, who gave us plates, &c., &c.

Returned to Naples before 7 P.M. in a continued deluge of rain. The road from Naples to Caserta excellent, and through a very rich country, producing at the same time wine and corn—the vines growing up and twisted from tree to tree, and the corn growing beneath. The trees planted for the vines in the neighbourhood of Naples are poplars, placed so near one another that in summer a vineyard must be a complete forest. Went to a supper at the Marchese Lambucca's, the first minister of finance; it was numerous—more Italians there than at any of the other suppers.

Monday, 9*th*.—In the morning, Virgil's tomb. The ground on which it stands is laid out in vineyards; it is situated upon the very edge of the rock, and as the grotto of Pausilippo is supposed to be much deeper now than it was formerly, it might at one time have been, like most ancient tombs, by the road-side; everything about it is romantic and beautiful. The tomb is of ancient brickwork, and there are still within, little niches for the deposition of sepulchral urns, though it *is* highly probable much more ignoble ashes than those of Virgil have reposed there, for there is no *satisfactory* reason given for supposing this to be *his* tomb, and the want of faith took away much of my enthusiasm in seeing it. Upon the summit, which is reached by a broken ladder, is a variety of shrubs and plants, among which the laurel certainly does not flourish. Whether it disdains by its evidence to confirm a falsity, or is constantly destroyed by the too great veneration of the pilgrims to this spot, I cannot take upon me to determine.

* Charles III., son of Philip V. Died 1788.

The church of Sanazzar, where is the tomb of the poet Sanazzar,* upon which is a tortured epitaph by Bembo.† The tomb badly executed. In the evening, supper at the Portuguese minister's.

Tuesday, 10*th*.—Theatre St. Carlo, and a supper at Lord Tylney's, to which all the Englishmen were invited.

Wednesday, 11*th*.—Supper at the Maltese minister's.

Thursday, 12*th*.—Dined at the Russian minister's villa at Portici. The King of Sweden and his suite went that day to Pompeii, and the dinner was prepared for him on his return. The house is ornamented with prints almost like an English villa, and the party remarkably pleasant, perhaps because it was without form, and we were all in riding habits and great coats. When we returned between eight and nine, paid a visit to Princess Belmonte, who was sick and received company: she was then upon a couch, but the night before the King of Sweden and all his suite had been to pay their compliments to her in bed.

Saturday, 14*th*.—In the morning to see the Catacombs, and an immense building called the Studio Pubblico, to which all the museum from Portici, and all the books, pictures, medals, cameos, &c., &c., from Capo di Monti are to be removed. The library is nearly finished.

The Catacombs, interesting and curious; not a doubt can remain in one's mind but that they were at first the necessary excavations made for building and repairing a great city, and afterwards continued to form subterraneous passages; a custom much in vogue in a country where the heat of the climate rendered them particularly useful,

* Jacobo Sanazzaro, poet; born at Naples, 1458. His family of Spanish origin. His chief work in Italian is the 'Arcadia,' and in Latin, 'De Partu Virginis.' Died 1530.

† Cardinal Bembo. Born at Venice, 1470. The author of a work on the Italian language, and other works in prose and verse. Died at Venice, 1552.

and the matter they had to penetrate was particularly soft: one of the passages is said to have gone from Naples to a distance of fifteen miles: they are all now bricked up, and one entrance only left, as they used to be a refuge for thieves, &c., &c. The sides of the walls are full of niches for coffins of all sizes. By the infinite numbers, one would suppose that a nation had been buried there. The silence and darkness which reigns in these souterrains, together with the idea of their being a place of tombs, make a strong impression upon the mind. A large cave, used for rope-making, is a great excavation in solid tufa.

Sunday, 15*th*.—Puzzuoli, with Baron Amfelt and Mr. De la Grange. The road from Naples excellent, almost the whole way, along the edge of the Gulf of Puzzuoli, the most beautiful view imaginable: upon the right hand the Cape Misenum, on the left the islands of Nicita and the Lazzaretto. At Puzzuoli, the Temple of Jupiter Serapis; an amphitheatre; an ancient statue in the street, and the pedestal of another, with some pretty figures in basso-relievo, much defaced; three or four marble Corinthian columns, the remains of a temple of Juno, which now form a part of the wall of the principal church; the mole, or, as it is vulgarly called, the Ponte di Caligula. The Temple of Serapis is a curious relic of antiquity; great pieces of the marble frieze are proofs of its former magnificence. The three standing pillars which remain are unequal both in their height and circumferences, though no part but the capital is wanting to make them complete. About the middle of the columns there is a space of five or six feet much corroded, and full of those holes and perforations which we know are made by a soft sea-worm, and which gives reason to suppose that at some period this temple, though now half a quarter of a mile from the sea, must have been overflowed when the lower part of the columns were buried in the earth. The

rest of the columns of the temple that are thrown down and lying about have all the same marks of having been in part exposed to the effects of the sea.

The amphitheatre is as large as the Colosseum at Rome; nothing now remains but the outer walls and the colonnade where the animals were kept, which are a quarter of a mile round; the arena is now a vineyard; all the seats, &c., are entirely destroyed.

Went from Puzzuoli to Solfaterra, upon a hill above it. It is the crater of an ancient volcano, which preserves its form entire, but has ceased burning: its sides still smoke through many crevices, and there is one large hole under which can be heard the water running and boiling; the same surely which boils up at the Pisciarelli, upon the other side of the hills which form the mouth of this crater. A large stone thrown with violence upon the ground makes a report exactly like distant artillery, proving the ground to be hollow. The middle of the crater is still without cultivation, perfectly flat, and white like the floor of a room.

Tuesday, 17*th*.—Ball at court. The three eldest princesses and the eldest prince were present, and, in compliment to the King of Sweden, in the Swedish dress.

Wednesday, 18*th*.—Went to Baïa with the King of Sweden. The day turned out too bad to make a tour of the antiquities that remain there, and what we did see was in continued rain. The king's good humour, conversation, and little attention to the weather, and the necessary inconveniences attending it, very pleasing. Supped at the Russian minister's.

Thursday, 19*th*.—To the Lago d' Agnano and the Pisciarelli in a phaeton, with my father and sister. In the evening, the Florentine Theatre; at the Festino, in Princess Belmonte's box, to see a ballet by ladies and gentlemen.

Friday, 20*th*.—In the morning at Cuma, with Sir G.

and Lady Warren, Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Repington, Mr. Coussmaker, Mr. Brooke and Parkinson, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Asheton. Went all in open carriages, and dined upon the side of the bank overlooking Lake Avernus.

Saturday, 21*st*.—In the morning at Castel St. Elmo, a castle upon a rock behind the town; the view on all sides superb, particularly that towards Baïa and the Gulf of Puzzuoli. In the evening, a ball at court.

Sunday, 22*nd*.—The Corso, which was crowded; the view up the Toledo of all the balconies and windows, crowded with heads, striking. Drank tea with Madame Reventlow. Florentine Theatre and afterwards Festino, at which there was a grand ballet of twenty-four cavaliers and twelve ladies, meant to represent some of the gymnastic games of Greece. They were very well dressed, and performed their parts well. The conqueror presented his crowns of victory to the queen; he was very gracefully raised upon the backs of the others to reach her box.

Tuesday, 24*th*.—Went to the Festino, at which there were two ballets, one before supper and the other after. In that before supper the queen was dressed as Ceres, accompanied by Princess Belmonte as Minerva, and the Duke St. Clemmenti as Mars, and two groups of peasants, the one supposed to be Neapolitans, the other Swedes: these, after dancing together, the queen seemed to unite; and then Ceres, Minerva, and Mars placed, each of them, a garland upon the spear of Mars, which Ceres pointed him to offer to the King of Sweden; they were accordingly handed up to his box upon the point of the spear. The garlands were wreaths of artificial flowers with a motto twisted in with each of them:—*Au Sauveur de sa Patrie. Au Protecteur des Beaux Arts. A l'Alliance perpétuelle.* There were besides some complimentary verses printed upon white satin. After supper, both the kings performed in a ballet, which consisted of eighteen

men and six bears. They were supposed to represent the hunters of Lapland. Their dresses were very elegant and at the same time in character, and both *kings*, *men*, and *bears* performed their parts admirably. It concluded by handing up to the queen in her box some garlands of flowers, and a large parcel of Swedish gloves. During the whole time we were in the King of Sweden's box, under which, as next to the queen's, they danced. The crowd below was monstrous, and the whole six rows of boxes, presenting a front of faces all round that magnificent house, were striking. After the queen's ballet there was a shower of verses.*

Wednesday, 25th.—Set out at 8.30 A.M. for Vesuvius, with Mr. Musgrave, Mr. Coussmaker, and Mr. Clerk. Went to Resina in our carriages. Went down into Herculaneum.† Nothing is to be seen but the theatre, as they have filled up as they went on digging. It is all buried seventy-five feet in a solid body of tufa: part of the arcades and the orchestra are cleared out, and narrow passages through the stone, that one can walk the length of what was the stage, and into some of the dressing-rooms, where some pretty stucco painting yet remains. Out of this theatre one of the equestrian statues of the Balbi, now at Portici, was taken. There was likewise a statue at each end of the orchestra. The inscription upon the pedestal still remains; they show likewise the impression of the head of a bust in the tufa, so sharp it might almost serve for a mould. From Resina we rode for about two

* It is rather strange that these extraordinary exhibitions of kings and queens, nobles and ladies, dancing on the stage to a public audience, should be mentioned in Miss Berry's journal unaccompanied by any observations. The ceremonious, formal court of George III. and Queen Charlotte certainly could not have familiarised her with the idea of such performances! It must, therefore, be supposed that it was sufficiently the habit at Naples not to draw forth any remarks on the want of dignity and decorum of such amusements.—*Ed.*

† Herculaneum was destroyed A.D. 79, and re-discovered in 1713 by the sinking of a well.

hours upon mules, then one must either walk or be carried in a chair on the shoulders of four men. My sister and I were obliged to adopt the last mode. We afterwards walked, but the excessive steepness of the ascent and the cinders on which one has to tread, whence one loses more than half one's steps, is a fatigue which seems to pump the breath out of the body in five minutes' time. Arrived at the top, we were most amply repaid for any trouble the ascent had cost. We were two hours at the edge of the crater. During the whole of that time it threw up red-hot stones and scoriæ, and the wind for the most part blowing the smoke the other way, we saw continual volumes of flame, and looked quite down to the mouth of the crater. The surface of the present cone of Vesuvius is entirely the production of the last eruption: it is full of large cracks, out of all of which issue continued smoke. We crossed several of them in walking round the edge of the crater to that part where the last eruption broke through. We dined upon the very edge of the crater, where we could look down into the fiery gulph and enjoy the noble fireworks with which it continued to treat us. The smoke which the wind every now and then brought over to our side was so full of sand, that it much incommoded our eyes, and was so impregnated with sulphur that it made us all cough. I descended from the crater to where our mules awaited us on foot, in, I believe, half an hour's time. The descent is most rapid, but, as the material on which one treads is soft, with the help of a stick or taking hold of an arm, one can jump forward without much fatigue. The views of Naples and its environs and of the Campagna Felice from the top and sides of Mount Vesuvius are *most beautiful*. The different lavas that have run from the mountain we counted to the number of seven or eight, and looking thus down upon them their course is to be seen like that of rivers

upon a map. Returned to Naples between six and seven. All the English drank tea with us.

Thursday, 26th.—Went to Astroni, where the King of Naples himself, without the assistance of any general officer, reviewed his regiment of Liparoti; the exercise was very tolerably performed, the manual exercise performed to music, beautiful. I am told the manœuvres were old-fashioned. After the review was over, the men put off their regimentals, got on short jackets, and, with hatchets in their hands, went up the sides of the hills, and enclosing a great space, drove all the boars and deer down to where the crowd was. As they came down the hill they were fired at from different stands of hurdles, where were the King of Sweden, queen, &c. At the same time they were followed by a number of dogs, and when fear drove them into the plain below, pursued by several of the Swedes, &c., on horseback, with spears. A more barbarous amusement never was practised by the savages of America. The creatures, who are in great quantities, are monstrously fat and almost tame, being fed every day at a particular place by the gamekeepers. They have no possible means either of escaping or opposing their numerous enemies, but are driven to certain inglorious slaughter, without any sort of risk or danger upon the part of their barbarous pursuers. They first enclosed one side of the hill and then the opposite one. The hunt was not called successful, and they killed forty-eight boars and three deer. The King of Naples is a very bad shot. The King of Sweden never either hunts or shoots; he stood the whole time by the queen, and now and then fired a piece without any hopes of killing.

After the hunt was over, everybody was asked to dinner in three large marquees, in one of which were the two kings, the queen, the ministers, the English ladies, &c., in all about thirty people. After dinner we all

returned to Naples, the queen very politely desiring us to go up the hill in one of the court calèches, as our own carriage was left on the outside of the park. The weather remarkably fine, and the day altogether very pleasant. The view of a number of people, carriages, and the tents in that fine plain surrounded by wooded hills, charming.

Friday, 27*th*.—Employed all day in paying farewell visits and packing. Went to Dr. Cerillo's garden.

Saturday, 28*th*.—Left Naples. Dined at Capua; lay at St. Agata, where we met Comte Levis* and his son and the three Chevaliers de Malthe all going to Rome, and the Spanish ambassador, Comte Hareha, on his road to Naples. Supped altogether.

Sunday, *March* 1*st*.—Lay at Terracina.

Monday, 2*nd*.—Dined upon the grass at Torre di Quattro Ponti. Came by the new road made by the present pope through the Pontine Marshes, which he is attempting to drain. The road is excellent, with a canal for several miles on each side. There are very good houses built for the post at certain distances, but they are not yet inhabited. Lay at Velletri.

Tuesday, 3*rd*.—Arrived at Rome. Our lodgings at the Scufferina's, the corner of the Piazzo di Spagna. All our friends in the evening.

Friday, 6*th*.—In the evening, Cardinal Bernis'.

Sunday, 8*th*.—In the evening with the Princess Santa Croce at Madame Pelluccia's, where there is every Sunday a dance. Both people of fashion and some of the bourgeoisie go to it. The dancing is all in the Italian manner, and most laughable.

Monday, 9*th*.—Dined at Cardinal de Bernis'. Went in the evening to see the Colosseum by moonlight. It looks larger by this light than at any other time, and the strong lights and shades on its broken parts have a

* Maréchal de Levis, afterwards Duc de Levis.

wonderful effect. It is, upon the whole, one of the most striking and interesting objects one can imagine.

Tuesday, 10*th*.—Began to visit the different parts of Rome regularly, seeing what is worth notice in the different rioni one after another. Began by the Rione de' Monti,* Villa Negroni. The gardens extensive, in the Italian taste; entirely gone to ruins. In the house fronting the Piazza dei Termini, one pretty draperied statue of a woman with a diadem; in the vestibule of the other, two figures sitting in consular chairs, one *called* Marius, the head a little stooping, and a very thoughtful expression of countenance—life itself; a Neptune striding a Triton, spirited. In a waste part of the garden they have dug and are digging for antiquities. The whole soil, at about ten or twelve feet deep, is a mass of old materials and buildings. They have got out a number of broken columns, pieces of marble, and some medals. When we saw them digging, they had got thirty-five palmi deep, and had come to partition walls of apartments and arches. They are to go ten palmi deeper, when, if they do not find more marble and other valuable materials, they will begin again in some other part. The sale of the old bricks they find, in all these adventures, pays the charge of digging.

The Arch of Gallienus, plain and not very interesting; its only ornament are two Corinthian pilasters on each side, the whole of white marble; the size of the blocks astonishing. They say what remains is only the middle. In the vineyard belonging to the Convent of Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme are some ruins, which are called a temple of Venus and Cupid. Nothing remains but some broken arches, the walls of an immense thickness. The remains of the Amphitheatre Castrense is likewise in this garden; but as we were women, they would not let us in to see it.

* Rome is divided into fourteen rioni or quarters.

The Temple of Minerva Medica is a picturesque and beautiful ruin, standing in a vineyard; more than half of its cupola remains, but none of its marble ornaments.

The Porta Maggiore, formerly Porta Prænestina, one of the ancient gates of Rome, is, like all the others, built of immense blocks of travertine. The road within not running straight to it, and a number of shabby buildings being placed against it, entirely takes off all its effect. In the same vineyard with the Temple of Minerva Medica are two ancient sepulchres; one, from the inscriptions,* known to be that of the family of Lucius Arruntius, the consul. On the arched roof there still remain some stucco ornaments and fresco painting. The other has been that of the slaves, freedmen, &c., &c., of the same family. It is without ornament: round the wall are little niches in rows, in each of which, built into the wall, is an earthen pot for their ashes, all of which still remain; and underneath is a little marble tablet with the name of the person.

Wednesday, 11*th*.—The Madonna degli Angeli is the finest church I have seen at Rome after St. Peter's, built in the ruins of the Thermes of Titus. It is a Greek cross: four enormous red granite pillars support the roof, and stand in their original places; but as the floor has been considerably raised by time and the fall of rubbish, &c., the bases of the columns were buried, and they have been obliged to put bases round the column, which are not therefore in exact proportion; but the eye is not offended.

The Fontana di Mosè is grand, from the abundance of water which rushes out of three large apertures. The design of the whole rather heavy.

Palazzo Albani, a Judith with the head of Holofernes, by Caravaggio,† wonderful for nature and effect.

* This inscription was found over the entrance in 1736.

† Polidoro di Caravaggio, born 1495, originally a mason's labourer, em-

Palazzo Rospigliosi. The lovely Andromeda of Guido * improves upon one the oftener and longer one looks at it. The Twelve Apostles of Rubens—noble heads.

Thursday, 12*th*.—Chiesa St. Pietro in Vincoli. Nothing remarkable but the mausoleum of Pope Julius II. Moses, in the middle niche, by Michael Angelo, in a noble style; though the head has, as has been often observed, more the air of a river-god than of a legislator.

Of the remains of the Thermes of Titus we could only get admittance to see the Sette Sale, which are nine large uninteresting arched vaults, formerly the reservoirs of water.

The Orti Farnesiani have been very pretty in the style of statues, fountains, &c., but are now entirely neglected. They occupy the Palatine Hill, where stood formerly the Palace of the Emperors. In a terrace in the gardens they have thrown together a number of pieces of friezes, capitals of pillars, &c., found in digging among the ruins, which give one the highest idea of their excellent taste and workmanship in marble. On every side one is surrounded with the remains of the magnificent building they once adorned.

Here, too, one is shown what are called the Baths of Livia; they are now underground, and one descends into little chambers, the roofs of which are covered with delicate stucco ornaments, and painted with a running pattern of gold and little round and lozenge-shaped pictures at equal distances: these have been carried away. One still sees the hollow in the wall where the pipes lay for conveying the water.

The Church of St. Cosmo and St. Damiano, they say, was a temple to Romulus and Remus; and one is taken down to a subterraneous church below it, and shown the

ployed in the Vatican, 1512, as one of Raphael's assistants; murdered at the instigation of his own servant for the sake of his money, 1543.

* Guido Reni, born near Bologna, 1575; died 1642.

walls of old brickwork which might or might not belong to a temple to Romulus. Its great door is of ancient bronze, the only one that exists; it has holes at regular distances near the edge, where probably some ornaments have been fastened. It was in this church that the ancient plan of Rome, cut in marble, was found; it is now placed in the wall all up the staircase at the Capitol, but in such broken pieces that nobody has been able to put it in any manner distinctly together.

Villa Aldobrandini. The gardens pretty. In a pavilion in the garden is the famous old painting called the Nozze Aldobrandini. After seeing all the paintings at Portici, it did not strike me so much as I expected; the colours are much more gone than many of them, and the drawing, I think, not more correct than some.

Friday, 13*th*.—In the evening, Cardinal Bernis', who is to have a concert every Friday and a supper every night whilst the King of Sweden stays. A large party of English dined with us.

Saturday, 14*th*.—Palazzo Barberini. It is a labyrinth of rooms; they say there are no less than 4,000, in which there are too many good things mixed with too many bad to see them with any pleasure.

The Church of St. Romualdo. The altar-piece describes this saint—who, it seems, was a hermit—expatiating to four of his followers on the charms of solitude. All the five figures are in white, the dress of his order. It is esteemed one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Andrea Sacchi, and is quite superior to any of the rest of his works.

Sunday, 15*th*.—Villa Albani. The apartments ornamented with an immense quantity of ancient marble and statuary. Cardinal-Archbishop Albani* had the best opportunities of procuring them, as he was a man of taste and learning, knew their value, and had hired for ten

* It was built by that cardinal in the middle of the last century, and plundered by the French during the invasion under Napoleon."

years the ground at Tivoli where stood the famous Villa of Adrian, from which source he drew almost all the ancient magnificence with which he adorned his villa. In a small passage-room on the ground-floor is an alabaster column in one piece, twenty English feet high. A basso-relievo of Antinous crowned with flowers—exquisite.

Monday, 16*th*.—Pope's Palace at Monte Cavalli. In the first great *salle* is Guercino's famous picture of Sta. Petronilla. The chapel entirely in fresco by Guido, and also the altar-piece—an Annunciation.

Tuesday, 17*th*.—Went with Mr. Bononi to visit some of the principal antiquities, with which he is perfectly acquainted, having measured them all for Mr. Adams in England. Saw a bit of the old aqueduct, which conveys what is called the 'aqua vergine;'* it is buried up to the cornice, which is now enclosed in the little back-yard of a mean house. The cornice is stone, and is supposed to be of as high antiquity as the Republic.

Beautiful remains of the Temple of Minerva; all the ornaments exquisitely worked.

Arch of Titus. The figures of Victory over the arch have been worked out of the stone after they were put up, being in one piece with them; an ornament of leaves begun to be worked upon the cornice of the arch left unfinished. Arch of Constantine. Chiefly composed of basso-relievos and ornaments taken from the arches of Trajan. They relate to his actions and victories; those executed in the time of Constantine miserable.

St. Stefano Rotondo. This is in truth an ancient building, and *called* a temple of Janus, but with greater probability supposed to be a church, built, about the time of Constantine, out of the *débris* of other temples dedicated to paganism, which were then no longer re-

* Constructed by Agrippa for the use of his baths.

spected. Everything bears marks of its having been put together with old materials.

The Vivarium of Domitian are arched recesses, where the wild beasts for the use of his amphitheatre are supposed to have been kept. Near this place is an ancient rustic façade of arches, upon which the upper stories of a monastery are now built. It is *called* the remains of the Curiæ Hostilii, or Courts of Justice built by Tullus Hostilius.

Thursday, 19*th*.—With Mr. Bononi. Thermes of Titus, Temple of Vesta, &c., &c. Pontius Pilate's House; a small building which has received this name (*volgare*), I know not for what reason. It is composed of a number of beautiful and richly-ornamented fragments of other buildings, pillars, friezes, cornices, put together in the most Gothic manner, without any regard to symmetry, proportion, or unity, and was probably so put at a time when the fine fragments of which it is composed were more easily come at for building than new bricks.

Theatre of Marcellus; the first stone theatre in Rome. Arch of St. Severus; erected to him by the goldsmiths. It is too small, and hardly deserves the name of an arch, but is prettily ornamented.

Friday, 20*th*.—To the Tarpeian Rock. I believe one might almost be thrown down with impunity, the lower part is so much raised and the upper part so much sunk. It is all covered with mean houses, so that there is no particular spot to which one can address one's veneration.

Temple of Concord. Frieze in the inside of the Temple of Concord the same as that of Lord Shelburne in Berkeley Square, but larger, which one can hardly believe. Tomb of Caius Sextus. When built, without the walls, half enclosed by those of Aurelian.

Mons Testaccio; a hill near 151 feet high, and more than three-quarters of a mile round, entirely composed of ancient fragments of earthenware. As it is not mentioned

by any ancient authors, all the antiquaries are puzzled how to account for its existence, and, in my opinion, leave it an enigma. Some say all the potters in Rome lived near this place, and that this hill is composed of their rubbish; but to suppose that they would all bring it to the exact same place, or that all together it would make so considerable an eminence, seems ridiculous. Mr. Byres says there is good reason to believe that it did not exist in the time of Aurelian; for that if it had, the emperor would certainly have made use of it in building his walls, instead of sending, as it is known he did, to Tivoli for broken bricks and rubbish. He supposes it to have been placed there some time between the reigns of Constantine and Justinian; that as in those later times they became more curious and informed upon the subjects of physic and natural philosophy, some enlightened persons might have convinced the government of the unwholesomeness of keeping their wine in earthenware, which was supposed to be one of the great causes of so frequently giving the gout and other obstructions, and prevailed upon the emperor to issue an order commanding all the earthen wine-vessels in Rome to be broken and deposited in this place, which was waste ground near the banks of the Tiber.

Church of St. Paolo fuori le Mura;* built by Constantine—large and noble.

Sunday, 22*nd*.—St. Peter's. Saw the Pope pray for five minutes, standing, with his head at the St. Peter's foot.

Monday, 23*rd*.—Tomb of Bibilus. Nobody was allowed to be buried within the gates of Rome but the emperors and vestals. Bibilus, an ædile of the people, was alone allowed this honour, on account of his good administration. The tomb still remains, now forming a part of the wall of a house. Tomb of Scipio; lately dis-

* Burnt down 16th July, 1824, and now rebuilt.

covered.* 'Arch of Drusus, without the old walls of Rome, within those of Aurelian. Tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di Bove, from the ornaments of bulls' heads in the frieze round the mausoleum. Room in the middle, the shape of an inverted funnel.

Thursday, 26*th*.—Went at nine o'clock to the King of Sweden's Palace, to see the Pope pass in procession, with all the cardinals, &c., from St. Peter's to the Church of the Madonna sopra Minerva. He was in a great state coach, with two cardinals—drawn by six white horses, not driven by a coachman, but by two postilions with great wigs, and their hats off. Several of the Roman princes attended him on horseback, and the chief officers of his household and a number of monsignores mounted on mules. After the procession had passed the King of Sweden's, and we had all partaken of the breakfast prepared there, we went with Princess Santa Croce to a shop in the Piazza di Minerva to see the procession arrive at the church. We then went into a sort of covered box in the church itself, prepared for the King; but he stood most part of the time in the front of the crowd. After the function was over, which lasted above two hours, we all went into a gallery opposite to the church belonging to the Roman College, from whence we saw the Pope again resume his carriage. All the Italians were remarking how little the crowd took notice of the Pope or demanded his benedictions: it would seem a happy omen that he is going out of fashion even with the lowest orders of people.

Saturday, 28*th*.—With Mr. Bononi to a sculptor's who is making a monument for Pope Ganganelli. He is a young man who was the son of a peasant near Venice. Untaught, he did wonders in the way of sculpture; he has

* The sarcophagus was first opened in 1781, upwards of 2,000 years after the death of Scipio Barbatus. The skeleton was found entire, with a ring upon one of its fingers. The ring was brought to England in the Earl of Beverley's collection.

been but two years in Rome, and has already made such progress as surprises everybody of his profession. A Theseus sitting triumphantly over the Minotaur—might almost rival some of the *chefs d'œuvre* of antiquity.*

Tuesday, 30*th*.—Church of St. Eusebio. In the ceiling is a picture, by Mengs, of the saint. It was the first public work done by Mengs, and what first gained him reputation. It is much in the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

To the Capitol. The colossal foot in the court-yard, supposed to have belonged to the statue of Nero which stood before the Flavian Amphitheatre, and gave it the name of the Colosseum, exactly the length of Mr. E. Conway's height,† and the great toe the thickness of his body. In the apartments of the officers called 'gli conservatori' (who are four cavaliers elected every month, to settle the price of all the eatables in Rome—bread, meat, wine, &c.—according to the quantity that comes to market) is the famous bronze Wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, said to have been struck with lightning when Julius Cæsar was killed. Upon the lower part of its two hind legs is a cavity certainly made by fire; but what fire, and when? No matter; I like to believe any stories that tend to a supposition that the Almighty sometimes deigns to interest Himself in the fate of mortals.

Wednesday, 31*st*.—With Mr. Ronconi, Mr. Conway, and General O'Hara,‡ to the upper parts of St. Peter's. We spent five hours in this wonderful building.

Thursday, *April* 1*st*.—To several artists':—Mr. Tresham,§ who has published a series of drawings, the history

* This young artist was no other than Canova.

† The Hon. and Rev. Edward Conway, son of the Earl of Hertford, Canon of Christ Church; died 1785.

‡ General O'Hara was the intimate friend of Marshal Conway and his family, and is frequently mentioned, and always favourably, in Horace Walpole's letters. He was a distinguished officer, and died in command at Gibraltar, 1802. Miss Berry's acquaintance with him appears to have commenced at this time.

§ Henry Tresham, Esq., R.A., a native of Ireland. He repaired at an

of Sappho; to a statuary in the Corso, who is repairing a statue of Venus lately found, for the Pope; to Mr. Hewitson, a statuary—several good busts, portraits, but Rome is not the place in which to admire modern busts. Afterwards to Lady E. Foster, to hear Bianchi * play over some of the airs of his last opera.

Friday, 2*nd*.—In the hall of the Palazzo Spada is a statue of Pompey, the same, it is said, at the foot of which Cæsar fell. It is colossal, but not very good. In the gallery, the Rape of Helen, by Guido. The idea of Helen carrying her dog, squirrel, and dwarf along with her, ridiculous and mean. Death of Dido, by Guercino, a fine picture, but much spoilt: the canvas seems to have been originally primed with black, and all the shades are terribly dark.

Sunday, 4*th*.—Palm Sunday. Into the King of Sweden's box in the Sistine Chapel, to see the Pope bless and deliver the palms: those given to the cardinals were curiously twisted together like a large staff. The function altogether is a long and tiresome one.

Tuesday, 6*th*.—The statues in the Capitol. Statue of Pyrrhus in the vestibule, remarkable for the fine workmanship of the armour; it may be called a general in complete uniform. The legs were shockingly restored—too short by half for the figure—and, by its fresh and perfect appearance in every part, I should suppose a great deal of it had been worked over. The Dying Gladiator,

early age to Italy. His drawings in pen-and-ink and black chalk were better than his oil pictures. He was considered a great connoisseur in art, and purchased for 100*l*. Etruscan vases, turned out by Mr. Hope, half of which were purchased by Mr. Rogers for 800*l*., and the remainder by Lord Carlisle. He was a member of the Academies of Rome and Bologna. He died 1814.

* Francesco Bianchi, musician, born at Cremona, 1752; composed about fifty operas and two oratorios; appointed Vice-Maestro di Capella at St. Ambrogio, Milan, and also to a post in the Scala, 1784. Came to London, 1793; was engaged at the King's Theatre till 1800. Committed suicide at Hammersmith, Nov. 1810. There is a monument to him in Kensington Churchyard.—*From Dictionary of Universal Biography, Glasgow.*

perhaps the statue of antiquity that most interests upon repeated examination; not only the face, but every part of the body expresses a man dying in great pain with calm resignation. View it first even from behind, one would know it was not a figure reposing. It excels, too, in being a representation of vulgar nature; it is neither a god nor a gentleman, but it is a man and nature. The expression is the more wonderful as it is by no means highly finished. It was found between the Pincian and Quirinal Hills.

Wednesday, 7th.—Colosseum. Eighty arcades in the circumference of it, four entrances dividing it into four equal parts, the arcades all going to a centre, excepting the four entrances, which are made parallel. That for the emperors, upon the north side, consisted of three arches finely ornamented, some of which yet remain. From thence there was a bridge over to the Thermes of Titus. In all the upper colonnades, against the piers of the arches, the marks of where stone balustrades were formerly fixed are still visible. The windows are alternately built up and left open; by some supposed to have been closed boxes for the noble ladies, where they could see without being much seen. The truth of the matter is, there are a number of parts in these noble remains which all the antiquaries are puzzled to make out. Each has his supposition, and *l'un vaut bien l'autre.* There is every visible proof of its having been built in a great hurry, which we know from history it was. In the construction of the walls there are several pieces of stone cut round, and others that have been in other buildings.

In the Vatican Library, 40,000 manuscripts, 28,000 printed books. A fund of 600 crowns for buying from year to year the best editions of books. The four cases for the medals in an apartment in the Vatican Library cost 3,000 sequins.

In the evening, to the King of Sweden's box in the

Sistine Chapel, to hear the 'Miserere.' There is a long service chaunted before it begins. Charming as it is, it did not perhaps quite answer my expectations; because when one sets one's imagination to work, one can always surpass anything that really exists. The scene around, too, is not imposing; it is small, and crowded with people, who are many of them moving about and making a noise.

Afterwards, to see the pilgrims sup. There are many hundreds both of men and women, who sup separately. Among the men I saw two cardinals; and, attending the women, some of the finest and gayest ladies in Rome, in a sort of undress, with a cloth apron before them, changing the plates of ragged wretches who scarce know how to hold a knife and fork.

Thursday, 8th.—At nine o'clock, to the Sistine Chapel, where there was a long function; after which we went to the windows of Cardinal Negroni's apartments to see the Pope give the benediction from the middle window. The crowd in the Piazza was less than I expected, but the sight altogether is a noble one. Afterwards, in an apartment of the Vatican, the Pope, in imitation of Our Saviour, washes the feet of twelve poor priests, who are to represent the Apostles. The Apostles, however, this year were counted by what they call in England a baker's dozen, for there were thirteen of them. They were ranged upon a bench along the side of the room, dressed from head to foot in very pretty white flannel dresses. The Pope, after some short prayers, comes in a simple dress of white linen, and washes one of each of their feet (which, however, are made thoroughly clean beforehand), dries it with a finely folded-up towel, and kisses it. He afterwards gives the man the towel, and a nosegay, made of some white flowers; then washes his own hands, and goes out to prepare to serve them at table.

Their table is in another apartment, very prettily arranged. They are all seated on one side. The Pope walks

down the other side, and hands them over all their plates, one after another, five successively to each person—a very good *maigre* dinner of soup, fish, and vegetables, served upon plate. He afterwards pours out wine and water for every one of them to drink. His figure, standing at the top of the table in his white dress, with a girdle round his waist, waiting till they had eaten some off their plates, was not unlike that of a jolly cook with his apron before him; though it must be owned that this Pope performs all these ceremonies with as much grace and dignity as such operations will admit of.

Afterwards we went to another apartment, where the cardinals dined together. Their table I thought not so pretty as the pilgrims'. There were a number of covers, but only eight dined.

In the evening, to hear the 'Miserere' again: I thought it better to-night than last night. Afterwards, to the Pauline Chapel, which is magnificently lighted up in commemoration of Our Saviour's sepulchre. The altar was a perfect blaze of light up to the ceiling. The painting of the dead body on the fore-part of the altar has a fine effect. From thence to St. Peter's, to see the illumination of the cross: though eighteen feet high, it looks small and not magnificent in that building. One sees, too, the ropes that fasten it, which takes off from the idea of its being suspended in the air; but the light it throws upon the different parts of the church is charming. The great shadows give one a just idea of the size of everything around. The baldequin in particular looked twice as high by this light as it had appeared before. The church was full of people; and every half-hour three priests from a little balcony in one of the great piers of the cupola showed the relics when everybody was on their knees. They were at such a height, that it was impossible to see anything but the looking-glass which surrounds them.

Friday, 9th.—At 9 o'clock A.M. a long function in the Sistine Chapel, which concludes with uncovering the crucifix, which is covered in all Roman Catholic churches, and laying it upon a cushion on the steps before the altar, when first the Pope, and then the cardinals, all without their shoes, walk up, kneel before it and kiss it; then follow a long train of monsignores and priests of all sorts, who do the same thing, but with *their shoes on.* I could not find out the reason of this.

To the King of Sweden's apartments, to see the series of gold and silver Swedish medals he is to present to the Pope, contained in three large and elegantly inlaid wooden boxes.

In the evening, the 'Miserere' again; and afterwards St. Peter's, which continues illuminated with the cross two nights.

To the Academy of Arcadians, which was a great crowd of abbati in a room much too small for the company. The subject for that evening was the Passion of Our Saviour. I heard a number of sonnets read: one treated the subject in a ludicrous style, and the whole room went into repeated roars of laughter. Returned home tired to death with the pleasures of the day.

Saturday, 10th.—Villa Ludovisi. A standing Mercury, easy and elegant. Famous group of Arria and Pætus, one of the most interesting groups I have seen in Rome. The drooping figure of Arria supported only by the arm of Pætus, admirable: the expression of resolution in his face excellent; it is an attitude evidently chosen by the sculptor for great expression of muscle; a man could not *naturally* think of killing himself by running his sword in at his collar-bone.

Sunday, 11th.—High Mass by the Pope in St. Peter's; in my opinion, the finest of all the church-shows. The crowd in the church I think greater than on Christmas-day. Afterwards to Cardinal Negroni's apartments, to

see the benediction given. The number both of people and carriages in the place, and as far as one could see towards the bridge, was much greater than on Thursday. Altogether 'tis a striking sight; but one loses the Pope in the grandeur of the scene around him. Man! man! is too small an animal to attempt blessing the world from St. Peter's!

Monday, 12*th*.—In the evening to Cardinal Salviati's, to see the Girandola. The King was there, and it was a most numerous and brilliant conversazione, all the ladies being in gala, it being the eve of the Pope's coronation, which during this reign, luckily for the strangers, happens early in the year; the great *gerbe de feu* with which the Girandola begins and ends is noble, and may perhaps, as it is said, give one some faint idea of an irruption of Vesuvius: the intermediate figures of fire are not particularly fine.

Wednesday, 14*th*.—Villa Corsini. Gallery:—a portrait of Rembrandt, by himself. Jesus Christ and the Woman of Samaria, by Guercino: the figure of Our Saviour beautiful; the woman well painted, but vulgar. Venus dressing, by Albani, excellent. A Herodia with the head of John the Baptist, by Guido: the countenance of the head beautiful, but the coiffure too much like a modern nightcap. A bedchamber in which Christina, Queen of Sweden, died.* Innocent X., by Velasquez, a good portrait. A Madonna and Child by Murillo, charmingly painted. Supped with Cardinal Bernis.

Friday, 16*th*.—Artists, with Mr. Moore. The French Academy a noble institution: the rooms for the students are lined with beautiful Gobelins tapestry; they are full of models of all the finest statues of antiquity. Anybody, as well as the French artists, may draw from them.

* Christina, Queen of Sweden, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, born 1626. She abdicated the throne in 1654; died at Rome in 1689; was buried in St. Peter's, the Pope himself writing her epitaph.

Sunday, 18*th*.—In the morning to St. Peter's—the Sistine Chapel—to see the two daughters of the Venetian ambassador confirmed. The ceremony, much like ours, was performed by the Pope himself; and afterwards he said mass and administered the sacrament to them like any other simple priest. They continued kneeling before the altar during the whole ceremony. Their dress, which was very elegant—all white, with large white veils—gave them a very graceful appearance. They were attended by all their friends. Princess Santa Croce officiated as their mother, and knelt by them at the altar.

In the evening, an illumination of St. Peter's. We went between seven and eight o'clock to the Piazza, where there was a crowd of people: it was then illuminated with lanthorns, which cast a dim steady light on every part of it; they even contrive to place them in capitals of Corinthian pillars; and when every part is thus surrounded by a line of fire, they say it looks almost like a traced drawing. About nine, upon the signal of a bell tolling, in two minutes' time (by all our watches), the church, from the top of the cross to the end of the colonnade, was in a blaze of light. A more magnificent spectacle can hardly be imagined; it greatly exceeded my expectations: the whole Piazza, even beyond the colonnade, is as light as day, and the magnificent building is seen to the greatest advantage. The lanthorns continued after the great illumination, with the pans of fire. After taking two or three turns round the Piazza, we went to the Trinità di Monte; but the wind was so high that a number of the lamps of the dome and colonnade were extinguished. From the Trinità di Monte I returned to the Piazza of St. Peter's, hoping to have another look at the façade in its splendour, but already the wind had extinguished nearly half of the pans of fire: the Piazza, which half an hour before we had seen full of people and of

carriages now was deserted. 'Twas a melancholy scene of quickly past grandeur.

Monday, 19*th*.—To the Pope's manufactory of printed linen. About a hundred men employed; but they cannot make it answer, and they say it must be given up: it is a pity, for they have great conveniences in the building for carrying on any manufacture, and their patterns, particularly those for furniture, taken from the Arabesques, very elegant; the best, printed upon tolerably fine calico, cost about five shillings a yard English. King of Sweden left Rome.

Tuesday, 20*th*.—Villa Albani. A Jupiter Serapis in basalt; noble character—reckoned one of the best things in the collection.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—Almost all the English in Rome dined together at the Villa Madonna, belonging to the Medici family, about two miles from Rome: it is a most delightful situation, but is quite gone to ruin. There were twenty-three or twenty-four at dinner.

Thursday, 22*nd*.—Museum Clementinum. The cortile of the Belvidere is an irregular octagon court, with an arcade round it, in the niches of which are the famous Apollo, the Laocoon, a Venus and Cupid, the torso of M. Angelo (not in a niche), a Hercules holding an Infant in his hand, a mutilated figure called Antinous (the countenance that of Meleager, and only called otherwise because found at Adrian's Villa), and a Lucius Verus. The countenance of the Apollo most remarkable; it is not so handsome, I think, as the Antinous, but it has an unexampled and inimitable dignity about it which marks a god. The marble, too, is uncommonly happy; it has a fine polish upon it, which seems to suit the elegance of the figure. Altogether it does not astonish at first sight. It must be viewed and reviewed to be enjoyed, like all *chefs d'œuvre* in art. The Laocoon, even upon consideration, astonishes more than it charms. The expression in the

father's face and muscles wonderful: the sons have been observed, with justice, to be little men, not boys; but the delicacy of their limbs is beautiful: the arm of the father, which is above his head, with the serpent round it, was restored by Bernini, and is only plaster; those of the sons are in marble, and badly done. The torso may be fine; it can give nobody but a statuary or an anatomist pleasure. The Antinous, or rather Meleager, a sweet figure; one arm is broken at the shoulder, and the other at the wrist, and they are not yet restored. The armour of the Lucius Verus magnificent.

In the long vestibule is a collection of all sorts of animals in marble; and in a niche at the end is the statue of Meleager, with the dog and boar's head: it is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful of antiquity. Among the animals, a greyhound, admirable.

In an octagon room built by the present Pope, the Nine Muses, found about eight years ago in Adrian's Villa. The Tragic Muse very fine, crowned with vines, mask and sword in her hand, leaning with her arm upon her knee, which is supported on a rock.

Friday, 23*rd*.—Set off at 7 o'clock A.M., with Mr. Marchant, for Tivoli. Stopped to look at the large bed of reeds with a very thick coat of petrifaction over them; almost all lying upright. Arrived at Tivoli: were lodged at the house of an Abbate Franci. Went on foot, with Donati, the cicerone of the place, to the Villa d' Este. The house was built in the year 1549, by a cardinal of that family;* belongs to the Duke of Modena; nobody has lived in it since the old Duke of Modena [Francis III.] in the year 1745. The gardens are pretty terraces fringed with trees, one below another, but are most remarkable for the number of fountains, *jets d'eau*, and artifices with water, that they contain. A number of

* Cardinal Ippolito d'Este II., son of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara.

Dutch tricks with concealed pipes, which they call the girandola, is really pretty—a large body of water thrown up a considerable height in one great gerbe. From thence to Mecænas' villa, delightfully situated upon the brink of the hill just over the cascatelle. Nothing remains but two stories of arches.

Sibyls' Temple. The pillars of Tiburtine stone, which is all a petrifaction of reeds, still visible in the pillars, though covered with a thick coat of plaster.

Saturday, 24*th*.—Made the tour of the valley upon asses, saw the Temple of the Goddess Tossia, octagon on the outside. Dined at the inn with Sir G. and Lady Warren, Mr. Repington, and Mr. Brooke. About 3 P.M. set out for Rome; on our way went to Adrian's villa, about two miles from Tivoli, and farther on to a lake about a quarter of a mile from the road, which is sulphurous and always warmish. In it are several *floating islands*—that is to say, collections of reeds, mud, &c., large and strong enough for four or five men to stand upon. There was a man upon one of them in the middle of the lake when we were there, whom the wind in a little time brought to the edge, where we were standing.

Monday, 26*th*.—Palazzo Mattei. In the gallery a bust of Cicero, the only one in Rome with the ancient name on it; the nose, mouth, and chin are all modern, and as it does not resemble that in the Capitol, or that at Florence, which are both *finer* busts, its authenticity is disputed.

Villa Borghese. The Apollo and Daphne, *maniéré*, but the transformation of Daphne charmingly treated, her figure better than the Apollo, which has little of the manly beauty of the antique. Bernini* was only twenty-two when he executed this group.

* Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, born 1598, acquired a considerable reputation as painter, architect, and sculptor. His talent was very early developed. At eight years old, he actually designed a group, which afterwards proved

Tuesday, 27*th*.—Museum Clementinum. In the evening to see the statues by torchlight. Nobody that has not seen it can have an idea of the excellent effect of this light, thrown upon them at pleasure; every statue appeared much more beautiful than I had ever seen it by daylight.

Wednesday, 28*th*.—Capitol, to see the statues by torchlight; the effect is equally good; it is the only method of having a true idea of the beauty of these admirable statues, for both here and in the museum they are mostly ill-placed as to light.

Thursday, 29*th*.—Artists all the morning.

Friday, 30*th*.—Cardinal de Bernis in the evening.

Saturday, *May* 1.—With Bononi to Palazzo Altieri. In the first room a machine for perpetual motion, with two balls. I understand its principle, but cannot describe it.

Monday, 3*rd*.—Dined at the villa of M. Santini, with Comte Scarowsky, his mother, her niece, Prince Esterhazy, &c. In the evening the whole music of the Trescatava was performed; Comte Scarowsky the first violin.

Tuesday, 4*th*.—Palazzo Barberini. The famous Giocatori of Caravaggio; the colouring and the nature, and above all the expression of this picture, strike me as inimitable. The Magdalen of Guido, sitting, looking up to two angels in the air. A portrait of Raphael by himself on wood, sweet expression of countenance, but, from time, the tints grown all equally brown. There is not one bad picture in this room—a very uncommon circumstance even in Rome. A number of excellent portraits by Titian; farther on, a dead Christ supported under the arms by the Madonna, M. Angelo Buonarroti; the attitude and expression wonderful; it makes one shudder. Two large and two small landscapes by C. Lorrain, both much cracked, but beau-

his best work—'Apollo and Daphne.' His fluttering mannerism in sculpture was on the whole injurious to the taste in art of his time. Died 1680.—*Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*.

tiful. An ancient bronze figure of S. Severus; ancient bronze whole figures are rare.

Set out at 8 o'clock to Frescati. In the Villa Monte Dragone, which belongs to P. Borghese, a colossal bust of Antinous, one of the most perfect remains of antiquity, not even the nose restored, the countenance very fine, the hair rather affected, or at least very foppishly arranged, two little curls hanging at each ear. Behind the Villa Dragone are some remains of buildings, called the Tusculum of Tully, and on the other side of the villa that of Portius Cato.

Villa Aldobrandini, fine situation. At the back of the house is a circular façade of building, in which there are fountains and Gioco d' Acqua. A room on one side, called the ladies' bath, with a trumpery representation of Parnassus at the end of it; a sort of rock, on which are little figures of the Muses and Apollo, with the pipes of an organ in their mouths, which plays by the water. Dined upon our cold dinner in a room at the Villa Bracciano, which is finely situated, well kept, the rooms furnished with printed calicos, and has the appearance of a comfortable English country house.

After dinner, stopped in our way to Castel-Gandolfo at a village called Grotto Ferrato, to see a chapel of a church belonging to a monastery, painted in fresco by Domenichino; one of the subjects a miracle performed on a demoniac by a monk of the monastery. It is one of the finest pictures I know, the simplicity and expression of the figures, and particularly of the boy possessed, most interesting; he is stretched backwards on his tip-toes, in the arms of his father, with his eyes distorted upwards.

Wednesday, 5th.—Arrived at Mr. Jenkins' house at Castel-Gandolfo.

Thursday, 6th.—Walked to Albano, to the Doria villa, formerly Pompey's; the Barberini villa, formerly Domitian's; in the gardens the remains of a very long colon-

nade, with niches. Walked down to the lake to the emissary, a stone channel cut through the hill by the Romans, to prevent the water rising above a certain height. The man who showed it set two or three little candles upright upon a board, which, as it sailed through the channel, we saw for near half a mile. The lake was formerly encompassed with a low stone parapet, seven miles round. It served for a numachia for Domitian's villa, who there had mock sea-fights.

Sunday, 9*th*.—In the morning walked to the Ponte Molle, where the battle between Constantine and Maxentius was fought.

Monday, 10*th*.—Palazzo Colonna. Titian's famous Venus and Adonis; its companion, the Ganymede, carried up to heaven by the eagle, spirited and admirable. Luther and Calvin, by Titian; wonderful portraits. A cabinet of ebony, with ivory basso-relievos, representing scripture histories, a most delicate and exquisite work of the kind; it was bought from our Charles I. In the gallery, the statue of Germanicus, with his hand up ready to throw it out, as playing at moro, a game which, it is said, he invented to amuse his army. The Madonna finding the dead Body of Jesus (Guercino), the best painted, best treated, and most affecting of that sort I have seen; it is striking for the simplicity of the composition, the dead body sitting supported by a stone, and the animated attitude and grief of the Madonna; the drapery is rich and simple; the scene of the cave or sepulchre, and the distant view of the cross, upon a wild heath, all conspire to add to the melancholy and wonderful effect of the picture.

In another apartment, the famous portrait of the Cenci, in the dress in which (they say) she was executed; it is called by Guido, but is not in his manner; the real painter is probably unknown. The expression of the face is most beautiful, and the history makes it affecting. I

never saw one of all its numerous copies that gave a tale the tone, expression, or grace of the countenance.

In the evening drank tea at Villa Madonna with Mr. Conway, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Meares, Mr. Bemington, Mr. Giffard, Mr. Byres, and Mr. Tresham.

Wednesday, 12*th*.—Borghese Palace. Among the pictures, Domenichino's Sibyl, or St. Cecilia, a small St. Catherine, standing leaning against the wheel, by Raphael, Titian's Three Graces binding Cupid, were amongst those that struck me most. The boys are more graceful than the Graces.

In the afternoon, to the Villa Marafosci, to see a statue of a sleeping figure, called an Endymion, lately found in a cava at Adrian's villa. The figure is lying at length and in perfect repose.

Thursday, 13*th*.—Went to see Prince Piombini's collections of gems. Among a great many bad ones, there are some few very pretty: a large head of Augustus in cameo, a group fighting for the dead body of Patroclus, in intaglio.

The English dined with us in the evening.

Friday, 14*th*.—In the evening to Madame d'Albany's.*

Monday, 17*th*.—In the morning went to take leave of the Museum Clementinum; saw the sarcophagus of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, which is repairing for the Pope: the design of the sculpture is odd. Armed men on horseback galloping over the heads of prisoners on their knees.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—To take leave of and the Capitol, the Colosseum, with Canova the sculptor.†

* Louisa Maximiliana de Stolberg, afterwards known by the name of Countess d'Albany, wife of the Pretender, after the death of Charles Edward in 1788. She travelled in Italy and France, and with her Alfieri the poet, to whom she was supposed to be married. She resided at Paris until driven by the Revolution to take refuge in England. (*Walpole's Letters*, p. 316.) In 1820 she was supposed to be married to John Fabré, a French painter of talent.—P. 322. *Cunningham's edit. of H. Walpole's Letters.*

† Antonio Canova, the son and grandson of a sculptor, was born 1757, at

In the evening, to take leave at Madame d'Albany's, at Princess Santa Croce's, and at Lady Murray's.

Wednesday, 19*th*.—In the evening, St. Peter's to take leave. All our English friends with us till past 10; afterwards called upon Madame Scarowsky and Lady Elizabeth Foster.

Thursday, 20*th*.—Left Rome between 4 and 5 o'clock A.M. with a voiturier for Florence by Terni. Arrived at Civita Castellano; it is a small town and fortress of the Pope's, in a most romantic situation. This was the Phalissæ of the ancients, which stood a siege of two years by Lucius Camillus; it is strongly fortified by nature. The Pope's garrison in the present fortress consists only of thirty men.

Friday, 21*st*.—Arrived at Terni. General O'Hara and Mr. Conway passed us upon the road; spent the evening with us.

Saturday, 22*nd*.—The General and Mr. Conway breakfasted with us between 4 and 5 o'clock, and set out with us immediately afterwards in two calèches to see the cascade; it is five miles from Terni. From the rock there is a good view of it, and one little lodge with steps down the hill was built for the present Pope, but he has never been there yet. The country all about the cascade is most romantic. We returned in our calèches to Papigno, a village in the road to Terni, from whence we set out on foot to view the cascade from below; it is a walk of four good miles there and back again; it was hot and was rather fatiguing, but we were well compensated not only by the grand appearance of the cascade, but by the beauty of the walk

Possagno, a village at the foot of the Venetian Alps. He was an orphan at three years old, and was instructed in his art by his grandfather. He first visited Rome in 1780. His first work there was 'Theseus conquering the Minotaur.' From that time his fame was established. He settled at Rome in 1783. His genius secured him the admiration of the civilised world, and his kind and gentle virtues the respect and admiration of all who knew him. He died at Venice October 1822.

itself. The banks are well wooded down to the water's edge, or rather into the water, which runs round the roots of many of the trees, forming little islands. Counting from the level of the valley, it falls 367 feet (according to the people of the place), but not in one fall; after the first great pitch it runs sloping over two great shelves of rock. A more beautiful subject for the pencil can hardly be conceived: the froth rises like thick smoke far above the top, and at the water's edge. We should have been wet to the skin had we stayed five minutes. Returned to our carriages at Papigno, much fatigued with the heat; got back to Terni about 11 o'clock. The people had told us it would take three hours to see the cascade; we were much above six. Mr. Conway and General O'Hara set off for Foligno, and we for Spoletta.

Sunday, 23*rd*.—Dined at Foligno. Saw Raphael's altar-piece in the church of the Franciscans; the composition is arranged in the regular form and manner of his master, P. Perugino; in the middle, the Madonna and Child in the heavens — two saints on each side, one kneeling and one standing, and a cherubim supporting a tablet in the middle. Stopped at Chiesa Nuova, near the town of Assisi, to see an immense large church belonging to a convent of Franciscans, in which there are no less than 142 of that order. In the middle of the church is a little chapel, where St. Francis used to pray, and near the choir another little hovel, where he died,* which is the reason the church was placed here. Arrived at Perugia between 7 and 8 P.M. Perugia is a more comfortable-looking town than any I have seen in the Pope's dominions.

Monday, 24*th*.—Walked into the cathedral at Perugia; it is a large half-Gothic building, the roof now painting very prettily in fresco by a native of the town. The lake is a noble piece of water—the people say forty miles

* St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of the order of Franciscans, born 1182; died 1224.

round; there are three islands, on one of which is a convent.

Arrived at Camucia, a poor inn in a poor village, under the hill, upon which Cortona stands.

Tuesday, 25*th*.—Breakfasted at Arezzo; the houses and people have a better appearance than those in the Pope's dominions. Arrived at Levane; inn very bad.

Wednesday, 26*th*.—Arrived at Pian della Fonte in six hours; the auberge most wretched. The landlady's daughters two very handsome girls, in the little hats, white loose sleeves, and graceful dress of the country. Arrived at Florence about 7 P.M.

Thursday, 27*th*.—Went to the gallery and some shops in the morning. In the evening Miss Gore came and sat with us, afterwards carried us to Teatro Nuovo; Lady Cowper's box.

Florence: Saturday, 29*th*.—Palazzo Pitti. Paul III., by Titian, an admirable portrait; its pendant a Dutchman in a black dress, by Vandyck, almost as good; they are both chefs-d'œuvre. A portrait of a woman by Titian, the same he painted as his famous Venus. In the third room, Raphael's celebrated Madonna della Sedia. It pleased me still more now than it did before; both the lines and colouring of it are *beautiful*. Above it, Leo X., with two cardinals, by the same painter, in a colouring as rich and deep as Titian's. Four bourgmestres, or councillors, sitting at a table, by Rubens, one of the clearest and most lively pictures I ever saw. Julius II., by Raphael, wonderfully coloured. Cardinal Bentivoglio, by Vandyck, a fine portrait, the countenance one of the most penetrating I ever beheld. Under it a portrait by Paul Veronese, in a black robe lined with fur, which is wonderfully well expressed in a very rude manner. A portrait of a young boy of the House of Medici, Vandyck, beautiful countenance. A Madonna and Child in her arms, attended by two saints on each side, and two

angels in front reading a scroll, by Raphael—in his first manner, in my opinion, more pleasing than his second, though in general the grouping of the figures is arranged with the regularity of dishes upon a table. The Return of the Prodigal Son, by Bronzino, a fine picture: the father is receiving him out of a boat—an uncommon idea of the subject. Calvin and Luther, by Georgone di Castelfranco, finely painted, though turned brown.

In the evening Lady Cowper and Miss Gore carried us to Sir H. Mann's.

Sunday, 30*th*.—Walked in the cascini with Miss Gore, afterwards to the Pergola theatre.

Monday, 31*st*.—In the morning to Ginori's china manufactory, about five miles from Florence. The road to it is through a country cultivated like a garden, with every sign of plenty and comfort in the people. The painting of the china is neatly executed, though not in general happy in their patterns. The clay, too, is heavy. About eighty men employed in the manufactory.*

Dined at Lord Cowper's.

Tuesday, *June* 1.—Miss Gore called for us in a phaeton. Went to a villa upon the side of a hill about three miles from Florence, which belonged to the late Lady Orford,† and which she left to her cavalier servente. It is elegantly furnished, and kept in as nice order as any country house in England; it has a charming view over the whole vale of Arno; it is one stretch of the richest cultivation, thickly

* In the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the Duke of Lorraine acquired the dukedom of Tuscany, Charles Marquis Ginori established on his own account, after the example of the petty sovereigns of Germany, a large manufactory of pottery (terraglia) and porcelain, at Doccia, near Florence, which met with great success. . . . . At the sale at Strawberry Hill there were many specimens which had been sent home by Sir Horace Mann to Horace Walpole about 1760; it was described and sold as Oriental.—*Pottery and Porcelain, by J. Marryat*, p. 211–12.

† Lady Orford, daughter of Samuel Rolle, Esq., of Haynton, county Devon, married in 1724 to Robert, second Earl of Orford, who died 1751; married, secondly, the Hon. Sewallis Shirley; became Baroness Clinton; died 1781.

spotted with white houses and villages as far as the eye can reach.

In the afternoon went with Miss G. and Prince Chymée to the Sta. Maria Novella to see an illumination on account of the first celebration of a new saint's day; it was the best-dressed church I ever saw, entirely covered with new crimson damask and gold lace, and, being a sort of half-Gothic architecture, did not lose by its finery.

Wednesday, 2nd.—Breakfasted at Lord Cowper's, in the cabinet, an apartment of five small rooms elegantly fitted up with the finest instruments for experiments in all the different branches of natural philosophy: one is dedicated to electricity, a second a laboratory, a third for optics, a fourth for hydraulic experiments, a fifth for air. Took leave of Lady Cowper and Miss Gore.

Set out post for Leghorn; great part of the way along the banks of the Arno, and the whole of it through a most richly cultivated country. Lastra, the first post on this side Florence, is where a vast many straw hats are made, but they are also made in Florence and through the whole country between that and Leghorn. At Florence only you can buy good ones.

Thursday, 3rd.—Travelled all night; arrived at Leghorn. In the evening to the new Mole, which I was told by some of our navy people is very badly constructed; the streets are noisy and bustling, full of shops and people; put me so exactly in mind of Portsmouth, Plymouth, or any other seaport town in England, that I could not fancy myself in Italy.

Friday, 4th.—All the morning at shops: they are very good, but not cheap. Dined at Otto Franc's the banker's; went after dinner with Mrs. Franc to a coral manufactory. This is a great business at Leghorn, carried on by the Jews, who work, cut, and polish the coral, and send it to England and other places to go to the East Indies; saw some beautiful natural specimens as it comes out of the water. The price enormous when cut and polished and

made into beads. We saw a long string of large beads, which they said was worth more than 1,200*l.* sterling.

Saturday, 5th.—Went aboard the English men-of-war laying in the harbour, for all of which we had letters to the captains from Florence. Went out in the barge of Capt. Waghorn, of the Trusty, the commodore's ship, of 50 guns; admirably fitted up for accommodation, the commodore's lady having accompanied him in the cruise. Went on board the Thetis, Capt. Blankett, a beautiful 38-gun frigate, and the Rattlesnake, of 12 guns, Capt. Melcomb.

Lieutenant Forbes, of the Trusty, and Mr. Preston, of the Sphinx, dined with us. Left Leghorn for Pisa; the road good, and part of it through a country like the New Forest between Lymington and Lyndhurst. The inn at Leghorn good, kept by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Cain.

The Piazza Grande, a fine long square, with well-built houses, and much appearance of business and population.

Sunday, 6th.—The part of Pisa near the Arno is beautiful; the three bridges all handsome. The Lung Arno is gay, and there are fine long streets with good houses, but they look perfectly deserted. In Leghorn there are 48,000 inhabitants; in Pisa, which is above twice as large, there are only 16,000.

The falling tower, which is a belfry, is a foolish bizarre idea, of which the architects of Italy some centuries ago seem to have been very fond. Their total want of fitness occasions rather a disagreeable sensation than otherwise; that of Pisa has a clumsy look too, from being much too thick for its height. The Campo Santo is a fine long square surrounded by a broad Gothic arcade, built by Giovanni Pisano, finished in the year 1283. The earth in the middle, they think, was brought from Jerusalem. It is a burying-place, where every noble Pisan had a vault; but the present Grand Duke* has prohibited anybody

* Peter Leopold succeeded his brother as Emperor of Austria, 1790.

being buried within the town. The walls of the arcade are curiously painted with scripture subjects by very old artists, the best by Benozzi, a Florentine painter who died in 1478, of some of which I had seen copies in England. In the afternoon, went in a biroccio to Pisa baths, four miles distant, the road through a rich country; there is a canal by its side exactly like one in Holland, the water above the level of the road. At the baths is a very large corps de logis, which is let out in different apartments. The great building and the baths were begun by the viceroy or governor of Tuscany in the time of the late emperor. The public bath is lined with fine marble, has a little gallery with marble balustrades, in which one can walk. I tasted the water; it is a little warmer than new milk, and has no disagreeable taste. Returned to Pisa.

Monday, 7th.—Left Pisa; crossed the Serchio in a boat. Between Sarzanna and Lerici crossed another river in a small inconvenient boat. It was a holiday, and on the bank by the river, under the shade of festoons of vines hanging from tree to tree, was a group of peasants dancing to the music of a violin and tambour de basque. This sounds charming, and the scene around was truly so. I went up to the dancers, hoping to see that real gaiety and allegresse in all their motions—that unaffected unspoilt beauty and grace in their persons, which one is told is only to be met with in the native dances of peasants, and in comparison with which our beauties in ball-rooms are cold and insipid; but truth, irresistible truth, with her broad mirror, too often destroys every gay fictitious image half-formed in my imagination. If real beauty and unaffected gaiety are not to be found in a ball-room, I am sure they did not exist among these peasants: they were most of them old and very plain, and danced with such a dullness and gravity that one would have supposed they had been celebrating funeral games.

Arrived at Lerici: it is a poor town close upon the sea,

inhabited by felucca people. We came to Lerici at an unlucky time, for there were very few feluccas, many having been taken to Toulon with the King of Sweden. After some difficulty, we made a bargain for two small ones for eight sequins; each boat had five rowers, but were too small to be comfortable. The one we were in just admitted the body of the carriage put across the boat, in which we all sat; the train of the carriage was in the other with one of the servants. Sailed before 8 o'clock P.M.; we were all monstrously sick all night, though there was but a moderate wind.

Tuesday, 8*th*.—Landed at Genoa about 10: our boats did not sail well.

In the evening took a little walk in the town; the palaces struck me as magnificent, even after those of Rome.

Wednesday, 9*th*.—Walked through the mercantile part of the town, saw the Palazzo Durazzo. Three noble large pictures by Luca Giordano, the subject from Tasso. Two rooms hung with silk, painted (they say) with the juice of herbs, by Romanetti, the design from scripture history, good. The Capo d' Opera of P. Veronese —the Woman washing Our Saviour's Feet—a great number of figures admirably grouped together, the heads charmingly painted, but the draperies, though gaily coloured, in my idea want relief; all the figures in the group round our Saviour seem equally prominent. Left Genoa; lay at Campo Marrone.

Thursday, 10*th*.—Passed the Scrivia (where we had been so plagued in the winter), a gué, without the least trouble; also crossed the Po upon a pont volant. On entering Pavia crossed the Tesin on a bridge with a tiled roof, supported upon awkward sort of square stone pillars. It was a great gala day, the Fête-Dieu; I was amazed to see the number of carriages the town of Pavia mustered together.

Friday, 11*th*.—Walked into the courts of the University, two handsome quadrangles. Went to the botanic gardens, made within these four years; it is arranged after the Linnæan system; a number of the South Sea plants.

N.B.— The gardener told me that exotic ericas would not live at Pavia; that they had often tried to no purpose.

The present barrack for the troops is a great brick building, half Gothic, half Grecian, formerly the palace of the Lombard kings. Left Pavia—arrived at Milan. Found at the Auberge Impériale Sir G. and Lady Warren, Mr. Brooke, and Mr. Parkinson.

Saturday, 12*th*.—Went to the cathedral,* which is an enormous large Gothic of five aisles; it is yet unfinished, and, though they are laying out money upon it every year, will probably ever continue so; it is a mixture of Grecian and Gothic, both bad, and rendered worse by being united. The numberless statues on the outside are a great deformity, and entirely take off the lightness and beauty of Gothic pillars and pinnacles; only a little bit of the floor is paved with marble, the rest very irregularly with brick and small stones.

Monday, 14*th*.—In the evening the Marchesina Litta called upon us and carried us to the corso and to the theatre; it is little less than St. Carlo at Naples. The old Marchesa Litta's box had on its summer dress: dimity or white linen, with a border; looking-glasses, doors, &c. Belonging to the theatre is a salle redoute, three or four rooms handsomely furnished, where there is always a faro table, and people at play. This theatre was built by subscription, and I understand the *fonds* of all the boxes was very considerable — that of the Marchesa Litta a large one, 1,000 Louis, besides a rent of 200 or 300 livres a year.

* The first stone was laid by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, March 15, 1386. The central tower and spire were completed in 1772. The works were continued by Napoleon in 1806.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—In the morning went to the Echo Simonetta; it is at the country house of a Marchesa Simonetta, about two miles from town. The house has two wings; from a window in the upper story of one the echo is heard. We fired several pistols: they say it repeats 40 times, which I can easily believe; but I have heard far clearer echoes, as this returns no sound distinctly, and when given more than one word at a time all is confusion.

Afterwards to the Sta. Maria delle Grazie. In the refectory the Last Supper, by L. da Vinci, covering the whole end of the room. It is by far the finest picture of his I have seen—the only one of composition: it is perhaps more like three groups put together than one, but the heads are fine, and struck me both in expression and colouring, like Raphael.

Thursday, 17*th*.—Left Milan; lay at Novara.

Friday, 18*th*.—On leaving Novara, just without the gates of the town, our axle-tree snapped in two and overturned the carriage. A parapet wall at the side of the road broke the fall of the coach and prevented its coming entirely to the ground. As it fell gently, we were none of us hurt, and got out with tolerable ease, and returned quietly to our inn, from which I did not expect to get away for a couple of days; but the blacksmith fixed it together, and enabled us to set out before 3 in the afternoon. Arrived at Chevasso, two posts from Turin.

Saturday, 19*th*.—Arrived at Turin. Found that Mr. and Mrs Trevor were out of town, Mr. Conway ill in the auberge.

Sunday, 20*th*.—In the evening, out of the gates to the Valentino, a small campagne of the king's, most delightfully situated upon the very edge of the Po, which here keeps within its banks. A gentle hill rises on the opposite side, covered with trees and vines, and spotted with white houses. This place, approached by different

avenues of trees, is the corso for the carriages every evening, and a prettier one can hardly be imagined. After several turns here, they go to another avenue within the walls near the citadel, where the promenade finishes; it is generally quite full of carriages and walkers on each side—the carriages not near so handsome as those of Milan.

To Mrs. Trevor's box in the great opera house, which after Naples and Milan did not strike me much. Both the opera and ballets were *by far* the grandest and best-dressed I have anywhere seen. In the ballet not less than 200 people appeared, all superbly dressed, and 36 horses in two troops, differently caparisoned and well arranged. After an attack of the cavalry and a long engagement of the infantry, they all joined in a triumphal procession, in which the general appeared in a quadriger, drawn by four handsome brown horses, who performed their parts to admiration.

Monday, 21*st*.—Evening to the Carignano theatre, where there is an Italian comedy; in Prince Usoupoff's box, the Russian minister, whom we had known at Naples and Rome.

Tuesday, 22*nd*.—Intended leaving Turin at 4 in the morning, but were delayed by the axle-tree of our carriage wanting again to be repaired. Lay at Suze. There were so many bugs in the bed that I found it impossible to shut my eyes, and before 1 o'clock in the morning got up, dressed myself, waited till 4, when we set off.

Wednesday, 23*rd*.—Arrived at Novaleze about 6. Set out in chairs to cross the mountain between 7 and 8, arrived at the hospital at the top about 10, took a lone walk about the edges of the lake. The whole plain is enamelled with flowers, of which there is a much greater variety than I ever saw elsewhere. I had heard much of this, but their beauty, variety, and profusion exceeded all my expectations. The *Prête* in the mean-time prepared us an excellent dinner—two very large

trout, spinach, salad, and a great bowl of the finest cream, besides some *foreign rarities* for a dessert, such as candied fruit, biscuits, and nuts.

Left l'Hôpital about 3 P.M., and arrived at Lanslebourg about 5. The Duc de Chablais' gardes de corps going to Evian before him had got the best rooms, but we had no bugs, thank heaven! The difference of the climate on this side the mountain and the other is wonderful. At Turin it was midsummer for the heat; here I felt most uncomfortably cold: glad of all the covering they gave to my bed, and found a linen habit much too light a dress.

Thursday, 24*th*.—Lay at St. Jean de Maurienne.

Friday, 25*th*.—On this side St. Jean de Maurienne the vine begins again to be cultivated, and about Aiguebelle the mountains begin to be less stupendous and the valley somewhat wider. Lay at Chambéry. The inn there and at Aiguebelle clean and neat.

Saturday, 26*th*.—Lay at Frangi.

Sunday, 27*th*.—Arrived at Geneva before 12. In the evening Sir James Graham and Mr. Brand called; took a long walk with them.

Monday, 28*th*.—Went out between 6 and 7 to Mont Salève, a high rock about three miles from Geneva, with Sir James and Mr. Brand. Went to Vevay in a carriage; from thence mounted a very steep ascent on foot. An old woman in the neighbourhood furnished us with an excellent breakfast, which we ate under a great shelving out of the rock. In the evening, my father and I went to the play with Sir James Graham, Mr. Brand, Sir James Hall, and Mr. Dawkins.

Tuesday, 29*th*.—Set out for Chamouni in a hired post-chaise. Sent our own carriage with the servants and baggage to Lausanne. Dined on bread and butter at Bonneville (the inn much improved). Lay at Sallenches.

At the other auberge were General O'Hara, with Lady Pembroke, and a large party returning from Chamouni.

Wednesday, 30*th*.—Left Sallenches in a char-à-banc; Agnes and my father on horseback. Stopped at Asservo, the mining village. Arrived at Chamouni. Were delayed in crossing the torrent between Sallenches and Asservo, it having made very great *débordemens*. These *débordemens* are a curious phenomenon, which I wish much to hear accounted for. They do not come from the source, and are neither occasioned by great rains or the melting of snows, happening often in dry cool weather, as this had done. A quantity of water, little less thick than liquid mud, accompanied by large stones, is thrown out of cavities in the rock, far beneath the source of the stream, which falls perfectly clear from the top of a mountain. These streams of mud take various courses in the broad stony channel of the torrent, and in colour and appearance put me something in mind of miniature representations of streams of lava.

Thursday, *July* 1.—Set out early for the Montanvert, with Victor and Paschard for our guides, and near a dozen children, who followed us up with milk and strawberries to sell at the top. Arrived at the little hovel called Blair's Hospital.* Here we refreshed ourselves with our provisions. This little place, though on the summit of that part of the mountain from which one descends to the great Mer de Glace, is covered with rhododendrons, and there is very good pasturage for the cattle brought up there in the summer. From hence we made a steep descent to the moraine† of the Mer de Glace. It has been justly called a *sea*, for it has exactly

* An inn or pavillon affording sleeping accommodation has succeeded to the rude hut, composed of a boulder stone and dry wall turfed over, beneath which Saussure slept, and to the regularly-built cabin called Château de Blair, from the Englishman who erected it, 1778–81.—*Murray's Handbook*.

† The rocks and stones that are thrust forward by the ice and form an embankment to the glacier.—*Ibid*.

the appearance of a violently-agitated ocean suddenly arrested. When upon it the waves (if one may call them so) are little mountains, over whose heads one cannot see, and one walks in valleys and upon the side of these hills of ice. Returned to Blair's Hospital, where we again reposed before our descent. The rafters of this little hovel, though it has only been erected seven or eight years, are so covered with English and French names and verses, that one can hardly distinguish the one from the other. Came down the mountain on that side next the source of the Arveron, and arrived at Chamouni about 4 o'clock. The ascent I thought very little of. One makes nearly half of it on mules, and the rest, though *extremely* steep, I did not find so fatiguing as I expected; but the descent is *much* more rapid, and should only be attempted by those who are used to walking and to mountains.

Friday, 2*nd*.—In the morning rode to the Glacier de Boissons. Walked to the top of the moraine. The ice is many feet lower than it was last August, when we walked across this glacier. The guides of Chamouni make this observation general, and assured us *all* glaciers are much lower at present than they were any part of last year. Returned to Chamouni; crossed several torrents on the backs of the mules, which upon any other creatures or at any other place would probably have frightened me.

In the afternoon, took a delightful walk in the woods opposite Chamouni. If anything could inspire an unpoetic imagination it would surely be the scenes which surround this delightful valley; and let me add, too, the simple, plain, ingenuous manners of its inhabitants. I am anything but romantic, God knows! and am far from supposing that there anywhere exists a society of men free from the mean passions and frailties incident to human nature; but the inhabitants of Chamouni appear to me more in good fellowship with one another, more

charitable and benevolent, and less envious, tricky, and avaricious, than any other society of people that has fallen under my observation;—better informed they certainly are, for the greater part of the men, following in the summer the profession of guide to strangers who visit the glaciers, all of whom are of the better sort, and many of them travelling with philosophical views, they have acquired ideas and language entirely above their station, and which upon the subject of the natural history of their mountains would indeed do credit to anyone. During the winters, which are very long, the children are all taught to read and write. In the summer there is no more school, and they are constantly employed, as soon as they can crawl, in carrying their cattle up the mountains to pasture during the day and bringing them down in the evening.

Saturday, 3rd.—Left Chamouni at 7 A.M., upon mules, and, accompanied by our two guides, ascended the Col de Balme, to the highest point to which one can ride. It is all turf and pasturage for cows to the very top. Immediately below the summit we stopped at a châlet, a number of wooden huts near together, resembling both outside and inside the views and descriptions of houses in the South Sea Islands. Here we dined on the turf, the people of the châlet bringing us out most delicious cream in a large *pail*, from which we all served ourselves with a ladle into little wooden bowls. The mules in the meantime, with their saddles on, grazed by our sides. In the châlet were four men, chosen to take the charge of 160 cows belonging to different villages during the summer. In the highest parts of the mountain they make two large cheeses every day. From the top of the Col de Balme one may indeed be said to have a view of the Alps, being entirely surrounded by summits of mountains, one rising behind the other on every side as far as the eye can reach. Here we were obliged to quit the mules and descend on foot for above two hours. The

descent is very steep to the valley and village of Tours, which consists of just a few wooden huts, and the valley so narrow that they are often shut up by snow for weeks in the winter from the rest of the world.

Here we again mounted the mules, and rode for more than an hour up the opposite side of the valley. From thence there is a continued descent to the plain of Martigny. Here we again walked for another hour, and remounted the mules in the plain about a league from Martigny, where we arrived *tired*, but not *fatigued*, with a delightful day's journey through the most picturesque and romantic country I ever saw. The inn at Martigny much less dirty than I expected.

Sunday, 4*th*.—Intended to have gone to Bex in a calèche belonging to the innkeeper; but his horses were pasturing on the mountains, and were not to be caught. After having despatched several messengers in search of them (all of whom seemed to have lost themselves in the pursuit), we found it was too late to await their return.

Set off on the Chamouni mules for Bex, only four leagues' distance; but we could only go at a foot's-pace, and were unexpectedly detained by a great fall of rock, which had destroyed the old road. We got too far entangled amidst great masses of rock to return, but were obliged to dismount, and both our mules and ourselves scrambled over as well as we and they could.

Arrived at Bex. The whole road, particularly near St. Maurice and Bex, *most beautiful*. Went in a char-à-banc to the salt works—I mean the gradation houses—which are about half a league distant. We were too late to see the Souterrains.

Monday, 5*th*.—Arrived about 7 at Lausanne, which we approached with joy.

Left Lausanne. Stopped at Secheron, expecting to find Miss Gore; she had left that morning for Spa.

It was during this visit to Lausanne that Miss Berry first

became acquainted with Madame de Staël; there is no mention of her in the journal, but in a little memorandum-book containing 'Notes of my acquaintance with Madame de Staël,' the following entry is made of this year: 'I saw her first at Lausanne in 1784. We had returned from Italy in the June of that year. I was twenty, and she was sixteen years old. At a soirée given by the —— to the Prince Henri de Prusse—the young English there, to her utter surprise, much neglecting her from the boldness of her manners.'

Thursday, August 12th.—Left Geneva. Stopped between Collonges and Bellegarde, to see where the Rhone is said to lose itself in the ground. It is nothing more than the river running for about 150 yards under large masses of rocks; there is a wooden bridge thrown over just at this point, from whence you see it both run in and out. The surrounding scene is picturesque and pretty enough. A little farther on, and immediately upon the high-road, one passes a bridge over a large rivulet, which bursts at once from under a rock, and which seems to me both more curious and prettier than the 'Perte du Rhône.'

Arrived at Mantua.

Friday, 13th.—Left Mantua. The road round the little lake, on which the town is situated, very pretty. Arrived at Lyons.

Saturday, 14th.—Mr. Giffard and Mr. Remington sat with us in the morning. Went to the theatre in the evening. The play was 'Alzire,' which character was performed by Madame Vestris;* she spoke it well, but her action, in my opinion, both inelegant and affected.

Sunday, 15th.—Walked before breakfast upon the Quai du Rhône—a fine long range of buildings, inhabited by manufacturers and low people, consequently very dirty,

* Madame Vestris, wife of Paco Vestris, brother of the celebrated dancer of that name. She first appeared in 1768, was highly successful as a tragic actress, and was well known for her vehement quarrels with two other actresses of the name of Sainval, in which the public and those in authority took part.

even on the outside. In the evening the public walks were crowded with smartly-dressed people—rouge, gauze, and ribbon from one end to the other.

Monday, 16*th*.—Went in the morning to several manufacturers, to silk mills, and to see cut velvet wove—the most complicated of all the looms. A weaver working assiduously from 5 in the morning to 9 at night cannot make above half a yard and a quarter a day of a stuff for which they are paid by the mercers eight livres a yard. A weaver of brocaded gold-stuff, working the same number of hours, cannot make above half a yard, and the payment uncertain. All these weavers, lodged up in the fourth and fifth stories of dirty stinking houses, surprised me by the propriety and civility of their manner, and their readiness to satisfy all our questions.

Tuesday, 17*th*.—In the morning at different manufacturers. To a weaver of gold-lace. Of a lace about two inches broad, a person working well can make about two yards or two yards and a half a day, for which they are paid eight or ten louis a yard by the merchant who gives them the gold to work. To a great manufacturer of gauze. There are two horses up in the fifth story of the houses, turning silk mills, which wind I know not how many bobbins at once. The women who watch these, to arrange them, and take up the threads that break, are there from 5 in the morning till 9 at night for twelve sous.

Wednesday, 18*th*.—At the manufactory of all the very rich stuffs for furniture and for very fine embroidery. A very richly-embroidered satin suit of clothes for men, about seventeen or eighteen louis. We saw the pattern of one velvet, with false stones set in silver, like diamonds disposed upon it like embroidery, which they had made for Prince Potemkin, and had cost 1,000 louis; it must have been frightfully heavy. They showed us velvet for hangings; a white ground with bunches of

flowers and a running pattern wove in it, every skein of silk being dyed for that pattern, and so arranged in the loom that it is wove like a piece of velvet, without any pattern at all. It was at eight louis a yard. In the evening the theatre.

Friday, 20*th*.—Embarked on the Saone in a large boat with our carriage and servants, for Avignon. These boats are nothing more than so many fir planks, nailed together in the rudest manner that can be imagined. They float down by the rapidity of the stream at the rate of between three and four miles an hour, assisted by two or three oars, which are just fir-trees made a little flat at one end; they never return up the river, but are sold for timber when they reach the place of their destination. Our boat cost, the people told us, four louis; we gave seven for the hire of it to Avignon, navigated by three men, so that it is surely a very good adventure for the owner. The banks of the Rhone are beautiful. On both sides, within the first three or four leagues of Lyons, they are *covered* with campagnes, and, farther on, with villages, vineyards, and much picturesque inequality of ground.

Stopped at Vienne, a small town, or rather village, where a very handsome quay is just finished to the Rhone. Dined in the coach. Travelled all night.

Saturday, 21*st*.—Passed Valence, a considerable town. At 7 went ashore, and breakfasted at Pouzan, an inconsiderable village. The banks of the river less pretty lower down; the hills more distant from the edge of the river and less wooded. Between 4 and 5 P.M. passed under the Pont St. Esprit, a beautiful bridge of twenty-six elliptic arches.* Though very long, it has the appearance of lightness, there being a small arch in the upper part of every pier. It is a work worthy the Romans, though begun in the dark times of 1265 and finished in 1309. It was built by the offerings made to a famous shrine of

* It was the only bridge over the Rhone till 1806.

the St. Esprit, which had performed many miracles, in order to preserve the devoted pilgrims who crossed the Rhone from the accidents which were occasioned by the rapidity of the stream. The evening was so rainy, with continued thunder and lightning, that about 7 o'clock the boatmen thought it better to stop at a small inn, or rather farm-house, than to proceed in the dark, as we should not have arrived till midnight at Avignon. The room we had to sleep in was just large enough to contain four beds and a table; the latter we were obliged to move, in order to place a mattress upon the floor, as all the beds were plentifully stocked with bugs.

Sunday, 22*nd*.—Arrived at Avignon. Walked about the town. It is in a low, flat, unpleasant situation, enclosed in a very pretty embattled wall, with towers at certain distances. Without the walls are public walks, with rows of trees.

In a chapel belonging to an hospital for mad people are some pictures, by Mignard and other French artists, and a Judith with the head of Holofernes, by Rubens. Round a court are the cachots of the lunatics. They had each a hole in their door, through which one could see and speak to them. Their rooms were very good, with a window near the ceiling, and a clean-looking bed.

Monday, 23*rd*.—Went in a calèche to the fountain of Vaucluse, fifteen miles distant from Avignon, through a perfectly flat country, vineyards, or stubble fields, without a tree, except little stunted mulberries. Vaucluse is at the foot of those mountains which bound this great plain, and appears surrounded by them. We walked about half a mile up the course of the stream, between the rocks. From these rocks the stream bursts forth from a number of very strong springs. What is called the source is a pool of the clearest water, in a large cavern in the rock. The people as usual call it unfathomable; indeed, it would be very difficult to try, for one sees through the

clearness of the water that it is a great *gouffre*, lined with escarped rocks. It certainly communicates with the stream, which rises from springs 300 or 400 yards' distance: for at certain times of the year—the people said generally about Easter—the water in the cave rises so high as to run over the rocks in front and join the stream below. The rise cannot, I think, be less than twenty perpendicular yards.

Walked up to the ruins of an old castle on the rock, above the village, from whence there is a pretty view of the little valley through which the stream passes, which is kept green by its waters, and is bordered by some poplar trees; everything else around barren and rocky. The people of the village call this ruin (the remains of some little fortress) le château de Madame Laure, and a little hovel near it la maison de Mons. Pétrarque.

Tuesday, 24*th*.—Arrived at Nismes. Just before we reached the last post we went about a mile and a half out of the way to see what is called the Pont du Gard. It is a beautiful Roman aqueduct thrown over the valley; it is composed of three rows of arches, immediately over which is the channel for the water. This aqueduct now serves for a bridge over the River Gard. In the year 1743 the arches of the lower piers were doubled, that is to say, they applied a bridge to the side of the aqueduct, the arches of which are equal in height to the first row of the aqueduct, and has not a bad effect. In this monument, as in almost all others of the Romans, there are wonderful and unaccountable irregularities, such as large rude stones sticking out every here and there, and the cornice of the arches being never the same height.

Wednesday, 25*th*.—All the morning seeing the town of Nismes and the Roman antiquities. All the streets are small, dirty, and not paved; but it looks lively, well-peopled, and busy. There is a great manufactory here of silk stockings and cotton stuffs, and shops well fur-

nished of all kinds. The fountain is built upon ruins of Roman baths: there was not a drop of water in it, on account of the great drought from which they have been lately suffering. There has been no considerable rain for six months.

The Amphitheatre is a fine remain of Roman grandeur; it is nearly as large in dimensions and much less in ruins than the Colosseum at Rome, but it has not that magnificent and imposing air, being raised only two stories of arcades, and the inside is all filled with mean houses, crossed by little narrow dirty streets, so that one cannot imagine oneself in the interior of an amphitheatre till, mounting the corridor of the first story, there one gets out at the vomitoires to the seats, of which twelve of the highest rows still exist;* it is more an ellipse than that at Rome, and could contain, as they say, 15,000 persons. The outward wall has lost nothing of its height, and one sees where they placed poles to stretch a covering to protect the spectators from the sun or weather. There is every appearance that this building was constructed, or at least finished in haste: in about half of the exterior the friezes, the cornices, the capitals of the columns, are only as it were sketched through; in the other half they are very well carved. The architecture is neither of the Tuscan nor of the Doric order, but between the two; it has all that grandeur, that simple and manly taste, that always distinguishes the works of the Romans; it is not known by whom, or at what time, this amphitheatre was built.

La Maison Quarrée is the most perfect and most ornamented model of a Roman temple that has escaped the ravages of time: it is of Corinthian order, and built of the stone that is found in the environs of Nismes; it is perfectly well preserved, the roof excepted, which was probably renewed when it was turned into a Christian church. The

* The buildings which obstructed it both within and without are now removed.

columns are fluted and the frieze carved; all the ornaments are beautifully worked and in excellent taste; nothing is misplaced, nothing overcharged. There is upon the *fronton* the most beautiful female Greek I ever saw; on the frieze of the façade there are still to be seen the mark of the nails that fastened the letters of the inscription, and by the examination of which M. Séguier thinks he has found the words that composed it, and given it to the public. The idea is certainly very ingenious; but as one might easily be mistaken, and it is often necessary to have recourse to the imagination to supply what is deficient, it is difficult to feel sure of the correctness of such an explanation. The Maison Quarrée as well as the Amphitheatre are in the middle of the town; there is not enough space to obtain a good view of them. It is a small church, rather mean; and as it is only lighted by one window above the door, it is very dark, and has nothing of the grandeur of the exterior.*

There is also at Nismes considerable remains of another Roman temple, near to the public fountain; it is generally called the Temple of Diana. There still remain four walls and three recesses. Some people have thought that this temple was formerly subterranean, that is to say, built under a hill, like those two temples seen on Lake Albano, and many others in the environs of Naples. The interior of this building is filled with various remains of antiquity, that are found wherever they dig at Nismes. There are many inscriptions, the remains of many statues, some fine pieces of friezes and marble

* Originally a temple, afterwards a Christian church, and in the eleventh century the Hôtel de Ville; still later it was converted into a stable; and its owner, to extend his space, built walls between the pillars of the portico, and pared away the flutings of the central columns to allow his carts to pass; it then became attached to the Augustine convent, and was used as a tomb-house for burial. Its next changes were into a revolutionary tribunal and corn warehouse, and finally it is converted into a museum.—*Murray's Handbook.*

cornices, much ornamented and beautifully worked, many pieces of columns of different kinds, in white marble, and of an enormous size—giving a grand idea of the building of which they made a part. We went also to see, in the cellar of a merchant, a very beautiful mosaic in black and white, without figures, but like marqueterie, very well done. It was found in building the house, and makes a part of the floor of the cellar. They told us that others had been found in other places, that were of many colours and represented figures.

No journal has been preserved of the four months spent by the Miss Berrys and their father at Montpelier. Amongst those who were residing there at the end of 1784 and at the beginning of the next year, 1785, were M. and Madame de Neckar and their daughter. 'There, in their first exile, and occupying,' as Miss Berry says, 'a country house in the neighbourhood of Montpelier, whilst we lived in the town.' It is clear, however, from Miss Berry's next entry in her journal, that, notwithstanding this proximity to what might have been an agreeable society, the residence at Montpelier left no pleasing recollection on her mind.

Friday, December 31*st.*—We left Montpelier for Nismes. I leave Montpelier without the slightest feeling of that regret which one generally experiences on leaving a place where one has stayed four months, and that one sees, perhaps, for the last time. That is the advantage of not having formed friendships, and having scarcely seen any one person that I could regard with less indifference than another; but these are advantages of which I am hardly ambitious, and I would rather a thousand times be enduring at this moment all that depression, sadness, and regret which one suffers in parting from dear friends, than this present state of cheerless indifference and cold tranquillity.

'Monsieur ——, de l'Académie des Sciences à Mont-

pelier, disant à Monsieur d'Alembert que l'Académie, dont il était membre, se plaisait d'être considérée comme la fille aînée de celle de Paris, "Ah! c'est une brave fille," reprit Monsieur d'Alembert, "elle ne fait point parler d'elle."'

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Saturday, Jan. 1*st.*—We revisited La Maison Quarrée and the Temple of Diana. The beauty of the former struck me more than ever: it is the most perfect specimen which has escaped the ravages of time and weather; not a stone is wanting; all is so well worked, all the parts so well filled, so ornamented, without the least overloading, that one is never tired of admiring the pure taste which reigns throughout. On seeing it a second time, I am confirmed in my opinion that this temple has been subterranean, with the façade only above ground. Even now it is placed with its bank against the rock, which could not have been less considerable than it is now, and probably was much more so.

In the afternoon received an unexpected visit from Comte Melzi, a Milanese, whom we had seen at Madame Litta's at Milan; he sat the whole evening with us. The meeting was agreeable: we spoke of Italy, pictures, fine arts; he has observation and taste; he is now going to Spain, where he has a sister settled.

Sunday, 2*nd.*—Left Nismes. We passed the Rhone in a boat from Bocaire to Tarascon; it is generally passed by a bridge of boats, but it was taken up, the river having been frozen, which happens very rarely.

At St. Rémy all the young people of the town were dancing in the faubourg. For the first time in my life I saw small bourgeois servants and peasants dancing with natural grace and signs of real gaiety: they wanted no dancing-master to show them the figures. For half an hour they danced the figure of a quarrée, and were never wrong in

a single step, and always with a grace and gaiety that one sometimes vainly looks for in our dress-ball rooms. Their band was a tambourine and a fife; they danced quarrées, a Pérégordine, and a dance they called the matelot, which was very like our English country dances.

The peasant women in this part of Provence have a peculiar costume, and which to my taste is very pretty. The corsage and sleeves are generally of scarlet cloth, flowered silk, &c., and the petticoat of some other gay colour, over which they have a sort of loose robe, made behind like what we used to call in England a Polonaise or Circassian. It hangs loose from their shape behind, and is pinned like a Polonaise before; it is generally black and lined with scarlet or crimson; their petticoats short, and their head-dress a sort of mob-cap, generally black.

We slept at Pont Royal, a lonely post-house, where everything was clean; good beds and honest people.

Monday, 3*rd*.—Arrived at Aix.

Friday, 7*th*.—In the morning we had a visit from Count de Gallifel, to whom we had a letter from his uncle the Comte de Levis.

Tuesday, 11*th*.—There are more agreeable walks in the environs here than I have seen in France.

Wednesday, 12*th*.—We left for Marseilles; the roads abominable. The narrow wheels of the loaded charrettes of this country would spoil the best road in a short time, and the more so from the heavy weights being placed upon two instead of upon four wheels.

The country between Aix and Marseilles is not half so cultivated or rich as Languedoc, but more diversity of land, rocks, and meadows, more olive trees, fewer vines, some trees in the valley, some pines here and there upon the mountains. In the environs of Marseilles all is surrounded by walls; we travelled between two walls for more than a league on approaching the town. The road was filled with carriages, and all betokens a commercial town and a large population.

Thursday, 13*th*.—We drove round the town. The street which leads from the port to the cours, and the cours itself, are almost as thronged with people as the streets of London. The cours is the public walk in summer, the port is that of winter; there are always so many vessels, that one can see scarcely anything else on one side, and houses on the other; and as this is the place where all the trade of the town is carried on, the pavement is too narrow to move at ease—it is a perpetual mob, and very unpleasant for those who go there only to walk.

Saturday, 15*th*.—I went to see an apartment in the Rue de Paradis, which suited us very well; it was the private house of a Chevalier de Malthe (M. Ricard), in a good quarter. He asked fifteen or eighteen louis a month; we agreed for twelve.

Wednesday, *March* 9*th*.—We left Marseilles, returned to Aix, arrived at the Pont Royal before six. The weather dark, rainy, and very disagreeable; the roads no better than when we passed in the month of January.

Thursday, 10*th*.—At two posts from Orange there was mud half-way up the wheels; they had had rain here for the last five days. On our arrival at Orange, we walked to see the ancient triumphal arch,* situated near the inn, in a field at the side of the road; it is much upon the same plan as all the arches in Rome—a large arch between two small ones; it is of the Corinthian order, and the façade very pretty, but it bears marks *dei bassi tempi*. There is a large bas-relief representing an encounter of cavalry above the middle arch on each façade, occupying the part where the inscription is usually placed between.

Friday, 11*th*.—Arrived at Montélimart. The road so extremely bad, that we went for the most part of the way a foot's-pace. We had no idea of sleeping at Montélimart;

* The generally-received opinion at present refers this arch to the reign of Marcus Aurelius, and to his successes on the Danube and in Germany.—*Murray's Handbook*.

but one of the postilions having quarrelled with Samuel, the master of the post sent to ask us to return to arrange the dispute: it was then too late to start again for Oriol. We were well off at Montélimart.

Saturday, 12*th*.—Arrived at St. Vallier. The country everywhere very fine; on one side the Rhone, and on the other rocks and very picturesque châteaux.

Sunday, 13*th*.—The weather had entirely changed since last night; it began to snow, and continued without the slightest intermission during all the day. By the time we arrived at Lyons (at eight o'clock in the evening) there was at least six or seven inches of snow upon the road and in the streets. I have rarely felt it so cold in England at Christmas.

Monday, 14*th*.—We stayed at home to rest; it was too cold to leave the fire.

Tuesday, *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, *and Friday*.—We spent the morning at different shops. This pastime is nowhere so thoroughly disagreeable as at Lyons. They do not show their best stuffs—nothing but what is absolutely asked for—and for everything they demand an exorbitant price, and even with the least dishonest you must haggle during half an hour for the smallest purchase.

Tuesday evening we spent very agreeably with Lady E. Foster, who by the merest accident we found was at Lyons, on her way with Lord and Lady Harvey* for Turin.

Thursday.—Mr. De Denezy and a Dutch officer, his travelling companion, dined with us, and in the evening we called on Madame Casanove at the Hôtel d'Artois.

Saturday, 19*th*.—We left Lyons for Paris. The frost

* Lord Harvey, eldest son of Frederick, fourth Earl of Bristol, died 1796. He married Elizabeth, daughter of — Drummond, Esq., by whom he had a daughter, Elizabeth Catherine Caroline, born 1780, died 1808, having married Charles Rose Ellis, Esq., afterwards Lord Seaford.

continued, but as we advanced we found less snow, and the roads pretty good; but so many people left Lyons the same day we did, that we were obliged to wait at each post for horses, and at the Maison Blanche there were none: thus we were forced to sleep at the Hôtel de Bourgogne.

The only memorandum left of the time now spent at Paris is the following entry respecting M. de Staël's marriage:—

'*Paris*, 1785.—From our great acquaintance in Italy with the King of Sweden, Gustavus III., we became very intimate with his ambassador at Paris, M. de Staël. He spoke to me in all confidence about his intended marriage with Mdlle. Neckar. Asked my opinion, and consulted me on the subject; but the match was settled.'

Miss Berry remained at Paris with her father and sister from the 20th of March till the June following; and it is much to be regretted that the journal here ceases, and that none of her letters at that period can now be recovered. The melancholy with which Miss Berry's character was so deeply dyed through life is strongly exhibited in the following reflections. Madame Roland's* posthumous works were published by her daughter's husband in the year 1800; and Miss Berry appears to have been sufficiently struck with the similarity of their feelings at nearly the same age as to have transcribed the following passage as a parallel to her own reflections:—

M. B. AT 22.	MME. ROLAND AT 23.
C'est fait donc de mes voyages. Me voici à l'extrémité de la France, je vois de loin les rives de ma patrie; trois heures d'un vent favorable et je m'y	Hélas! l'exercice pénible de la sensibilité, pourroit-il l'affaiblir et l'éteindre chez moi? La scène magnifique de l'univers paroît couverte d'un voile à

* Madame Roland fell a victim to the guillotine November 9, 1793, at the age of thirty-nine, and her husband committed suicide seven days afterwards. Their only daughter married M. Champagneux: the first edition of Madame Roland's memoirs was published by him in 1800, under the title of 'Appel au Peuple.'

retrouve. Mais où sont ces douces sensations, ces larmes de joie, ce sentiment profond et tendre que j'ai toujours espéré d'éprouver dans un moment qui devroit toujours m'être cher? Je ne les éprouve pas. Tu ne les éprouves pas! Malheureuse! et pourquoi? Comment as-tu pu perdre le plus doux, le plus naturel, le plus délicieux de tous les enthousiasmes? Tu l'as perdu! et qu'as-tu gagné à la place? Une triste assurance que le bonheur n'est d'aucun pays, que son germe existe en nous-mêmes et que tu ne l'as pas; que ton âme fière, ta sensibilité immodérée l'ont détruit; que tu as perdu les aimables faiblesses, les douces erreurs, les heureux préjugés de ton âge et de ton sexe, sans avoir acquis cette force d'âme, ces lumières sûres et étendues—enfin, cette vertu supérieure qui seule peut se passer d'agrémens, et seule capable d'élever nos âmes au niveau de sa propre grandeur, sait se faire aimer, même de ceux qui ne lui ressemblent pas. . . . . Je te parle franchement parceque je t'aime, je sais que la nature t'avoit enrichie de tous ses dons, je me souviens de ton enfance, je connais ton cœur, je me suis aussi aperçue de la source, du principe de toutes tes erreurs. Tu es encore capable de beaucoup; je veux te rendre à toi-même, te retirer du précipice où tu mes yeux fatigués. Je ne sais quel brouillard, semblable à celui des matinées de l'automne, environne et confond les objets sur lesquels je voudrois fixer mes regards; je ne reçois déjà que des sensations languissantes. . . . . Mes idées se succèdent sans chaleur; j'existe sans passions et sans goût; je suis devenue étrangère aux transports de l'enthousiasme, aux déchiremens de la compassion, aux élans de l'amitié. Rien, ce me semble, désormais, ne pourroit me causer de l'étonnement ou de l'effroi! Sans haine du genre humain, sans estime pour lui, sans désirs et presque sans regrets, j'use de la vie avec indifférence, et je la perdrois sans douleur. Triste fruit de la réflexion et de la connaissance des hommes! je n'ai encore que vingt-trois ans, déjà les plus douces illusions sont évanouies pour moi, avant que j'ai goûté tous leurs charmes. Trop tôt éclairée par des épreuves affligeantes, prémunie contre les sentimens qui me restoient à concevoir, j'ai perdu, avec mes plus chères erreurs, jusqu'à la faculté d'être abusée davantage. . . . *La nature m'a trahie*; l'amour vaudroit-il mieux qu'elle? . . . . . Si jamais l'aigreur ou le dégoût venoit empoisonner mes jours et déchirer mon cœur, amitié sainte! divinité bienfaisante à qui je dois mon bonheur, hâtes-toi de me ré-

t'achemines, te sauver de cette affreuse apathie où tes erreurs, ton esprit, ta sensibilité même te conduisent. — (Written in June 1785, at Dessin's at Calais, while waiting for a wind.)

concilier avec mes semblables, avec moi-même et avec la vie. —(*Rêverie du Bois de Vincennes.* Mme. Roland, vol. iii. p. 157.)

LETTERS.

1788–9.

From the time of Miss Berry's return to England in June 1785, up to the period of her acquaintance with Horace Walpole in the winter of 1788, there is no journal preserved and no letters to be found that can throw any light on her thoughts or pursuits at that time: all that remains is a memorandum of their yearly movements, from which is to be derived, for 1786, the scanty information that they went to Scotland, and on their return from Scotland stopped *en route* in Yorkshire; that they hired a house in Somerset Street, and were met in London by their grandmother, who came from her daughter Cayley.

In 1787: 'Very comfortable in London. Summer: Isle of Wight. Visit the Pepys.'

In 1788: 'In the winter made Mr. Walpole's acquaintance. Took a house at Twickenham Common. Went to Yorkshire to the Cayleys at Middleton.'

It was in the winter of 1788, and at the house of his friend Lady Herries,* that Mr. Walpole became first acquainted with the Miss Berrys, but it was not till they were his neighbours at Twickenham in the autumn of the same year that any mention is made of them in his published letters; but from that time till his death in 1797 the great solace and interest of his declining life appears to have been derived from his constant social intercourse and frequent correspondence with the young ladies upon whom he lavished, at times, the tender epithets of wives, children, friends. It is in Horace Walpole's letter to Lady

* Wife of the banker in St. James's Street.

Ossory, dated October 11, 1788, that we find his first impressions of his new acquaintances, with some account of their history and circumstances.

[If I have picked up no recent anecdotes on our common (writes he), I have made a much more, to me, precious acquisition. It is the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry, whom I first saw last winter, and who accidentally took a house here with their father for the season, &c. &c. Their story is singular enough to entertain you. The grandfather,* a Scot, had a large estate in his own country—5,000*l.* a year, it is said—and a circumstance I shall tell you makes it probable. The eldest son married for love a woman with no fortune. The old man was enraged, and would not see him. His wife died, and left these two young ladies. The grandfather wished for an heir male, and pressed the widower to remarry, but could not prevail, the son declaring he would consecrate himself to his daughters and their education. The old man did not break with him again, but, much worse, totally disinherited him, and left all to his second son, who very handsomely gave up 800*l.* a year to his elder brother. Mr. Berry has since carried his daughters for two or three years to France and Italy, and they are returned the best-informed and the most perfect creatures I ever saw at their age. They are exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank, and, being qualified to talk on any subject, nothing is so easy and agreeable as their conversation, nor more apposite than their answers and observations. The eldest, I discovered by chance, understands Latin, and is a perfect Frenchwoman in her language. The younger draws charmingly, and has copied admirably Lady D.'s Gipsies, which I lent, though for the first time of her attempting colours. They are of pleasing figures. Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes, that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale; Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost. She is less animated than Mary, but seems, out of deference to her sister, to speak seldomer, for they dote on each other, and Mary is always praising her sister's

* Mr. Walpole was mistaken in this. It was their granduncle, not their grandfather, from whom Mr. Berry had expected to inherit.

talents. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, though fashionably; but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm and barricade their persons—in short, good sense, information, simplicity, and ease characterise the Berrys. And this is not particularly mine, who am apt to be prejudiced, but the universal voice of all who know them. The first night I met them I would not be acquainted with them, having heard so much in their praise that I concluded they would be all pretension. The second time, in a very small company, I sat next to Mary, and found her an angel both inside and out. Now, I do not know which I like best; except Mary's face, which is formed for a sentimental novel, but it is ten times fitter for a fifty times better thing—genteel comedy. This delightful family comes to me almost every Sunday evening, as our region is too *proclamatory* to play at cards on the seventh day. . . . I forgot to tell you that Mr. Berry is a little merry man, with a round face, and you would not suspect him of so much feeling and attachment. I make no excuse for such minute details; for if your ladyship insists on hearing the humours of my district, you must for once indulge me with sending you two pearls that I found in my path.]*

On October 19 he again wrote to Lady Ossory, on the subject of his new acquaintances.

[It stands me upon, Madame, to hurry my answer, when I have to thank you for your very pretty and very flattering poetry. Little did I think that my two strawberries would prove muses at Farming Woods. I sent your ladyship an account of them from absolute dearth of subjects, when you had commanded me to write again; and when I had done so, I repented, and thought you would laugh at me in your mind's mouth, for troubling you with an idle description of two girls with whom I have happened to get acquainted. Luckily your ladyship and our lord were at that moment full as much a man and woman of the woods as any marquis in Christendom; and as you are there still, I shall venture to proceed, and to send you, not an adequate return (as far as my part goes) for your

* The passages included in brackets have been before published, and are here inserted to give continuity to the narrative.

verses, but some of *les amusemens des eaux de strawberri*; but beseech that they may go no further, for trifles that égayent a little private society, are ridiculous if they get abroad, especially from a septuagenary rhymer.

The Berrys were to come over and see my printing press. I recollected my gallantry of former days, and they found these stanzas ready set:—

To Mary's lips has ancient Rome
Her purest language taught,
And from the modern city home
Agnes its pencil brought.

Rome's ancient Horace sweetly chants
Such maids with lyric fire;
Albion's old Horace sings nor paints—
He only can admire.

Still would his press their fame record,
So amiable the pair is!
But ah! how vain to think *his* word
Can add a straw to Berrys!

The next morning the Latin nymph sent me these lines:—

Had Rome's famed Horace thus addrest
His Lydia or his Lyce,
He'd ne'er complained, to him their breast
So oft was cold and icy.

But had they sought their joy t' explain,
Or praise their gen'rous bard,
Perhaps like me they'd tried in vain,
And felt the task too hard.]

This rejoinder was thus acknowledged by Horace Walpole:—

To Miss Mary Berry, on her Stanzas in answer to his from the Press at Strawberry Hill.

I will certainly not contend when I am so glad to be *foiled*, as I am in every sense of the word; for you perceive my great ambition is to *set you off*; and since *dinquant is* of no other

use, and as Strawberry *Hill* is the lowest in all the parish of Parnassus, I hope you will allow me the honour of being your *Phebus* entitled office; tho' I shall be the reverse of all Deputies, for my charge will be a sinecure, as my Principal, the force Inspirer, will, I am persuaded, always execute his office himself, and leave on the superannuated list,

Yr. devoted Servant,
Ho. WALPOLE.

The verses addressed by the Strawberry Press to the Miss Berrys appear to have provoked others on their name, of which these lines, by Mr. Richard Owen,* of Cambridge, is an example:—

To sound your praises I dare not try,
My pen so prone to err is;
I tremble whilst I write, lest I
Should add a goose to Berries.

In consequence of these various effusions, Miss Berry addressed to Horace Walpole the following letter, enclosing her playful yet modest lines on the same theme.

Twickenham Common: Saturday morning, Nov. 1, 1788.

As an apology for the enclosed, I must tell you that your verses to us have occasioned half a dozen others (some of them by people whom we never saw), in which our *name* and praises have been played upon a thousand different ways. Our sentiment upon them I have ventured to express to you in the following lines. Rhyming seems to be catching; but I fear I have got the disorder of a bad sort.

I have the honour to be much yours,
M. BERRY.

* Richard Owen, Cambridge. This gentleman, of an opulent and ancient Gloucestershire family, was distinguished by his wit in conversation, no less than by his taste and talents in literature. He wrote a burlesque poem called the 'Scribleriad,' and was a principal contributor to the periodical paper called the 'World.' He died aged eighty-five, at his seat near Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames, in the year 1802, leaving a widow, two sons, and a daughter. His works were collected and republished by his younger son.—*Biographical Notices to Vol. II. of Diary and Letters of Miss Burney.*

To the Hon. Horace Walpole.

Far in a wood, not much exposed to view,
With other forest fruit two Berries grew;
Unheeded in their native shade they lay,
Nor courting much, nor too much shunning day.
A wandering sage, whose footsteps oft had roam'd
Out of the beaten track that fashion own'd,
Observ'd these Berries half-concealed from sight,
And, or from chance, or whim, or his delight
Of bringing unregarded worth to light,
Tasted the fruit, and in a lucky hour,
Finding it neither vapid yet, nor sour,
A sort of lively rather pleasant taste,
A flavour, which he thought he lik'd at last,
Something, perhaps, upon the strawberry cast,
The new-found fruit with partial care he prais'd,
And so the Berries' reputation raised.
Others their taste cried up, their goodness sung
In various verse—their name and virtues rung:
Some call'd them food for gods and heroes fit,
While some forgot their theme to show their wit.
The Berries, conscious all this sudden name
Prov'd not their value, but their patron's fame—
Conscious they only could aspire to please
Some simple palates satisfied with ease;
But if with nobler, finer fruit compar'd,
They many faults and few perfections shar'd—
Wisely determin'd still to court the shade,
To those that *sought* them only pleasing made;
No greater honours anxious to obtain,
But still *your* fav'rite Berries to remain.

The following verses from Mr. Walpole also produced a rejoinder from Miss Berry in the same modest tone of self-depreciation:—

To Miss Mary Berry.

Thine beauty, learning, eloquence.
With every grace of social sense,

And all with unaffected ease,
Without pretensions sure to please;
With every virtue that endears,
Why raise my wishes less than fears?
'Tis nought that heaven denied thee wealth;
Ah! why withhold its dearer blessing—health?

REPLY.

Tho' pain with unrelenting sway
My languid frame subdues,
Can I with common thanks repay
The wishes of thy Muse?

Ah no! my heart no languor knows;
In every feeling strong,
Dwells with delight on all it owes,
Thy converse, friendship's song:

The voice of praise still charms my ear,
Yet not deceiv'd I see;
Thy lines but tell in language clear
What I should strive to be.

AN APOLOGY FOR MISS BERRY'S PALENESS, IN IMITATION OF WALLER. BY H. W.

True on her cheek the Damask rose
Too seldom or too faintly blows;
Less does the venal mimic art
To that fair cheek its dyes impart.
E'en Hebe's bloom would ill replace
The sensibility and grace
That sweetly beams from Mary's face:
As the white lily would but lose
If tinged by Flora's brightest hues.

Dec. 1789.

Amongst the most cherished of the Miss Berrys' relations appears to have been their cousin, Miss Bab. Seton, afterwards married to Mr. Bannister. The following verses addressed to the 'Tea-Caddy,' over which she had been

presiding during a three months' visit, gives a pleasing and pointed description of the society she had just quitted with regret:—

Dear Caddy, since no more from thee
I now shall draw each morning's tea,
This envied place no more be mine,
And I, like ministers, resign;
Since from these scenes I must retire
To humble Causham's cottage fire,
Where dog, and cat, and I, and mother,
Sit and make much of one another;
And quit this house where best I see
The charms of true society;
Where flirting, scandal, affectation,
Are banished from the conversation;
Where Pepy's taste refin'd, discerning,
Displays the charms of polish'd learning,
Makes obsolete all jokes on college,
And separates pedantry from knowledge;
Where Garrick charms without pretence,
In native humour, grace, and sense;
And More—but I'll not touch her name—
'Tis her own works best speak her fame;
Or Walpole, whose most liberal spirit,
Calls from oblivion long-lost merit,
Revives the painter and the poet,
Searches for genius, but, to show it,
Writes to make others' laurels known,
While wit and learning plant his own;—
These and some others I could name,
Whom better pens will give to fame,
With my dear Berrys' form a set,
Which I can't quit without regret:
For tho' (I say 't between us snugly)
I know I am both dull and ugly,
And that with these to say one's *good*,
Still makes one little more than wood;
For not e'en Walpole ('twas no sham)
Could make me make an epigram:

But yet with pleasure I confess
I love the wit I don't possess—
Love to see others' talents shine,
Nor envy tho' I wish them mine.
But now three months too quickly o'er,
I can enjoy these scenes no more,
My last desire you can perform,
Which is—at each returning morn,
When Agnes comes to make the tea
(Which she don't do so well as me),
When by her side she places you,
Keep me in mind when not in view,
And give to every flowing cup
The pow'r to make each difference up;
Soften the fire of Mary's eyes,
Make Agnes calm e'er she replies;
Add (if you can) one charm the more
Where Nature's done so much before;
So shall no breakfast here be eaten,
But you shall make them think of

SETON.

Feb. 23, 1788.

It was during the autumn of this year that Horace Walpole wrote, 'for the amusement of Miss Berry and Miss Agnes Berry,' his 'Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and II.' These reminiscences were begun on October 31, 1788, and finished January 13, 1789, and were the result of the interest shown by his young friends in his stories of bygone days.

There is no trace of any correspondence this year (1788) between Mr. Walpole and the Miss Berrys, when the latter were on a visit in Yorkshire, and the first of the series of those letters that have been published is dated February 1789; and in this, as in all succeeding letters, may be traced the constant struggle that was going on in his mind between the tenderness with which he dwells on the pleasure of their society and the fear of its expression making him ridiculous as the septuagenarian admirer

of youth and beauty. His letter is dated February 2, 17, and 71—alluding to his own age—and concludes with the following passage:—

[I am afraid of protesting how much I delight in your society, lest I should seem to affect being gallant; but if two negatives make an affirmative, why may not two ridicules compose one piece of sense? And, therefore, as I am in love with you both, I trust it is a proof of the good sense of your devoted, H. WALPOLE.]

On March 25 he writes in the same strain:—

March 25, 1789.

You have not half the quickness that I thought you had—or, which is much more probable, I suspect that I am a little in love, and you are not, for I think I should have understood *you* in two syllables, which has not been your case. I had sealed my note, and was going to send it when yours arrived with the invitation for Saturday. I was to dine abroad, and had not time to break open my note or write it again, and so lifted up a corner and squeezed in *I will*. What could those syllables mean, but that I will do whatever you please? Yes, you may keep them as a note of hand, always payable at sight of your commands or your sister's; for I am not less in love with my wife Rachel than my wife Leah; and tho' I had a little forgotten my matrimonial vows at the beginning of this note, and was awkward, and haggled a little about owning my passion, now I recollect that I have taken a double dose, I am mighty proud of it; and being more in the right than ever lover was, and twice as much in the right too, I avow my sentiments, hardiment, and am,

HYMEN, O HYMENÆE!

In Miss Berry's memoranda the events of this year are entered.

Introduced by Mr. W. to Lady Ailesbury * and Mrs. D.† Visit

* Caroline, widow of Charles Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury and Elgin, and only daughter of Lieut.-General John Campbell, fourth Duke of Argyle, married afterwards to Marshal Henry Seymour Conway.

† Anne, only daughter of Lady Ailesbury and Marshal Conway, born 1748; married, June 1767, to John, eldest son of Joseph Damer, Lord

the Cayleys in Yorkshire. Visit at Park Place * and at Mr. Martin's. Go to Lymington for some weeks; to Yorkshire; afterwards to house at the end of Teddington.

For this introduction to his friend and relation, Lady Ailesbury, we find Mr. Walpole making an appointment in his letter to the Miss Berrys, March, 20, 1789.

[. . . I hope you are not engaged this day se'nnight, but will allow me to wait on you to Lady Ailesbury, which I will settle with her when I have her answer. I did mention it to her in general, but have no day free before Friday next, except Thursday, when, if there is no other illumination,† as is threatened, we should neither get thither nor thence, especially not the latter if the former is impracticable.

Quicquid delirant Reges plectuntur Achivi.]

The intimacy with Mr. Walpole now determined the acquaintances, the friendships, and often the place of residence of the Miss Berrys. His friends became their friends, his neighbours their neighbours. They formed an integral part of the society collected round this oracle of literature, wit, and taste; and long after death had swept away all who were known as the guests of Strawberry Hill, or the recipients of Horace Walpole's letters, the Miss Berrys alone remained as a link between those other days and the present time. It was fifty-two years after the period of their introduction to Mr. Walpole that Miss Berry, writing to rescue his character from misconception, says:—

Of the means necessary for this purpose, the writer, by the painful pre-eminence of age, remains the sole depositary,

Milton, afterwards Earl of Dorchester. Nine years after their marriage he shot himself at a London tavern, and she was left a widow in 1776. She obtained a high reputation during her life as a sculptress; amongst those whose portraits she executed in marble were Mr. Fox, Lord Nelson, George IV., Miss Berry, &c. She died May 1826, aged eighty.

* The seat of Marshal Conway, near Henley, Oxfordshire.

† Alluding to the rejoicings on George III. recovering from his first illness in 1788.—*Cunningham's edit.*, vol. ix. p. 176.

and being so, has submitted to the task of repelling such misconceptions.*

The next letter in date to Miss Berry is a sample of the playful manner in which Mr. Walpole was in the habit of treating the trivial occurrences of the day.

Suavissima Maria, April 14, 1780.

I could not answer y^r^ note yesterday, for I was at dinner, as I do not wait till the Great Mogul, Fashion, gives me leave to sit down to table. Besides, I was to go to the play, and like to see the beginning as well as the end.

I pray that our Papa may find a house at Twickenham. Hampton Court is half way to Switzerland.

I am not asked to Lady Juliana's, and therefore must give you up for this week as vagrants; but when you are passed back to y^r^ parish, I will certainly see you, especially on this day se'nnight.

In the middle of the last act last night there was an interlude of a boxing match, but it was in the front boxes. The folks in the pit, who could not see behind them better than they generally can before them thro' domes and pyramids of muslin, hinted to the combatants to retire, which they did into the lobby, where a circle was made, and there the champions pulled one another's hair, and a great deluge of powder ensued; but being well greased like Grecian pugilists, not many curls were shed. Adieu!

About a fortnight later Mr. Walpole writes as follows on the subject of Dr. Darwin's poem, 'The Botanic Garden:'—

[April 28, at night, 1780.

. . . I send you the most delicious poem upon earth. If you do not know what it is all about, or why, at least you will find glorious similes about everything in the world, and I defy you to discover three bad verses in the whole stock. Dryden was but the prototype of the 'Botanic Garden' in his charming 'Flower and Leaf;' and if he had less meaning, it is true he had

* See Advertisement to vol. vi. of 'Letters by Horace Walpole,' published 1840.

more plan, and I must own that his white velvets and green velvets, and rubies and emeralds, were much more virtuous gentlefolks than most of the flowers of the creation, who seem to have no fear of Doctors' Commons before their eyes. This is only the Second Part; for like my king's eldest daughter in the Hieroglyphic Tales, the First Part is not born yet. No matter, I can read this over and over again for ever; for though it is so excellent, it is impossible to remember anything so disjointed, except you consider it as a collection of short enchanting poems—as the Circe at her tremendous devilries in a church; the intrigue of the dear nightingale and rose, and the description of Medea; the episode of Mr. Howard, which ends with the most sublime of lines. In short, all, all, all is the most lovely poetry. And then one sighs that such profusion of poetry, magnificent and tender, should be thrown away on what neither interests nor instructs, and with all the pains the notes take to explain, is scarce intelligible. How strange it is that a man should have been inspired with such enthusiasm of poetry by peering through a microscope, and peeping through the key-holes of all the seraglios of all the flowers in the universe! I hope his discoveries may leave any impression but of the universal polygamy going on in the vegetable world, where, however, it is more gallant than amongst the human race; for you will find that they are the botanic ladies who keep harems, and not the gentlemen. Still *I* will maintain that it is much better that we should have two wives than your sex two husbands. So, pray, don't mind Linnæus and Dr. Darwin. Dr. Madan had ten times more sense. Adieu!*

Your doubly constant

THELYPHTHORUS.]

Miss Berry's reply:—

Somerset Street, Wednesday morning.

A thousand thanks for the 'Botanic Garden.' The first thirty lines, which I have just read, are delicious, and make me quite anxious to go on; for I must at last own with blushes what I have hitherto concealed, perhaps improperly, from my husband, but as I *am* married, it must at last come out, that I

* Vide edit. 1859, vol. ix. p. 178.

was early initiated into all the amours and loose manners of the plants by that very guilty character Dr. Solander,* and passed too much time in the society and observance of some of the most abandoned vegetable coquettes.

I hope my having long entirely forsaken all such odd company, and lived a very regular life, will in some degree apologise to you for my having been early led astray. We rejoice in the hopes of seeing you to-morrow evening.

M. Berry.

From Miss Berry to Mr. Walpole :—

Somerset Street, Wednesday night.

You will oblige us by honouring this portrait of Cardinal de Bernis with a place among your prints; we happen to have two or three impressions of it.

Could I borrow for a moment the lively language, elegant expression, and polished wit which in conversation animates these vulgar heavy features, I would thank you in such terms as the subject deserves for your company last night, and the many pleasant hours we have passed in your society; but as there is no borrowing abilities, even upon usury, I must content myself with reminding you that, as in this portrait, a most heavy unpromising countenance conceals an active intelligent mind, so the homeliest expression of thanks often accompanies the truest sense of obligation.

M. Berry.

Many passages in the letters already printed having been suppressed—some probably for the sake of brevity, and some perhaps from a wish on the part of the Miss Berrys to avoid a too frequent repetition of their own praises—may now without scruple be published.

At the end of June the Miss Berrys left London for Yorkshire, and Mr. Walpole is full of anxiety and alarm because the letter to be written on their journey had not

* Dr. Solander, a Swedish writer on Natural History, a pupil of Linnæus; born 1736, died 1782.

been received, and full of affectionate regret for the loss of their company. In his letter dated Strawberry Hill, Tuesday, June 23, 1789, he writes:—

[I am not at all consoled for my double loss: my only comfort is that I flatter myself the journey and air will be of service to you both. The latter has been of use to me, though the part of the element of air has been chiefly acted by the element of water, as my poor haycocks feel! Tonton* does not miss you so much as I do, not having so good a taste; for he is grown very fond of *me*, and I return it for your sakes, though he deserves it too, for he is perfectly goodnatured and tractable; but he is not beautiful, like his 'god-dog,' as Mr. Selwyn, who dined here on Saturday, called my poor late favourite,† especially as I have had him clipped. The shearing has brought to light a nose an ell long; and as he has now nasum rhinocerotis, I do not doubt but he will be a better critic in poetry than Dr. Johnson, who judged of harmony by the principles of an author, and fancied, or wished to make others believe, that no Jacobite could write bad verses, nor a Whig good.]

I passed so many evenings of the last fortnight with you, that I almost preferred it to our two honeymoons, and consequently am the more sensible to the deprivation; and how dismal was *Sunday* evening, compared to those of last autumn! If you both felt as I do, we might surpass *any* event in the annals of Dunmow. Oh! what a prodigy it would be if a husband and *two* wives should present themselves and demand the flitch of bacon, on swearing that not one of the three in a year and a day had wished to be unmarried! For my part, I know that my affection has done nothing but increase; though were there but one of you, I should be ashamed of being so strongly attached at my age; being in love with both, I glory in my passion, and think it a proof of my sense. Why should not two affirmatives make a negative, as well as the reverse? and then a double love will be wisdom—for what is wisdom in reality but a negative? It exists but by correcting folly, and

* A dog of Miss Berrys', left in Mr. Walpole's care during their absence in Yorkshire.—*M.B.*

† The dog which had been bequeathed to Mr. Walpole by Mrs. du Defland at her death; likewise called Tonton.—*M.B.*

when it has peevishly prevailed on us to abstain from something we have a mind to, it gives itself airs, and in action pretends to be a personage, a nonentity sets up for a figure of importance! It is the case of most of those phantoms, called virtues, which, by smothering poor vices, claim a reward as thief-takers. Do you know, I have a partiality for drunkenness, though I never practised it: it is a reality, but what is sobriety, only the absence of drunkenness. However, mes chères femmes, I make a difference between women and men, and do not extend my doctrine to your sex. Everything is excusable in us, and nothing in you. And pray remember that I will not lose my flitch of bacon—though.

[Have you shed a tear over the Opera House, or do you agree with me that there is no occasion to rebuild it?* The nation has long been tired of operas, and has now a good opportunity of dropping them. Dancing protracted their existence for some time, but the *room after* was the real support of both, and was like what has been said of your sex, that they never speak their true meaning but in the postscript of their letters. Would not it be sufficient to build another after-room on the whole *emplacement*, to which people might resort from all assemblies? It would be a codicil to all the diversions of London; and the greater the concourse, the more excuse there would be for staying all night, from the impossibility of ladies getting their coaches to drive up. To be crowded to death in a waiting-room at the end of an entertainment is the whole joy; for who goes to any diversion till the last minute of it? I am persuaded that instead of retrenching St. Athanasius's Creed, as the Duke of Grafton proposed, in order to draw *good company* to church, it would be more efficacious if the congregation were to be indulged with an after-room in the vestry; and instead of *two or three being gathered together*, there would be *all the world* before prayers would be quite over.]

Wednesday.—I calculated too rightly; no letter to-day! yet I am not proud of my computation, I had rather have heard of you to-day; it would have looked like keeping your promise, it has a bad air your forgetting me so early; nay, and after your scoffing me for supposing you would not write till your

* On the night of the 17th, the Opera House was entirely destroyed by fire.—*Wright.*

arrival I don't know where. You see I think of *you*, and write every day, though I cannot despatch my letter till you have sent me a direction. Much the better I am indeed for your not going to Switzerland. Yorkshire is in the glaciers for me, and you are as cold as Mr. ——. Miss Agnes was coy, and was not so flippant of promising me letters; well, but I do trust *she will* write, and then, Madam, she and I will go to Dunmow without you.

Apropos, as Mrs. Cambridge's beauty has kept so unfaded, and Mr. Cambridge's passion so undiminished, and as they are good economists, I am astonished they have laid in no stock of bacon, when they could have it for the asking.

[*Thursday night.*—

> Despairing beside a clear stream
> A shepherd forsaken was laid.

Not very close to the stream, but within doors in sight of it, for in this damp weather, a lame old Colin cannot lie and despair without any comfort on a wet bank. . . . I dread one of you being ill. *Mr. Batt* * and the *Abbé Nicholls*† dined with me to-day, and I could talk of you *en pais de connoissance*. They tried to persuade me that I have no cause to be in a fright about you, but I have such perfect faith in the kindness of both of you, as I have in your possessing every other virtue, that I cannot believe but some sinister accident must have prevented my hearing from you; I wish Friday was come!]

Friday, 26th.—Still I have no letter; you cannot all three be ill, and if any one is, I should flatter myself another would have written. Next to your having met with some ill luck, I should be mortified at being forgotten so suddenly. Of any other vexation I have no fear; so much goodness and good sense as you both possess, would make me perfectly easy if I were really your husband. I must then suspect some accident, and shall have no tranquillity till a letter puts me out of pain. Jealous I am not, for two young ladies cannot have run away with their father to Gretna Green. Hymen, O Hymenæe!

* Thomas Batt, Esq., then one of the Commissioners for auditing the public accounts.—*Wright.*

† The Rev. Norton Nicholls, Rector of . . . . . Norfolk.—*M.B.* The friend and correspondent of Gray.—*Cunningham.*

bring me good news to-morrow, and a direction too, or you do nothing.

Saturday.—At last I have got a letter, and you are all well! I am so pleased, that I forget the four uneasy days I have passed. At present I have neither time nor paper to say more, for our post turns on its heel and goes out the instant it is come in. Do not be frightened at the enormity of this, I do not mean to continue so fourpaginous in every letter. Mr. C. has this instant come in, and would damp me if I were going to scribble more. Adieu, adieu, adieu all three.

Your dutiful son-in-law and most affectionate husband,

H. W.

Addressed to Miss Mary Berry, Thomas Cayley's, Esq., Middleton, near Pickering.

Strawberry Hill, June 30, 1789.

I am more of an old fondle-wife than I suspected when I could put myself into such a fright on not hearing from you exactly on the day when I had settled I should; but you had promised to write on the road; and though you did, your letter was not sent to the post at the first stage, as Almighty Love concluded it would be, and as Almighty Love would have done; and so he imagined some dreadful calamity must have happened to you. But you are safe under grandmaternal wings, and I will say no more on what has happened. Pray present my duty to grandmama, and let her know what a promising young grandson she has got. [Were there any such thing as sympathy at a distance of two hundred miles, you would have been in a mightier panic than I was; for on Saturday se'nnight, going to open the glass case in the tribune, my foot caught in the carpet, and I fell with my whole weight [*si weight q. a.*] against the corner of the marble altar on my side, and bruised the muscles so badly, that for two days I could not move without screaming. I am convinced I should have broken a rib, but I fell on the cavity whence two of my ribs were removed that are gone to Yorkshire. I am much better both of my bruise and of my lameness, and shall be ready to dance at my own wedding when my wives return.]

Philip, who has been prowling about by my order, has found a clean house, but it is on Ham Common—that is too far off;

and I think Papa Berry does not like that side of the water,—*and he is in the right.* Philip shall hunt again and again, till he puts up better game: and now to answer your letter.

[You are not the first Eurydice that has sent her husband to the devil, as you have kindly proposed to me; but I will not undertake the jaunt: for if old Nicholas Pluto should enjoin me not to look back to you, I should certainly forget the prohibition, like my predecessor. Besides, I am a little too old to take a voyage twice, which I am so soon to repeat, and should be laughed at by the good folks on the other side of the water, if I proposed coming back for a twinkling only. No, I chuse as long as I can

Still with my fav'rite Berries to remain.

So you was not quite satisfied, though you ought to have been transported with King's College Chapel, because it has no aisles like every common cathedral. I suppose you would object to a 'bird of paradise' because it has no legs, but shoots to heaven in a trail, and does not to rest on earth. Criticism and comparison spoil many tastes; you should admire all bold and unique essays that resemble nothing else. The 'Botanic Garden,' 'The Arabian Nights,' and King's Chapel are above all rules; and how preferable is what no one can imitate to all that is imitated, even from the best models! Your partiality to the pageantry of popery I do approve; and I doubt whether the world will not be a loser (in its visionary enjoyments) by the extinction of that religion, as it was by the decay of chivalry and the proscription of the heathen deities. Reason has no invention; and as plain sense will never be the legislator of human affairs, it is fortunate when taste happens to be regent.]

But now I must talk of family affairs. I am delighted that my next letter is to come from wife the second. I love her as much as you, and I am sure you like that I should. I should not love either so much, if your affection for each other were not so mutual; I observe and watch all your ways and doings, and the more I observe you, the more virtues I discover in both—nay, depend upon it, if I discover a fault, you shall hear of it. You came too perfect into my hands, to let you be spoilt by indulgence. All the world admires you, yet you have contracted no vanity, advertised no pretensions, are simple and good as nature made you, in

spite of all your improvements—mind *you* and *yours* are always, from my lips and pen, of what grammarians call the *common of two*, and signify *both*,—so I shall repeat that memorandum no more. Your friends Lady Harriet Conyers and Lady Juliana Penn have again settled in our environs, the former within a few paces of Lady Cecilia,* in the parsonage of Hanworth, where she must be content to remain in an evening with the House of St. Albans, who are not quite her style: for the Heath at night will terrify all the lozenges in the neighbourhood. Your friends are charming, but will not comfort me for what I have lost!

Mrs. Anderson, who you know arrived too late, described the adventure of Major Dixon to the Dss. of Gloucester, and diverted her with it exceedingly; but I immediately found out that she had related it as if he had talked French the whole time, tho' not a word had passed in that language. This showed her parts and invention.

What a confusion of seasons! the haymakers are turning my soaked hay, which is fitter for a water souchy, and I sit by the fire every night when I come home. Adieu! I dare not top a fourth page, for when talking to you I know not how to stop.

In Mr. Walpole's letter of June 23, he tells the Miss Berrys that their dog Tonton, left in his care, has been clipped, and that the shearing has brought to light 'a nose an ell long,' and that he has now 'nasum rhinocerotis.' In his letter of July 9,† he says:—

Tonton's nose is not, I believe, grown longer, but only come to light by being clipped, and when his beard is recovered, I dare to say, he will be as comely as my Jupiter Serapis. In his taste he is much improved, for he eats strawberries, and is fond of them, and yet they never were so insipid from want of sun and constant rain. One may eat roses and small cherries, and not

* Henrietta Cecilia West, eldest daughter of John Lord De la Warr, by the Lady Charlotte M'Carthy, daughter of Donogh, Earl of Clancarty, was born in February 1727, and was considered one of the finest amateur musicians of her day. She married Colonel Johnston in 1762, and was called by her friends the divine Cecilia and St. Cecilia.

† This letter was again addressed to the Miss Berrys at Mr. Thomas Cayley's, Middleton: the short passages here given being all that were omitted when published, it is unnecessary to repeat the whole letter.

perceive the difference from want of flavour. If tulips were in season, I would make a rainbow of them to give other flowers hopes of not being drowned again. . . . I am glad you are to go to Mrs. Cholmeley, she is extremely sensible and agreeable—but I think all your particular friends that I have seen are so.

Mr. Walpole had undertaken to look out for a house for his friends; in his letter of June 30, he speaks of 'Philip's' efforts to find such as might suit them; and on July 10, he again writes on the same subject, making many lamentations over his having missed an opportunity of securing them one that might have met their wishes.

Strawberry Hill, July 10, 1789.

How angry you will be with me, and how insincere you will think all my professions! Why, here is Lady Dudley's house let under my nose, let in my own lane, and for a song! 'Pazienza, mie care!' I am as white as snow. It had no bill upon it, though it was advertised, but not in my newspaper, and who knows truth or falsehood but from their own paper? And who, of all the birds in the air, do you think has got it? Only the Pepys's.* It is true too, that had I had any inkling of the matter, I should not have inquired about it, for the rent asked was two hundred a-year—but a Master in Chancery, having a nose longer than himself, went to the executors and struck a bargain of 70*l.* for four months. The land would pay the rent; but then you must have got your hay in before the rains, and you must have been wiser than I to have done that, and in hay concerns I don't know that the heads of two wives are better than that of one husband; and after all, had not you been shrewder than a Master in Chancery, it would have cost you three hundred pounds extraordinary before you could have shown your faces, as I am sure, at least *I* should chuse to have my wives appear. Why, there is poor Mrs. Pepys with not a rag of linen but the shift on her back. They sent their whole history by water. It was a most tempestuous night; the boatmen dreading a shipwreck, cast anchor in Chelsea Reach,

* William Walter Pepys, Esq., afterwards made a baronet, father to the late Lord Chancellor Cottenham.

intending to put to sea next morning—but before daybreak pirates had carried off the whole cargo to the value, Mr. Cambridge* says, of said three hundred pounds. Now, am I as false or negligent as I thought I was? You both, and Papa Berry together, could not be so mad as I was at myself at first, when I suspected that I had missed Palazzo Dudley for you.

As I keep a letter constantly on the anvil going on for you, I shall, before this gets its complement, tell you what I know more. The House of Edgcumbe set out in perilous haste to prepare the Mount for the reception of their majesties if they are so inclined,† but were stopped at Pool for want of post-horses, all being retained for the service of the Court. The royal personages arrived, and Lady Mount ‡ was in the midst of the reiteration of her curtsies, when the mob gathering and pressing on her, she was seized with a panic, clung to her Lord, and screamed piteously, till a country-fellow said to her, 'What dost thee make such a noise for? Why, nobody will touch thee.'

Passons à Paris. All I have yet learnt further is, that the populace were going to burn the house of Monsieur d'Espremesnil, a Royalist. A cobler, getting on a stand, begged their low-mightinesses to hear four reasons against wilful fire-raising: the first was, L'hôtel n'étoit point à M. d'Espremesnil; second, Les livres n'étoient pas à lui; third, Les enfans n'étoient pas à lui; fourth and last, Sa femme étoit au public. The pathetic justice of those arguments saved the hotel, and Monsieur d'E. keeps all those goods that do *not* belong to him.

I am sorry we have refused to supply their wants; I am for heaping coals of corn on the heads of our enemies—but truth is, it looks as if it would not be quite prudent to be so generous. The incessant and heavy rains are alarming; the corn begins to be laid, and fair weather is now wanted as much for use as for pleasure. It costs me a pint of wine a day to make my servants amends for being wet to the skin every time I go abroad. Lord

* Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq., then living in the house on the Twickenham side of Richmond bridge, now inhabited by Mr. Bevan.

† King George III. and his queen were then on a progress to Plymouth.

‡ Emma, Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, daughter of Gilbert, Archbishop of York, married 1761; great-grandmother of the present earl.

and Lady Waldegrave* have been with me for two days, and could not set their foot out of doors. I drank tea at Mrs. Garrick's† with the Bishop of London and Mrs. Porteus, Mr. Batt, and Dr. Cadogan and his daughter, and they were all in the same predicament.

Apropos to the Bishop, I enclose a most beautiful copy of verses which Miss H. More wrote very lately when she was with him at Fulham, on his opening a walk to a bench called Bonner's. Mrs. Boscawen showed them to me, and I insisted on printing them. Only 200 copies are taken off, half for her and half for the printer, and you have one of the first. How unlike are these lines to the chymical preparations of our modern poetasters, cock and hen! who leave one with no images but of garlands of flowers and necklaces of coloured stones. Every stanza of 'Bonner's Ghost' furnishes you with a theme of ideas. I have read them twenty times, and every time they improve on me. How easy, how well kept up the irony! how sensible the satire! how delicate and genteel the compliments! I hold *Jekyll* and *Bonner's Ghost* perfect compositions, in their different kinds—a great deal to say, when poetry has been so much exhausted.

Wednesday, 15th.

My motive for sending this away is, not to delay giving you an account of the news I heard this morning. Mr. Mackinsy‡ and Lady Betty were with me this morning, and he showed me a letter he had just received from Monsieur Dutens:§ a courier arrived yesterday with prodigious expedition from the Duke of Dorset—Necker had been dismissed and was thought set out for Geneva; an offer of his post was gone to Breteuil, who is in the country. Everything at Paris was in

* Laura, Countess of Waldegrave, was great-niece to Lord Orford, being one of the granddaughters of his brother, Sir Edward Walpole.

† The widow of David Garrick, then inhabiting the house he had built at Hampton.

‡ James Stuart Mackenzie, only brother to the Minister Earl of Bute. He was married to the Lady Elizabeth Campbell, second daughter of John the first Duke of Argyll.—*M.B.*

§ A French Protestant clergyman, who was chaplain in the family of the Duke of Northumberland, and had been Secretary to Mr. Mackenzie in his mission to the Court of Turin. He wrote an 'Itinerary of Europe' (the first book of that kind), 'Les Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose,' &c.—*M.B.*

the utmost confusion, and firing of cannon for four hours there had been heard on the road. All this is confirmed by a courier from the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire who were setting out precipitately: that messenger had been stopped three times on his route, being taken for a courier from that Court, but was released on pretending to be dispatched by the Tiers État. Madame de Calonne told Dutens yesterday that the newly encamped troops desert by hundreds—but if the firing of cannon was from the Bastile, and whence else it should proceed I know not, it looks as if the King were not quite abandoned. Oh! but what a scene! How many lives of quiet innocent persons may have been sacrificed, if the artillery of the Bastile raked that multitudinous city! I check myself, for what million of reflections present themselves.

We have no open enemy but St. Swithin; but if he persists in his quarantaine, he will be a very serious one. The Pepysian robbery was exaggerated; it is difficult to get at truth, even at a stone's throw off.

I have scarce left myself any room for conjugal douceurs: but as you see how very constantly you are in my thoughts, I am at least not fickle—on the contrary, I am rather disposed to jealousy. You have written to Mr. Pepys, and he will have anticipated my history of his being established in Palazzo Dudley; and that will make this letter more and more wrinkled—well! he cannot send you 'Bonner's Ghost,' and I shall have the satisfaction of tantalizing you four or five days longer—if this is not love, the deuce is in it: does one grudge that the beloved object should be pleased by any one but one's self, unless beloved object there be? Do not be terrified however; jealousy most impartially divided between Two can never come to great violence. Wife Agnes has indeed given me no cause, but my affection for both is so compounded into one love, that I can think of neither separately. Frenchmen often call their mistress *mes Amours*, which would be no Irish in me. Apropos, Lady Lucan told me t'other day of two young Irish couple who ran away from Dublin, and landed in Wales, and were much surprised to find that Holyhead was not Gretna Green. Adieu! Mes Amours!

P.S.—Well, are not you charmed with 'Bonner's Ghost!' Oh! I forget; you have not seen it yet—how tantalizing!

Ex Officinâ Arbutianâ, July 19, 1789.

Such unwriting wives I never knew! and a shame it is for an Author, and what is more, for a Printer, to have a Couple so unlettered. I can find time amidst all the hurry of my shop to write small quartos to them continually. In France, where nuptiality is not the virtue the most in request, a wife will write to her consort, tho' the doux billet should contain but two sentences, of which I will give you a precedent. A lady sent the following to her spouse: 'Je vous écris, parceque je n'ai rien à faire; et je finis, parceque je n'ai rien à vous dire.' I do not wish for quite so laconic a poulet; besides, your Ladyships *can* write. Mrs. Damer dined here yesterday, and had just heard from you. Brevity, Mes Dames, may be catching—don't pretend not to care, for you are dying for news from France, but not a spoonfull shall you have from me to-day; and if I was not a man of honour, tho' a Printer, and had not promised you 'Bonner's Ghost,' I would be as silent as if I were in Yorkshire. Remember too, that Miss Hannah More, tho' not so proper for the French Embassador's *Fête* as Miss Gunning, can teach Greek and Latin as well as any young lady in the North of England, and might make as suitable a companion for a typographer. I will say no more, for this *shall* be a short note.

Sunday night, late.

I break my word to myself, tho' you do not deserve it, for I have had no letter to-day from either of you, and now can have none till Tuesday; but I am just come from Richmond, where I have seen an authentic account of the horrible scene at Paris. There had been dismal accounts for three days, but I hoped they had been exaggerated! They are too true. The Duc de Luxembourg and his family are arrived in London, having escaped with difficulty, 300,000 livres being set on his head, as the same sum is on Marshal Broglie's, and 500,000 on the Comte d'Artois's. The people rose on this day se'nnight, seized all the arms they could find, searched convents, found stores of corn, and obliged the monks to deal it out at reasonable prices. They have beheaded the Lieutenant de Police, or the Prévôt des Marchands, or both, and attacked the Bastile, which the governor refused to surrender; and on the populace rushing in, he fired on them with four great guns loaded with nails, and killed 3 or 400, but they mastered him, and dragged him and his

major to the Place de Grève, and chopped off their hands and heads. The Bourgeoisie, however, have disarmed the mob, but have seized the arsenal, and the Hôtel de Ville and the treasure there, which they destine to pay the sums for the heads of the proscribed.

On Wednesday, the King with only his two brothers went to the Assemblée Nationale, and offered to concur with them in any measures for restoring order. They returned him an answer by 80 Deputies, but the result is not known. The Duke of Dorset's courier is not arrived, nobody, it is supposed, being suffered to go out of the city.

Marshal Broglie is encamped before Versailles with 25,000 men, who are said ready to support the King.

You will want to ask a thousand questions, which I could not answer—nor will I when I can, if neither of you will write to me.

I dined to-day at Mrs. Walsingham's with the Pen-hood, and to-morrow I am to carry thirty *Ghosts* to the Bishop of London. So I am finishing this at past midnight, and shall send it before I go to Mr. Ellis to be franked.

These two days have been very fine, and I trust have restored Riding in Yorkshire. If I ever do receive another letter, I hope it will give me an account of restored health, for my anger is but a grain of mustard in comparison of my solicitude. Good night! good night!

Mr. Walpole's next letter was addressed to the Miss Berrys at Wheldrake, York.

[Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1789.

I have received two dear letters from you of the 28th and 29th, and tho' you do not accuse me, but say a thousand kind things to me in the most agreeable manner, I allow my ancientry, and that I am an old fond, jealous, and peevish husband, and quarrel with you, if I do not receive a letter exactly at the moment I please to expect one. You talk of mine; but if you knew how I like yours, you would not wonder that I am impatient, and even unreasonable in my demands. However, tho' I own my faults, I do not mean to correct them. I have such pleasure in *your* letter (I am sorry I am here forced to speak in the *singular number*, which by the way is an Iricism), that I *will* be cross if you do not write to me perpetually. . . .]

The first object in my thoughts being a house for you, which I cannot find yet, I will only say that Lady Cecilia tells me that she has acquainted you that that at Bushygate may be had most reasonably—pho! but when?—at the end of September! I told her she was horridly mistaken, and that it is by the end of August you will want one. She would not have been in such an error if she had calculated by a certain almanack in my heart. Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury are to be with her to-day, and Mrs. Damer to-morrow; but by General Conway's indecision, and not knowing when they should come this waywards, I shall not see them on either of these days, having invited my sister, Mr. Churchill, and their daughter Sophia and Mr. Walpole, to come to me precisely for these two days; nay, and on Friday I am to dine with the Bishop of London.

[Of French news I can give you no fresher or more authentic account than you can collect in general from the newspapers; but my present visitants and everybody else confirm the veracity of Paris being in that anarchy that speaks the populace domineering in the most cruel and savage manner, and which a servile multitude broken loose calls liberty, and which in all probability will end, when their Massaniello-like reign is over, in their being more abject slaves than ever, and chiefly by the crime of their États, who, had they acted with temper and prudence, might have obtained from their poor undesigning King a good and permanent constitution. Who may prove their tyrant, if reviving loyalty does not in a new phrenzy force him to be so, it is impossible to foresee, but much may happen first.] You asked me in one of y^r^ letters who La Chalotais was. I answer, Premier Président or Avocat-Général, I forget which, of the Parliament of Bretagne, a great, able, honest, and most virtuous man, who opposed the Jesuits and the tyranny of the Duc d'Aiguillon—but he was as indiscreet as he was good. *Calonne* was his friend and confident, to whom the imprudent patriot trusted by letter his further plan of opposition and designs. The wretch pretended to have business with, or to be sent for by, the Duc de la Vrillière, Secretary of State, a courtier-wretch, whose mistress used to sell lettres de cachet for a louis. *Calonne* was left to wait in the antichamber, but being, as he said, suddenly called in to the minister, as he was reading (a most natural soil for such a lecture) the letter of his friend, he by a second

natural inadvertence left the fatal letter on the chimneypiece. The consequence, much more *natural*, was that La Chalotais was committed to the Château du Taureau, a horrible dungeon on a rock in the sea, with his son, whose legs mortified there and the father was doomed to the scaffold; but the Duc de Choiseul sent a counter-reprieve by an express and a crossroad and saved him. At the beginning of this reign he was restored. Paris, however, was so indignant at the treachery, that this *Calonne* was hissed out of the theatre, when I was in that capital. When I heard some years after that a *Calonne* was made contrôleur-général, I concluded it must be a *son*, not conceiving that so reprobated a character could emerge to such a height; but asking my sister,* who has been in France since I was, she assured me it was not only the identic being, but that when she was at Metz, where I think he was intendant, the officers in garrison would not dine with him. When he fled hither for an asylum, I did not talk of his story, till I saw it in one of the pamphlets that were written against him in France and that came over hither.

Friday night, 31st.

Mrs. Boscawen saw a letter from Paris to Miss Sayer this morning, which says Necker's son-in-law was arrived, and had announced his father-in-law's promise of return from Basle. I do not know whether his honour or ambition prompts this compliance — surely not his discretion. I am much acquainted with him, and do not hold him great and profound enough to quell the present anarchy. If he attempts to moderate for the King, I shall not be surprised if he falls another victim to tumultuary jealousy and outrage. All accounts agree in the violences of the mob against the inoffensive as well as against the objects of their resentment, and in the provinces, where even women are not safe in their houses. The hotel of the Duc du Chatelet, lately built and superb, has been assaulted and the furniture sold by auction; but a most shocking act of a royalist in Burgundy, who is said to have blown up a committee of 40 persons, will probably spread the flames of outrage much wider. When I redde the account, I did not believe it; but the Bishop says he hears the États have required the King to write to

* Lady Mary Churchill.

every foreign power not to harbour the execrable author, who is fled. I fear this conflagration will not end as rapidly as that in Holland.]

I have left myself no room but for a codocil of scraps. Mrs. Damer will be with me to-morrow. With the Pepys's I have had small dealings yet, from his Chancery and the House of Lords. Lady Jul. Penn had a very bad fall downstairs about a week ago at Windsor, and was much bruised, but with no other bad consequences. The wife *Agnes's* pen lies fallow, I hope her pencil does not. I will write but to one if but one will write to me, and I will not keep a new name I have just assumed, that of HORACE FONDLEWIVES.

Strawb., Thursday night, Aug. 6, 1789.

By your letter of 1st and 3rd, which I received this morning, you surprise me by complaining of my silence, when I thought I had talked y^r^ *eyes* to death. If I did pause, it was to give you time to answer. Here is a list of talks since you left London:—June 27, 30, July 3, 4 (to Miss A.), 9, 16, 19, 31. If eight letters,* and those no scraps, in less than 40 days, are not the deeds of something more than a correspondent, I wish I may never be in love again. If you have not received all these, the devil take the post-house at York!

I am not going to complain again, but to lament. I now find I shall not see you before the end of September—a month later than I expected would be nothing to an old husband, but it is a century to a husband that is old. Mrs. Damer (who passed Saturday and Sunday here, with her parents), and I, settled it with them that Mr. Berry and you two should meet us at Park-place the beginning of September. Now you will make me hate that month more than ever. Long evenings without a fire are tiresome, and without two wives insupportable!

Major Dixon was here too, and on Sunday the Johnstones and Mrs. Grenville dined and passed the whole day with us. On Monday the Conways went to Ealing: the Duke† is gone to Inverary, but returns the beginning of ugly September to carry

* Only six letters out of the eight remain.

† John, fifth Duke of Argyll, born 1720, died 1806.

the Duchess* to Italy; and she, who, poor woman, loves a train, carries Lady Augusta and Mrs. Clavering with them. She is very ill indeed.

I have not a penfull of news for you;—no, tho' Mr. Cambridge was here this morning. The arrival of Necker, I suppose, has suspended the horrors of Paris for a moment, till the mob find that he does not propose to crown them all in the room of their late King. I shall go to London to-morrow for one night, yet I am not likely to see anybody that knows much authentic.

General Fitzwilliam is dead, at Richmond; extremely rich. He has not, I believe, extremely disappointed his nephew the Viscount, who did not depend upon hopes that had been thrown out to him, nor is much surprised that the General's upper servant and his late wife's woman are the principal heirs, as the Abbé Nichols and others long foresaw. Lord Fitzwilliam has only an estate of 550*l.* a-year. The man-servant, whom he originally took a shoeless boy in Wales playing on the harp, will have above forty thousand pds.: the woman 300*l.* a yr. in long annuities. A will, however, pleases one, you know, if it pleases one any how. To General Conway (an old fellow-servant in the late Duke of Cumberland's family, as were Lord Dover and Lord Frederic Cavendish, similar legatees) he has given 500*l.* This is so much to my mind, that I shall not haggle about the rest of the will.

I am rejoiced that you do not go to York races. Whatever I do myself, I should not like to have the P. of Wales have two or *three* wives. Believe me, who have some cause for knowing, there is nothing so transitory as the happiness of red liveries!

It is not to fill up the page that I now advert to the weather, which at last is become fine, and tolerably warm; but I enjoy it, as it will favour your riding, and both, I trust, will give you full health and spirits by the ugly month's end. Your old rapacious landlord, I flatter myself, will be reasonable when it is in vain to be otherwise. I should not like the house by Bushy Park for you, tho' better than none. The personage that will gain most by your delay will be Tonton, whose long nose begins to recover its curled rotundity. It is the best-

* Elizabeth Gunning, relict of the Duke of Hamilton, married the Duke of Argyll 1759.

tempered quiet animal alive, which is candid in me to own, as he, as long as it is light, prefers my footboy, or a bone on the lawn, to my company. In the evening, as I allow him to lay on every couch and chair, he thinks me agreeable enough. I must celebrate the sense of Fidelle, Mrs. Damer's terrier. Without making the slightest gesture, her mistress only said to her,—'Now, Fidelle, you may here jump on any chair you please.' She instantly jumped on the sette; and so she did in every room for the whole two days she staid. This is another demonstration to me that dogs understand even language, as far as it relates to their own affairs.

Now I have cleared my character, and that harmony is quite re-established, I will not attempt to eke out my letter, only to say that I am sorry there is but one pen in y^r^ family. I hinted in my last that I would compound for a pencil. Of all y^r^ visits, that cost me a month, I grudge the least that to your grandmother and aunt, as I can judge how happy you make them. It is a good symptom, too, for y^r^ husband. Duty and gratitude to parents are seldom, I believe, ingredients in bad wives. Adieu!

Yrs. most cordially and constantly,

H. W.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 13. 1789.

I have received at once most kind letters from you both; too kind, for you both talk of gratitude. Mercy on me! Which is the obliged, and which is the gainer? Two charming beings, whom everybody likes and approves, and who yet can be pleased with the company and conversation and old stories of a Methusalem? or I, who at the end of my days have fallen into more agreeable society than ever I knew at any period of my life? I will say nothing of y^r^ persons, sense, or accomplishments; but where, united with all those, could I find so much simplicity, void of pretensions and affectation? This from any other man would sound like compliment and flattery; but in me, who have appointed myself your guardian, it is a duty to tell you of y^r^ merits, that you may preserve and persevere in them. If I ever descry any faults, I will tell you as freely of them. Be just what you are, and you may dare my reproofs.

I will restrain even reproaches, tho' in jest, if it puts my sweet Agnes to the trouble of writing when she does not care for it. It is the extreme equality of my affection for both that

makes me jealous if I do not receive equal tokens of friendship from both; and though nothing is more just than the observation of two sisters repeating the same ideas, yet never was that remark so ill applied. Tho' y^r^ minds are so congenial, I have long observed how originally each of you expresses her thoughts. I could repeat to you expressions of both, which I remember as distinctly as if I had only known either of you. For the future there shall be perfect liberty amongst us. Either of you shall write when she pleases; while my letters are inseparably meant to both, tho' the direction may contain but one name, lest the postman should not comprehend a double address.

I can tell you nothing new from France, that is authentic, only that the explosion at Besançon, I am assured, was a fable, grounded on an accident that happened to a man who, going to see a train laid for blowing up a hill, and having a pipe in his mouth, some sparks fell, and, setting fire, blew up him, his wife, and child.

The death of the Abbess of Montmartre was false, too, tho' written by Mrs. Swinburn to her husband! What, then, can one believe? Nothing. Nay, I can prove that there is a man living who believes his ears against his own eyes. Listen! The minister of our parish told me t'other day that Lord Camelford was *not* the author of a pamphlet of which there has been much talk lately. I s^d^, 'S^r^, I doubt you are mistaken.' He replied, 'S^r^, I assure you Mr. Cambridge told me an hour ago that he had just seen the D. of Queensberry, who had affirmed to him that the pamphlet is *not* Ld. C.'s.' I lifted up my eye to the third heaven! 'Mr. C. told you so?' 'Yes, S^r^, Mr. C.' 'Bless my soul, S^r^,' said I, 'why, but four days ago Mr. C., in this room, told me Mr. G. Hardinge had shown him the pamphlet, and told him he had received it from Lord C., the author. Mr. C. had read it, and gave me a minute account of the six letters it contained.'

Was ever so strange a story? Lo! what a thirst of news can do! it can efface one's memory in four days, and leave no more impression than if one's memory could not contain a tittle but what it has received last.

I do not vouch for my next story, but, true or coined, the answer was good.

The King of Spain consulted his minister whether he should march 40,000 men into France at the requisition of Louis

Seize. 'I can send them if your Majesty commands me,' replied the minister, 'but if I do, y^r^ Majesty will soon want them at home.'

The flame does seem spreading, and no doubt will rage in Austrian Flanders, where a more real tyrant than poor Louis has justly provoked them.

I have not seen Mrs. A. very lately, but sh^d^, like you, much disapprove jesting on such dreadful calamities. I am shocked at a brutality that disgraces us. In London a caricature print has been published against M. de Luxembourg and some of the unhappy fugitives, and the Queen of France.

I approve of your suspending a new offer to y^r^ late landlord till quite necessary; nay, I have heard of a house at Teddington likely to be vacant by your time, and have ordered an indirect inquiry to be made. It is much nearer to Twickenham than t'other side of Bushy Park. Of the Pepys's I have seen very little yet. I called on them t'other day to ask them to dine here; but one of their little boys has broken his arm, and the mother will not leave him, nor the husband her.

I have been at Lady Cecilia's this evening since I wrote the first part of my letter. Mr. Wheler is there, and Mrs. Anderson, who has seen, as she told you, swarms of refugees at the French Embassador's, especially the Lieutenant de Police, Monsr. de Crosne, who had the rope round his neck, but made his escape while a new tumult arose. They are savages, who have known so little of liberty that they take murder for it. Good night!

The two following letters, addressed to Miss Berry from Mr. Richard Owen Cambridge, allude to some of the incidents which at this time interested the society of Twickenham:—

General Fitzwilliam's will is a disgrace to misanthropy. Some large and useless legacies to people who neither want nor will be thankful, consume such a portion of his large wealth as would have made some others (Ld Herbert, for instance) comfortable. To him not a farthing. To Ld Fitz—— 500*l.* a-year in Northamp^rs^. His servant, Harper Tom Jones, residuary legatee, above 40,000*l.* He came to Ld Fitz——; said he was overpower'd; wish'd he had had only a suitable provision; did not know what to do with his fortune; had no friend; beg'd

his Ld$^{p's}$ protection; offered all the books and pictures, and anything else his Ld^{p} w^{d} accept. L^{d} F—— said to me: If the Genl had known he w^{d} have behaved so, he w^{d} not have left it him. I dare say if he looks upon Richmond from his present situation, he is mortified to find his purpose is but half executed if misbehaviour is not added to privation.

I hate to converse with you so abruptly, but I have writ the main substance, and, tho' in haste to go out, I must use this day's frank, for Selwyn won't return till Saturday. He lent me a book explaining proverbs, which I caution you against buying, for it is not satisfactory. He had not read, but just bought it for the design, which is good, but the execution tiresome and not conclusive.

Pepys has been very unfortunate. His sweet patient boy's arm was broke. A thief in his house (I won't say of which sex) has taken more linen. It shews, however, the first was approved, and as the sample was good the customers encrease. He received this nonsense with great good humour as he call'd on me yesterday,

> And sat like Patience on a spavin'd poney
> Smiling at Theft.

Saturday night, Aug. 15.

This morning Lord Dover enquired after you and y^{r} sister, and where you were, with so much interest that one would have thought there had been no such thing as beauty or parts in Holland. To try his sincerity, and to prove to you that it is true that he shew'd this interest, I told him he must give it under his hand, which he has done on the direction of this letter, and thereby made me the less reluctant to force upon you whatever nonsense may come into my head to blot this fair paper with. But first let me copy what is worth your seeing if you have paid any attention to the assertions, and then to the false insinuations of the 'Morning Post':—

Extract of a letter dated Brussels, Aug. 7th.

'I certainly never wrote, much less published, *any* pamphlet in France, or about French politics. You will, therefore, on this authority, have the goodness to contradict the report, &c.

'Camelford.'

Pray tell your father I send him no politics, because there are more than enough from France in all the papers. I wish I c^d distinguish what is true. You may, however, credit much of robbery and plunder by these words, w^h the D. of Dorset spoke to a friend of mine last Friday. There are at this time *twelve million of men arm'd in France. You'll* say, how can they be kept in order till disarm'd, and may they not do all they are said to be doing?

Monday, 17th.

I beg my best comp^s to Mr. Berry, which is all I can write this morn., being interrupted.

I am, d^r Madam, most sincerely y^rs,

R. O. CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. Walpole's search for a house was at length successful.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday night, Aug. 20, 1789.

If the worst comes to the worst, I think I can secure you a house at Teddington, a very comfortable one, very reasonably, and a more agreeable one than the Cecilian destination at Bushy-gate;* at least, *more agreeable to my Lord Castlecomer*, for it is nearer to me by half. That Strawberry proverb I must explain to you for your future use. There was an old Lady Castlecomer, who had an only son, and he had a tutor called Roberts, who happened to break his leg. A visitant lamented the accident to her ladyship. The old Rock replied, 'Yes, indeed, it is very inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer!' This saying was adopted 40 years ago into the phraseology of Strawberry, and is very expressive of the selfish apathy towards others, which refers everything to its own centre, and never feels any shock that does not vibrate to its own interest.

The house in question is at the entrance of Teddington. You may shake hands with Mr. Pepys out of the window. A Mrs. Armstrong took it for one year at fourscore pounds, but is tired of making hay, and minded to leave it at Michaelmas; but says that her landlord has behaved so well towards her, that tho' she will pay the whole, she will give it up to him at quitting it. I sent to him to inquire what he would ask for October and November. He replied I should name my own price, and I am

* Lady Cecilia had informed Miss Berry that a house was to be let on reasonable terms at Bushy, at the end of September.

to have the refusal. I think he cannot expect above 20*l.* at most. All I now dread is Mad. Armstrong's loitering into October. Tell me your pleasure on this. Let the Duke of Northumberland's steward rust with his avarice!

I know nothing, nothing at all. Indeed, I am too much engrossed by a sad misfortune too likely to fall on my family and me! Dear Lady Dysart is in the utmost danger. Her case is pronounced to be water on her breast, and every day may be her last! She suffers considerably, but with her unalterable patience! But I will not afflict your tender hearts with dwelling on so melancholy a subject.

Lady Juliana Penn is still lying on a couch. What she thought a bruise on her leg has by neglect become a wound. Her sister, Lady Harriet, was here the other morning with her daughters, and I showed them the whole house myself, as they are excellent people, and the daughters have taste. The youngest especially struck me by her knowledge of pictures, which she immediately showed she understood. This of my house being shown is a dangerous subject for me to tap, such a grievance is it become; I have actually tickets given out till the middle of the week after next. I write two or three every day, or as many excuses. Pray come, and make my evenings at least pleasant.

Summer is arrived at last, tho' as much after due time as if it was one of the Ton. It is more bounteous, however, and will bless the poor by lowering bread. The whole face of the country is spread with luxurious harvests and gilt with shining suns.

The Johnstones are gone to Park-place, where Lady Dysart's situation prevented my meeting them. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are cooing tête-à-tête at Hampton, as if they were Venus's own turtles left at home in her stable. They told me that on Tuesday night the Duchess of Argyle walked into old Busby's assembly at Hampton Court, but did look too like an apparition!

I have exhausted all my nothings, and if I have no letter from you, shall send this away, meager as it is, because I want to know your will about the Teddingtonian Villa.

Friday afternoon.

Monsieur de Teddington has been with me, and is all accommodating—if Mrs. Armstrong will not stay till after the first week in October. I asked the price; he said, should you think ten guineas a month too much, if I did, he would lower. Therefore,

no doubt you may have it for eighteen for the two months, and you may tell me to offer sixteen. Pray let me have an answer soon, for I will convey to Mrs. A. that she will hurt her landlord if she lingers beyond St. Michaelmas.

I think, if my account should suit you, the best way will be, as soon as you arrive in town, for Mr. Berry and you two to come and lodge with me for a day or two, and then you can go and view your future nest at your leisure, and *that* you may insert, with a little cavil at the price, in your answer to me, which will make your assent conditional.

Saturday.

I have no letter, so this departs; but pray answer it directly.

Mr. Walpole thus expresses his delight at the approval of his negotiations for a house :—

[Strawberry Hill, Thursday evening, Aug. 27, 1789.

I jumped for joy; that is, my heart did, which is all the remain of me that is in statu jumpante, at the receipt of your letter this morning, which tells me you approve of the house at Teddington. How kind you was to answer so incontinently! I believe you borrowed the best steed from the races. I have sent to the landlord to come to me to-morrow.

You ask how you have deserved such attentions—why, by deserving them; by every kind of merit, and by that superlative one to me, your submitting to throw away so much time on a forlorn antique; you two, who without specifying particulars (and you must at least be conscious that you are not two frights) might expect any fortune and distinctions, and do delight all companies. On which side lies the wonder? Ask me no more such questions, or I will cram you with reasons.

I had promised Mr. Barrett to make a visit to my gothic child his house on Sunday, but I have written to-day to excuse myself; so I have to the Duchess of Richmond,* who wanted me to meet her mother, sister,† and General Conway, at Goodwood next week.

* Lady Mary Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Ailesbury, by Caroline Campbell, daughter of General John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle.

† Anne Seymour Conway, only child of the Dowager Countess of Ailesbury, by Marshal Henry Seymour Conway, her second husband; she was thus half-sister to the Duchess of Richmond.

I wish Lady Fitzwilliam * may not hear the same bad news as I expect, in the midst of her royal visitors. Her sister, the Duchess of St. Albans, is dying in the same way as Lady Dysart, and for some days has not been in her senses.

How charming you are to leave those festivities for your good parents, who I do not wonder are impatient for you! I, who am old enough to be your great grandmother, know one needs not be your near relation to long for your return. Of all your tour, next to your duteous visits, I must approve the jaunt to the sea; I believe in its salutary air more than in the whole College and all its works.]

Mrs. Armstrong's secession is doubly fortunate. Your last year's mansion is actually taken by Lord Cathcart, and what is incredible, his wife is to lie in there. It must be in the round summer-house.

[Friday.

Well, I have seen him, and nobody was ever so accommodating! He is as courteous as a candidate for a county. You may stay in his house till Christmas if you please, and shall pay but twenty pounds; and if more furniture is wanting, it shall be supplied.]

Mrs. Armstrong talks of not quitting but the first week in October; but as she is prodigiously timorous about her health, he thinks the first round shower will send her to London. In any case you know you may come and stay in your conjugal castle till the house of y^r^ separate maintenance is vacant for you. I was curious to learn whence Mr. Wickes contracted all this *honnêteté*. I do not believe I have discovered, for all I can trace of his history is, that he married a dowager mistress of General Harvey, whom the General called Monimia, though not the meekest of her calling, and with whom (Wickes) she did not at all agree. I am sure she was the aggressor, as he has captivated Mrs. Armstrong and me by his flowing benignity. Besides, I have no notion how one can use one's wife ill, even if one has two.

Berkley Square, August 29.

You will laugh at me, for I am just come to town, though it

* Charlotte Ponsonby, daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, wife of Earl Fitzwilliam. George IV., when Prince of Wales, and his brother the Duke of York, who this day attended York races, were going to receive a great entertainment at Wentworth House, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, in Yorkshire.

is the first real summer day we have had; but I had a little business, and return to-morrow. As this very fine weather is arrived so late, I suppose it is some fugitive heat that has escaped from the troubles on the Continent, which are spreading along the Rhine. I hope it has left its sting behind it, and will not affect us who have every reason to be happy.—Adieu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 4, 1789.

I am charmed that Mr. Berry ratifies my negotiation for the house at Teddington; and I do not doubt *now* but Mrs. Armstrong will quit it even before Michaelmas: for, though Saturday last was so glorious, it was the setting not the rising sun of summer. It rained a torrent all Sunday evening; so it has done almost every day since, and did last night, and does at this instant. I grieve for the incomplete harvest; but, as it is an ill-rain that brings nobody good, I must rejoice if it washes away Dame Armstrong. Mr. Wickes I am sure will give me the earliest notice of her departure,—for, as Spenser says,

> A semely man our hostè is withal
> To ben a marshal in a lordis hall.

[You ask whether I will call you wise or stupid for leaving York races in the middle—neither: had you chosen to stay, you would have done rightly. The more young persons see, where there is nothing blameable, the better, as increasing the stock of ideas early will be a resource for age. To resign pleasure to please tender relations is amiable, and superior to wisdom: for wisdom, however laudable, is but a selfish virtue. But I do decide peremptorily that it was very prudent to decline the invitation to Wentworth House, which was obligingly given; but as I am very proud for you, I should have disliked your being included in a mobbish kind of cohue. *You two* are not to go where any other two Misses would have been equally *priées*; and where people would have been thinking of the Princes more than of the Berries. Besides, Princes are so rife now, that besides my *sweet* nephew* in the Park, we have another at Richmond. The Duke of Clarence has taken Mr. Henry Hobart's house, point-blank over against Mr. Cambridge's, which will

* William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother to George III. and father to the last Duke. He had married the Dowager Countess of Waldegrave, niece to Lord Orford.

make the good woman of that mansion cross herself piteously, and stretch the throats of the *Blatant beast* at Sudbrook,* and of all the other pious matrons *à la ronde*: for his R. H., to divert loneliness, has brought with him [a Miss Polly Finch], who being still more averse to solitude, declares that any tempter would make even Paradise more agreeable than a constant tête-à-tête.

Gra'mercy for your intention of seeing Wentworth Castle; it is my favourite of all great seats: such a variety of ground, of wood and water; and almost all executed and disposed with so much taste by the present earl! Mr. Gilpin sillily could see nothing but faults there! The new front is in my opinion one of the lightest and most beautiful buildings on earth—and pray like the little gothic edifice and its position in the ménagerie; I recommended it, and had it drawn by Mr. Bentley from Chichester Cross. Do not bring me a pair of scissars from Sheffield; I am determined nothing shall cut our loves, tho' I should live out the rest of Methusalem's term as you kindly wish, and as I can believe, though you are my wives,—for I am persuaded my Agnes wishes so too, don't you?

At night.

I am just come from Cambridge's, where I have not been in an evening time out of mind. Major Dixon, alias the 'charming man,'† is there, but I heard nothing of the emperor's rickets;‡ a great deal and many horrid stories of the violences in France: for his brother, the Chevalier Jerningham, is just arrived from Paris. You have heard of the destruction of 32 châteaux in Burgundy, at the instigation of a demon, who has since been broken on the rack. There is now assembled near Paris a body of 16,000 deserters, daily increasing, who they fear will encamp and dictate to the capital, in spite of their

* Caroline Campbell, Baroness Greenwich.

† Edward Jerningham, Esq., of Cossey in Norfolk, uncle to the present Lord Stafford. He was distinguished in his day by the name of 'Jerningham the poet;' but it was an unpoetical day; the stars of Byron, of Baillie, and of Scott had not risen on the horizon. The more merited distinction of Jerningham was the friendship, affection, and intimacy which his amiable character had inspired to the author and all of his society mentioned in these letters.—*M.B.*

‡ This alluded to something said in a character which Jerningham had assumed for the amusement of a society some time before at Marshal Conway's.—*M.B.*

militia of 20,000 bourgeois. It will soon, I suppose, ripen to several armies and a civil war: a fine acheminement to liberty.

My poor niece* is still alive, though weaker every day, and pronounced irrecoverable. Still she is calm, and behaves with the patience of a martyr.]

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1789.

I don't wonder that y^r^ grandmother is unwilling to part with you, when you sacrifice the amendment of y^r^ health to her, and give up bathing for her satisfaction; but, between ourselves, I do not admire her for accepting the sacrifice. You bid me be very kind to make up for your parting with her and your friends. I am like poor Cordelia:—

I am sure my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

She reserved half her affection from her father for her husband. I will keep none of mine from my wives for my grandmother; but I promise nothing. Come and try.

I will see Mr. Wickes and know more particularly about Mrs. Armstrong's motions. I shall be a little fearful of haggling with him, lest I should sour his complaisance, which hitherto has been all sugar. Still I will not be grandmaternal, and prefer myself to your interest.

I have had a most melancholy scene with the loss of dear Lady Dysart, and the affliction of the family, tho' her release was to be wished, and for which she wished earnestly herself. We have the comfort of finding that she is full as much regretted as she was known; indeed, a more faultless being exists not within my knowledge. I will transcribe some lines that I have written on her, which have not the merit of poetry, but a much more uncommon one,—that of being an epitaph in which there is no exaggeration; however, I beg you will not give a copy of it:—

Adieu! sweet shade! complete was thy career,
Tho' lost too soon, and premature thy bier;
For each fair character adorned thy life
Of daughter, sister, friend, relation, wife.
Yet, lest unaltered fortune should have seem'd
The source whence virtues so benignly beam'd,
Long-mining illness prov'd thy equal soul,
And patience, like a martyr's, crown'd the whole.

* Charlotte Walpole, Countess of Dysart, daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.

Pain could not sour, whom blessings had not spoil'd;
Nor death affright, whom not a vice had soil'd.

You shall hear no more on this sad subject, tho' I have nothing else that will much amuse you: for, besides confinement with my relations, I have been a prisoner in my own house for some days, in consequence of a violent fall I had last week, in which it is wonderful that I lost nor life, nor limb, nor even a bone. I went to sit with my cousins, the three Philips's, on Hampton Court Green; it was dusk; there was a very low step at the door, I did not see it; it tripped me up. I fell headlong on the stones, and against the frame of a table at the door, and battered myself so much, that my whole hip is as black as my shoe for above half a yard long and a quarter wide, besides bruising one hand, both knees, and my left elbow, into which it brought the gout next day. Now, pray admire my lightness: if I had weighed a straw, what mischief might not have happened to me? nay, I have had very little pain; and the gout, not to be out of the fashion, is gone too: and I should have been abroad this morning, if I had not preferred writing to you.

I shall go to Park-place on Monday next for two or three days, and then come back to be ready to receive you; but you have not been very gracious, nor said a word of accepting my invitation till the house at Teddington is ready for you. Pray let me know when I may expect you, that I may not enter into any engagement, even for the evening.

As the hour of my seeing you again approaches, and as I have nothing of the least import to tell, I shall not try to lengthen this to its usual complement, though the verses have saved some of my paper. Essays, that act the part of letters, are mighty insipid things, and when one has nothing occasional to say, it is better to say nothing.

The weather has been so cold since Monday, that for these two days I have had the carpenter stopping chinks in window frames, and listing the door of the blue room, which I destine to wife Agnes. Winds will get into these old castles. Sultana Maria is to sleep in the red room, where the Sultan himself resides when he has the gout, and which *his* haughtiness always keeps very comfortable. Adieu!

The following letter, addressed to Somerset Street, to greet Miss Berry on her return from the country, is the

last written to her and her sister before their taking possession of the house Mr. Walpole had secured for their occupation at Teddington :—

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday night, Sept. 30, 1789.

When an ancient gentleman marries, it is his best excuse that he wants a nurse, which I suppose was the motive of Solomon, who was the wisest of mortals, and a most puissant and opulent monarch, for marrying a thousand wives in his old age when, I conclude, he was very gouty. I, in humble imitation of that sapient king, and no mines of Ophir flowing into my exchequer, espoused a couple of helpmates, but being less provident than the son of David, suffered both to ramble into the land of Goshen when I most wanted their attendance.—I tell a great story: I did not want you: on the contrary, I am delighted that you did not accept my invitation. I should have been mortified to the death to have had you in my house when I am lying helplessly on my couch, or going to bed early from pain. In short, I came from Park-place last Thursday, suffered a good deal yesterday evening, and blessed myself you were not here. Did you ever think it would come to that? I am a great deal better today; but I fear it will scarce be possible for me to be in town by Saturday. In the mean time here is the state of affairs:—Mr. Wickes goes into Norfolk to-morrow for three weeks to shoot. I told him you was much displeased at his asking new terms, and that till you should come to town I could say nothing positive to him, and he must not depend on anything till then. He was all penitence and complaisance. I told him I must have a lease signed; he said there was no necessity for it. 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'but there is.' He answered, if I would send one down to him, signed by Mr. Berry, he would sign it too; but what I shall do when I know y^r^ determination is to send to Mr. Wickes a copy of the few lines which Mr. Pepys, whom I have consulted twice, had from Lady Dudley, and which shall specify that you are to pay but 20*l.*, in full of all demands, from the time you shall take possession of the house to December 25th, and when Wickes returns that agreement signed, Mr. Berry will sign it too. Thus, you see, I have acted with the utmost caution, nor have been to the house, nor sent anybody to see it, that Wickes might not say we had taken possession.

Now, hold a council incontinently, and let me know its decree;

or why should not Mr. Berry come to me immediately, if I cannot come, as I fear? You know here is a dinner and a bed always at his service, which will save you a great deal of time.

I am not quite for having your house in town new painted at this time of year when it cannot dry fast. There is nothing so very unwholesome as the smell of wet paint. Cannot you make shift as it is for another year? I never perceived its wanting it: you do not propose to give assemblies and concerts.

If I hear nothing on Sunday morning, I shall conclude you arrived too late. Thus I think I have foreseen and said all that can be necessary, and perhaps more like a nurse than a person that wants one.

Be sure that I find you both looking remarkably well;—not that I have any reason for desiring it, but as I am not able to nurse you. Adieu!

It was at the close of this year that Mr. Walpole thus inscribed his Catalogue of Strawberry Hill to the Miss Berrys:—

[TO
THE DEAR SISTERS
MARY AND AGNES BERRY
THIS DESCRIPTION
OF
HIS VILLA AT STRAWBERRY HILL,
WHICH THEY OFTEN MADE DELIGHTFULL
BY THEIR COMPANY, CONVERSATION, AND TALENTS,
IS OFFERED
BY
HORACE WALPOLE,
FROM A HEART OVERFLOWING WITH
ADMIRATION, ESTEEM, AND FRIENDSHIP,
HOPING
THAT LONG AFTER HE SHALL BE NO MORE,
IT MAY, WHILE AMUSING THEM,
RECALL SOME KIND THOUGHTS
OF A MOST DEVOTED
AND AFFECTIONATE HUMBLE SERVANT.

December 1789.]

Lines inscribed by Mr. Walpole in a copy of his Catalogue of Strawberry Hill given to M. and A. Berry long before it was published.—M. B.

LETTERS.

1790.

Miss Berry's entry for the year 1790 is—'Summer for three weeks in Montpelier Row. Go abroad in October; winter between Florence and Pisa.'

How long Mr. Berry and his daughters remained at Teddington does not transpire, but letters from their friend Mrs. Cholmley* were addressed to Miss Berry in Somerset Street as early in the year as the month of February 1790.

Mrs. Cholmley was one of Miss Berry's early and intimate friends, and seems to have been well aware of the melancholy which pervaded her character, though little perceived by those who saw only the genial warmth and intelligent vivacity which distinguished her manner in society. In a letter dated Brandsby, May 25, she says:—

> Your letter has grieved my heart and yet relieved part of its anxiety, which had been directed to some more *embodied* grief than you have to complain of. . . . The dear Agnes' better health and looks will revive you, and when your mind has had its own melancholy swing, I trust it will settle again to its usual balance. You are naturally deeply thoughtful; such a mind as yours can, indeed, scarce be otherwise.

The following letters from Mr. Walpole were addressed to Miss Berry at Lymington, where they passed a short time during the summer:—

* Mrs. Cholmley, sister to Sir Harry Englefield, married to Mr. Cholmley of Brandsby, Yorkshire.

Strawberry Hill, July 25, 1790.

I wrote a bit of a letter to you t'other day in such a hurry, that I don't know what I said—tho' I fear more than I intended —but no more of that.

My neighbourhood, tho' Richmond is brimfull both of French and English, furnishes no more entertainment than usual, for which I am much more sorry on your account than on my own, for my letters will not be amusing. My personal history is short and dull. I have made my chief visits; my offices advance, and I have got in most of my hay, and such a quantity, that I believe, it will pay for half a yard of my building. All news have centered in elections; I care about none, nor have listened to any. They and the pressgangs have swept the roads of footpads and highwaymen, who hide themselves, or are gone to vote. Whether they who used to come to see my house are of either complexion, I don't know, but I have had less demand for tickets than usual—what else can I tell you?

I am glad you staid long enough at Park-place to see all its beauties. The cottage and all its purlieus are delicious, so is the bridge and Isis, and the Druids' Temple seems to have been born and bred on the spot where it stands. I wish you had seen Nuneham too, which is another of my first favourites.

Mr. Berry will want news of the Spanish War, but I can send him none, nor do I at all believe that it will come to a head. France seems more likely to ripen to confusion; they go on levelling so madly, that I shall wonder if everybody does not think himself loosened from all restraints and bound to conform to none. A pretty experiment to throw society, with all its improved vices and desires, into a state of nature, which in its outset had many of them to discover, and no worse instrument than the jawbone of an ass to execute mischief with. That serene Prince the Duke of Orleans has bowed to the abolition of titles, and calls himself *Monsr. Capet*, from whom he may be descended, if he is not from the Bourbons; but as he has failed in being such another usurper, I wonder he did not avoid the allusion.

Since I began my letter, I have called on Madame de Boufflers, and heard but too much news. Monsr. d'Olan, a worthy man, and nephew of my dear friend Mad. du Deffand, has been taken out of his bed, to which he was confined by the

gout, at Avignon, and hanged by the mob! I have said for this year that I am happy she is dead; and now how much that reflection is fortified! The Prime Minister of Spain has been stabbed by a Frenchman, but is not dead—the wretch is taken. I hope Mr. Berry will cease to reckon me a Royalist, because I do not think that liberty is cheaply purchased by murders and every kind of violence and injustice.

You must tack this half letter to that of t'other day, and call it a whole one. You are sure I must want matter, not inclination, when I don't send you what pedants call a just volume. Pray return from Lymington with blooming countenances; you must sit for your pictures before your long journey. I have not mentioned that article lately, because you have both looked so pale, nor indeed has the subject been so agreeable as when I first proposed it; portraits are but melancholy pleasures in long absence. With what different emphasis does one say adieu! for a month, and for a year. I scarce guess how one can say the latter—alas! I must learn.

Mr. Berry and his daughters had made their arrangements for a tour on the Continent, and Mr. Walpole's sadness at the thoughts of parting with his friends for a twelvemonth is very apparent in the following letter; but his regret was much increased by the most unbounded alarm at the prospect of their going abroad, and he used every argument founded on the state of the Continent to dissuade them from undertaking so hazardous a journey.

[Strawberry Hill, Saturday night, July 3, 1790.

How kind to write the very moment you arrived! but pray do not think that, welcome as your letters are, I would purchase them at the price of any fatigue to you—a proviso I put in already against moments when you may be more weary than by a journey to Lymington. You make me happy by the good accounts of Miss Agnes; and I should be completely so, if the air of the sea could be so beneficial for you both, as to make your farther journey unnecessary to your healths, at least for some time; for—and I protest solemnly that not a personal thought enters into the consideration—I shall be excessively

alarmed at your going to the Continent, when such a frenzy has seized it. You see by the papers that the flame has burst out at Florence—can Pisa then be secure? Flanders can be no safe road, and is any part of France so? I told you in my last of the horrors at Avignon. At Madrid the people are riotous *against* the war with us, and prosecuted I am persuaded it will not be; but the demon of Gaul is busy everywhere—nay, its imps are here.]

Horne Tooke declared on the hustings t'other day, that he would exterminate those *locusts* the nobility. Lord Lansdowne, whose family-name I suspect to have been *Petit* (a French one), not Petty, is suspected to have set Tooke at work, and, like Monsr. Capet, would waive his Marquisate to compass a revolution. Capet is gone to the new St. Barthelemi or Jubilee on the 14th. The banquet-tables, it is said, are to extend a *ligue*, for *league* is not French enough; the King is to be declared Emperor of the Franks, but the dignity not to be hereditary, that Polish massacres may be so.

[The États, who are as foolish as atrocious, have printed lists of the surnames which the late noblesse are to assume or resume, as if people did not know their own names.

Mrs. Damer tells me in a letter to-day, that Lady Ailesbury was charmed with you both (which did not surprise either of us), and says, she never saw two persons have so much taste for the country, who have no place of their own. It may be so, but begging her ladyship's pardon and yours, I think that people who have a place of their own are mighty apt not to like any other.

I feel all the kindness of your determination of coming to Twickenham in August, and shall certainly say no more against it, tho' I am certain that I shall count every day that passes, and when they are passed, they will leave a melancholy impression on Strawberry, that I had rather have affixed to London. The two last summers were infinitely the pleasantest I ever passed here, for I never before had an agreeable neighbourhood. *Still I loved the place, and had no comparisons to draw. Now, the neighbourhood will remain, and will appear ten times worse,* with the aggravation of remembering *two months* that may have some transient roses, but I am sure, lasting thorns. You tell me I do not write with my usual spirits—at least I will suppress

as much as I can, the want of them, tho' I am a bad dissembler.]

Miss Cambridge told me you had charged her to search for a house for you. I did bid Philip, but I believe not with the eagerness of last year, and I am persuaded she will execute your commission punctually.

The home-chapter will be dull as usual. The Boydels and Nichols's breakfasted here yesterday, in return for their civilities at the Shakespeare Gallery. On Tuesday is to come Lady Herries and her clan.

It has rained all day, and I have not been out of my house. In the morning I had three or four visitors, particularly my nephew, George Cholmondeley, with an account of his marriage settlements and the toothache. To-night I am writing to you comfortably by the fireside, for we are forced to raise an English July in a hot-house, like grapes. Pray tell me much of your personal history, and what company you have. I care much more about Lymington than all the elections in the kingdom, and I seem to think that you interest yourself as much about *les amusemens des eaux de Strawberri*. Good night.

Strawberry Hill, Friday night, July 10, 1790.

I begin my letter to-night, but shall not send it away till I hear again from you, that our letters may not jostle without answering one another; but how can I pass my solitary evenings so well as by talking to you? I laid on my couch for three days, but as never was so tractable a gout as mine, I have walked all over the house to-day without assistance. I did long to peep at my building, but as it has been a cold *dog-day*, I would not risk a relapse, and about dinner we had a smart shower. Well, you cry, and was it worth while to write only to tell me it is cold? We know that at Lymington. Oh yes! it was to tell you other guess-news than of heat or cold overhead. In short, as whatever may directly or indirectly affect you and your sister, is my principal occupation at present, I must transcribe two passages from *The Times* of the day before yesterday.

'The subjects of Leopold have assumed the cockade in *Leghorn*, and delivered to the Regency a *Bill of Rights*.'

'On the 31st of May, the people in a tumultuous manner broke open two churches at *Leghorn*. They then advanced to

the quarter of the Jews, threatening entirely to extirpate them. Some soldiers were hastily assembled and ordered to fire on the mutineers. Six were killed and a great number wounded. Still however the disturbances continued. They have opened other churches, and converted them into magazines, and have assumed the red and white cockade. The senate and governor have endeavoured to persuade them to adopt peaceable measures. They have answered by a memorial, stating their civil and religious grievances and demanding redress.'

Thus Pisa, you see, is no sojourning place for you. Indeed, as I told Miss Agnes in my last, till some of the ferment in Europe subsides, it would be very unadvised to change this country for any other. Mrs. Boscawen, who came to visit my gout this morning, told me that Mr. Prescot, coming from Avignon, where poor Monsr. Dolan and four other persons have been hanged for refusing to disavow the Pope, was thrown into prison in France, and detained there all night, before suffered to prosecute his journey through France. The Duchess of Gloucester, who called on me afterwards, says, the like troubles are broken out in Switzerland. Surely this is not a season for expeditions to the Continent.

Monsr. Capet has been twice at Brighthelmstone, and had sent Madame Buffon before to feel his way. She and others have warned him not to embark; he has given it up, has sent for his pictures for sale, and perhaps with them may buy an Irish Peerage. Lord Carlisle and Lord William Gordon were going to Paris for the 14th, but hear it would be too perilous a service—*il n'y feroit pas bon pour tout aristocrat!*

General Conway in his last letter asked me if it was not a theme to moralize on, this earthquake that has swallowed up all Montmorencis, Guises, Birons, and great names? I reply, it makes me *immoralize*; I am outrageous at the destruction of all the visions that make history delectable: without some romance it is but a register of crimes and calamities, and the French seem preparing to make their country one universal St. Bartélemi: they are instructing the populace to lay everything waste! What is to restrain them? Will they obey those masters who tell them, preach to them, that all are equal; but who, good men! pay themselves twelve livres a-day for propagating that doctrine? I shall wonder if *their equals* do not recollect

having an equal right to twelve livres a-day! Oh! go not into that conflagration, nor whither its sparks extend! come to the banks of the gentle placid Thames, nor strew its shores with alarm and anxiety by leaving them. How I wished for you to-day—yes, don't you believe me?—and particularly at three o'clock. Mrs. Boscawen was sitting with me here in the blue bow-window; in a moment the river was covered with little yachts and boats, the road and the opposite meadow with coaches, chaises, horsemen, women, and children. Mr. George Hardinge had given three guineas to be rowed for by four two-oared boats from his Ragman's castle to Lady Dudley's and back, so we saw the conflux go and return. I had not heard of it, but all Richmond had, and was descended from its heights. Mrs. Boscawen says you have at Weymouth the Dowager Duchess Plantagenet, or, as I translate her, Broomstick; *beaucoup d'honneur*, but I don't believe she enlivens you like a boat-race. Adieu, *jusqu'au résumé.*

12th.

It is but Monday evening, and I expect no letter till to-morrow, but I must go on; I have new horrors and dangers to relate. Monsr. Cordon, who was Sardinian Minister here, and now at Paris, fell under the displeasure of the new despots, the mob; they met a man whom they took for Cordon, and *sans dire gare*! hanged him. Madame de St. Alban, who you know is a pinchbeck-piece of mine, was returning to Ld. Cholmondeley from Paris, but was arrested at the gate, and had all her papers seized and examined. While I was writing this paragraph, Mrs. Grenville called to see me, and had just seen a Mrs. Hamlyn, lately returned from Italy with her husband; between Boulogne and Calais they were stopped *seven times* by vagabonds liberty-drunk, and obliged to drink with them; and yesterday, I heard of a Mr. Prescot being stopped in France and imprisoned for a night; but 'tis for Wednesday that everybody trembles. The son of Mad. de Boufflers has written to his mother in a style of taking leave of her and his wife and child, as not knowing if he shall ever see them again. I do not coin these tragedies to frighten you, but they will terrify me if you still think of setting your foot on French ground.

What say you to that mischievous lunatic Lord Stanhope,*

* Charles, third Earl of Stanhope, died 1816.

who is to celebrate the French jubilee at the Crown and Anchor? I was told to-day, but have not seen it, of an excellent advertisement against him from the oysterwomen of Billingsgate, professing their *dis*loyalty, and desiring to be associated to his banquet.

I am still confined, but, like others who are well, sitting by the fire—in short, one must have fire-summer, if sun-summer is not at hand. Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Wheeler called on me this morning from Hampton; she looks lean and ill, and goes to Ramsgate; her parents next week to Tunbridge for a month. One would think all the English were ducks, they are for ever waddling to the water. But I must stop, I shall not have an inch of paper for to-morrow.

Tuesday.

It is past twelve and no post yet, and ours go away at one. Lady Valetort was brought to bed of a dead daughter yesterday, but Lady Mt. Edgcumbe is more likely to die of the miscarriage than she. Here is y^r^ letter, I do not like y^r^ resolution not being shaken. I will say no more, but that I have not invented one of the circumstances I have stated in this or my last. I am grieved that Miss Agnes does not advance. About me you may be quite easy; my lameness is no bigger than a limp. I only do not go out because I dread a relapse; and as I have company quantum sufficit in a morning, and can write to you all the evening, I do not mind voluntary confinement. It rains again this minute—cold rain. I am sorry your coast is as bad.

I have nothing to add to my letter but a new edition or correction of an old proverb, that I made this morning on Lady Cecilia's and everybody's jaunts to watering-places; *Home is never Home, tho' ever so comely.* Mrs. Udney is just come in, the post is just going out; I must finish abruptly—if my letters ever do finish.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, July 17, 1790.

I have received yours of the 14th, and since you seem so determined on y^r^ journey, I shall say little more on the subject; tho' if my arguments have had no weight, yours, I assure you, are as far from convincing me. That Miss Crawford or Mrs. Lockart may have met with no disturbances on their routes is probably true, but proves nothing as to safety; nor,

when there is so much danger, does it become a jot wiser to run the contrary risk. That our papers are very untrue, is certain; but nothing on earth is less true than that they have exaggerated the barbarities in France—they have not specified an hundredth part of them! They have not mentioned a third part of the châteaux that have been burnt. Have they said a syllable of the murder of poor Monsr. Dolan, or of five nuns massacred there, or of a young man just going to be married to a pretty young woman with whom he was in love, and whom they hanged before her window? Will Miss Crawford deny these facts, or Miss Lockart deny the disturbances in Tuscany, of which I do know the Government received an account? I have heard that they are pacified—so were the disturbances in Hungary said to be—but they have broken out again.

You need not have the most trifling apprehension of what I said I could not write. It is merely a project for suspending y^r^ journey till you see a little farther, and that you shall know when I see you.

It is said that an account has come in 48 hours that everything of St. Bartélemi's Jubilee passed tranquilly the first day, and I did suppose that the fears of the États would make them take all manner of precautions; but my notion all along has been that the great danger of confusion will be when the deputies, double poisoned by the levellers, shall return into their several provinces. The Duke of Orleans, after much fluctuation, did go to Paris, and made a speech to the États, as you will see in our papers; but it is said to have been ill received. This is all I know *des parties d'outremer*. We seem to be very preparatory for war with Spain, but still I have no faith in its taking place. Lord Camelford has at last heard of his son's safety—and there ends all my knowledge.

My gout did not last so long as a common cold. I was at Hampton on Friday, and at Richmond last night, making visits, but found nobody at home; it was the first tolerable evening, and every body had flown out. To-day it has been warmer, but as moist as if a sirocco.

Thus, you see, Lymington is not more eventless. The two male Edgcumbes and Mr. Williams were with me this morning, and the two Lysons's dined with me, and Gen. Conway breakfasted with me on Thursday morning on his way from town, so

if there were a wherewithal of news, I might have learnt some. To-morrow I go to London; on Tuesday, to Mr. Barrett's in Kent; and on Friday, I shall be here again.

My week of confined evenings has been employed in writing notes to Mr. Pennant's London. Ever since the appearance of *Les Rues de Paris* I had been collecting notices for such a work, tho' probably now should not have executed it. When Mr. Pennant had something of such an idea the winter before last, I told him such hints as I recollected; but as he is more impetuous than digestive, I had not looked out my memorandums, and he has made such a bungling use of those I gave him (for instance, in calling the Dss. of Tirconnel *the white milliner* instead of *the white widow*), that I am glad I furnished him with no more.

What can I say more? Nothing to-night, but that both Philip and I have looked and inquired, and can find nothing here that even calls itself a ready-furnished house. I am persuaded, tho' Miss Cambridge did not tell you so, that she had inquired, and knows there is not one.

This being such a *chip in paper*, I will carry it with me to town to-morrow, and even keep it back till after Monday evening, when I may possibly be able to satisfy y^r^ curiosity about the *quiet peaceable French*, and their modest jubilee, in honour of their destroying tyranny and restoring liberty to everybody of hanging whom they please without trial.

Monday, 19th.

I came to town yesterday, and at the door my maid told me that two persons had called to inquire, who had heard that I was dangerously ill, and even reported dead. To be sure at my age that would be no miracle; but as upon my honour, I have seen myself every day, and know nothing of any illness I have had but a fillip of gout, I cannot believe there is any truth in those reports.

I supped at my sister's last night, with several Churchills, Miss Carter, and Mr. Fawkener, Clerk of the Council, and even he had only heard that the Wednesday you wot of passed at Paris without disturbance. If I hear more of it this evening, you shall know. I did hear a deal about Lord Barrymore and theatres he is building; and of Ld. Salisbury's licence to

O'Reilly for operas at the Pantheon, but caring nothing about those matters, I did not listen.

To-night.—I have seen Madame de Villegagnon-Walpole* and Madame de la Villebaque this evening, and all they have heard yet is, that the Wednesday passed quietly, except that one cannon burst and killed five or six persons—but lives go for nothing upon good occasions. The King tramped on foot on the left hand of his superior the President of the Assembly; the Queen was so lucky as to be worse treated, and was not forced to be present! There, I think Miss Crawford cannot send you a more peaceable or a more inviting account. Oh yes! had you been at Lyons lately, you might have been obliged to receive most condescending civilities from two of the greatest personages in France. Lady Rivers has written to my sister that she was at Lyons when two Amazons arrived there, deputed by their legislative body, Mesdames les Poissardes, to invite the *late* Comtesse d'Artois to return to Paris; and these two embassadresses lodged in the same hotel. Lady R. was told she ought to wait on them—not she indeed. Oh! yes, you had much better—and so she found she had. They received her very graciously, and said, '*Nous nous reverrons.*' How could I imagine that it is not charming travelling thro' France! I go into Kent to-morrow; how you will envy me if I meet a detachment of Poissardes on the road to Chevening to create Earl Stanhope no peer! Good night.

Strawberry Hill, Friday night, July 23, 1790.

I arrived at Lee on the day and hour I had promised to Mr. Barrett; returned to town on the day and hour I had promised myself, and was back here as punctually in my promise to Strawberry. Nothing in this was extraordinary, as I have always had the felicity of knowing my own mind; but the marvel was, that I, who have not been farther than Park-place these four years, and am moreover four years older and have had half a dozen more fits of gout, was not at all fatigued by an hundred and twenty miles in three days, was new dressed by seven yesterday evening, went to Madame Walpole's, and then supped at Lady M. Churchill's.† In short, I am so proud of all these feats of acti-

* Madame de Villegagnon-Walpole, a French lady, married to Mr. Thomas Walpole, younger son of the first Lord Walpole, of Woolterton.

† A daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by Miss Sherret, the lady he after-

vity, that if you two should elope, I will say like portly Hal the moment he had beheaded Anne Boleyn,

> Cock's bones! now again I stand
> The jolliest batchelor i' th' land,

and I will marry two more wives the next day—so at y^r^ peril be it!

I found Mr. Barrett's house complete, and the most perfect thing ever formed! Such taste, every inch so well finished, and the drawing-room and eating-room so magnificent! I think if Strawberry were not its parent, it would be jealous. My journey, too, delighted me: such a face of plenty and beauty; the corn, the hay harvest, the cherry orchards, the hop grounds, all in their different ages so promising or so fullfilling! All the farms and hedges so tight and neat, and such rows of houses tacking themselves on to every town, that every five miles were an answer to Dr. Price* and Lord Stanhope; and on t'other side what an answer is coming from France! But I must keep to a little regularity.

The day of the Jubilee was a deluge, and, like Noah's flood and the États, almost swept away everything; it rained fourteen hours, and not a dry thread but on the Queen (who *was* there), and had an awning for her and a few ladies, behind the King. The rest you know—but now list! When Philippe d'Orléans waited on the still King, M. Gouvion (second under La Fayette) jostled him, and said, 'If you do not resent this, you are a scoundrel' —ce n'est past tout—five and twenty of the Garde Nationale have bound themselves to fight the aforesaid Philippe, provided that like a bowl he can tip down Gouvion and the first four and twenty. I left London on tiptoe for the event, and Mr. Lenox, I suppose, is not one of the least impatient.

The 27th is to be the octave to the 14th, and is expected to produce fearful events. On that day La Fayette's commission is to be renewed, or a successor appointed. But all this is nothing to an event that has happened, and the detail of which *I saw*

wards married. When Sir Robert was created Earl of Orford, this daughter had the king's letter to rank as an earl's daughter. She married Charles Churchill, Esq., himself a natural son of the General Churchill of Marlborough's wars, by Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress.

* Richard Price, an eminent dissenting minister and political writer, born 1723, died 1791.

last night in a letter to Mad. Walpole from her sister at Paris, and which Mr. Fawkener had heard, tho' not quite so circumstantially.

On the 13th arrived at Paris fifteen hundred Bretons on foot, the commander alone mounted. They marched to the Pont-tournant of the Tuileries. The Garde Nationale would have stopped them, and have obliged the commander to dismount—point du tout. They advanced into the garden under the windows of the King, who appeared in the balcony, and gracieused them. They demanded admission to him, and were admitted, when the commandant, bending one knee, laid his sword at the King's feet, and said, 'Sire, je suis chargé par la nation Bretonne de venir jurer amour et fidélité à votre Majesté, et je verserai la dernière goutte de mon sang pour vous, pour la Reine et pour Monseigneur le Dauphin.' The King embraced him. The whole troop then went to a little garden parted off for the Dauphin on the terrace of the Tuileries, where he was gathering flowers. The pretty boy gave a flower as long as they lasted to every Breton, and then gathered lilac leaves, and for fear *they* should not last, tore them in two, and gave half a leaf a piece to the rest. And what, you will cry, were their majesties the États doing all this time. Oh! I suppose they had more important business on their hands, and were consulting metaphysically where they should deposit that old rag the Oriflamme, for they are exceedingly attentive to making laws for types and symbols, and probably are as much afraid of the Bretons as they are of Myladies the Poissardes; but I do not add a tittle to my text, and thus leave these chapters in the middle. Our papers say the Margrave of Anspach is dead suddenly—so Lady Craven is widow, tho' still wife.

I went to carry my niece, Sophia Walpole, home last night from her mother's, and found Little Burlington-street blocked up by coaches. Lord Barrymore, his sister Lady Caroline, and Mrs. Goodall the actress, were performing the Beaux Stratagem in Squib's auction-room, which his lordship has converted into a theatre. I do not know the rest of the company, nor are you probably curious. Having now emptied my pouch of news, I will come to y^r^ letter of the 20th, which I have received.

I thank you for saying at least that you will take time to consider before you finally determine on y^r^ journey. I do not promise myself much from that consideration, for if you *can* still

hesitate, it must be by the coup de baguette of some guardian angel that the face of Europe can be tranquillized in two months. The position of France, indeed, may be much worse; but the talisman which I conclude you possess, and that is to convey you invulnerable or invisible thro' that nation of barbarians, must have as much virtue as it had a fortnight ago, and as I have no amulet that can lull asleep my fears for you, I am not at all comforted nor quieted by the composing draught you have sent me. Those alarms have set *me* on considering too, and unless you have reasons that are unknown to me, those you did give me appear by no means adequate to so strange a fancy as that of leaving your country again, when it is, and appears to everybody else, the only country in Europe at present that one would wish to be in. I fear my dread of letting my self-love preponderate over my attachment to dear you and dear Agnes made me too rashly forbear to contend against your scheme. I heartily repent of my acquiescence, which was as full of self love as opposition would have been. In the cooler moments I have had since, it appears to me a wild uncomfortable plan, that will not produce one of the purposes you seem to propose by it, and I therefore ascribe it to a volatile roving humour, or to some motive of which I am ignorant, and into which I have no right to inquire.

Any amendment in y^r^ sister that you announce is always the most grateful part of your letters, agreeable as they are to me. Dull they cannot be when one is so interested as I am. It is for y^r^ sake, not my own, that I wish you better amused. Of whom, were all the world at Lymington, could you talk, that would engage my attention so much, as what you tell me about yourselves? Good night. Don't forget to tell me when I am to change my direction.

Strawberry Hill, Thursday, July 29, 1790.

If you give yourself an air and pretend to write dull letters, which I defy you to do when they are to pass thro' the medium of my eyes, I will lay you a wager that this shall beat you hollow, and even please Mr. Cumberland, who told me it was pity Mr. Gray's letters had been printed; and consequently, I suppose, poor gentleman! he thinks private letters ought to be as insipid as his own comedies. One comfort is, that if I have nothing to say, I trust it will be the last that you will receive

till I see you, and therefore if it is as dull as the last scene in any comedy, no matter.

Yours of the 26th, that I have just received, tells me you will be in town by Thursday at farthest—so will I, certainly, and call on you in the evening. I have most seriously been house-hunting for you. I saw bills on two doors in Montpellier-row, but neither are furnished. Yesterday to a larger at Teddington, but it was not only stark naked, but tumbling down. You shall come to me, and then we will see what can be done.

I do hope you will be staggered about a longer journey for some time. But two days ago I saw a new paragraph of Tuscan disturbances. Every paper talks of horrid ones at Lyons; but I will say no more now, as you promise to be guided by farther accounts.

I have learnt nothing fresher from Paris, only that all the letters talk of repeated insults to the Duke of Orleans, and it is thought he will return hither. Nor of the Bretons, non plus.

The Duchesse de Biron and the Boufflers's are to dine here on Saturday, and the Edgcumbes. The Duchess returns to Paris next week, but as she must leave her duchy behind, why should not Lord Abercorn desire the King to seize it as a wreck, and give it to Lady Cecil Hamilton?

The Argyles are returned, the Duchess, I hear, looking very ill. They have got a foolish notion at Richmond that Lord Blandford is to marry Miss Gunning; an idea so improbable that even the luck of the Gunnings cannot make one believe it.

You are in the right to look better, and I would advise Agnes to do so too as fast as possible, for, to tell you the truth, I feel myself growing inconstant. I have seen Mrs. Udney. Oh! she is charming, looks so sensible and, unluckily, so modest; but then, as Mr. Udney looks as old and decrepit as I do, there may be some hopes.

At night.

Mr. Lysons the divine and I have been this evening to see the late Duke of Montagu's at Richmond, where I had not been for many years. Formerly I was much there, but *her* grace broke with me on what I had said in my 'Noble Authors' of her grandfather Marlborough, as if I had been the first to propagate his avarice! I softened it in the second edition to please her, but not being the most placable of her soft sex, she never for-

gave it. The new garden that clambers up the hill is delightful, and disposed with admirable taste and variety. It is perfectly screened from human eyes, tho' in the bosom of so populous a village; and you climb till at last, treading the houses under foot, you recover the Thames and all the world at a little distance. I am amazed that it is not more talked of, and I am glad Mrs. Udney did not see me in my ascent or descent. I was no very graceful figure as Mr. Lysons was dragging me up and down. I will take care to make love on plain ground; and things do go on well, for at my return I found a note from Mrs. Udney to invite me to a concert on Sunday, so I must have made some impression, for I never saw her till yesterday morning.

While I write, Mr. Lysons has been turning over Le Neve's* 'Monumenta Anglicana,' and has found that *nine* aldermen of London died in one year. I concluded it must have been in one of the years of the Plague. No, it was in 1711. Then it certainly was in 1711 that turtles were first imported.

Adieu! How glad I am to have no more of these empty letters to write! Don't you think it tiresome to write letters at all? Pray let us have no more occasion to write any.

P.S.—Mr. Lysons was last Monday at Mrs. Piozzi's fête at Streatham. Five and forty persons sat down to dinner. In the evening was a concert, and a little hopping, and a supper.

Strawberry Hill, Monday night, Aug. 2, 1790.

By yours of Friday, which I received yesterday, I find you got one from me on Wednesday, and I hope one on Friday too.

I shall certainly see you in Somerset-street on Thursday evening. I have changed my language, not my wishes; and scarce a morsel of my opinion about your going abroad, tho', as I have told you, I did at first acquiesce, because I knew how much my own happiness was at stake, and I would not suffer that to preponderate with me. But oh! my beloved friend, can I be so interested about you and not be alarmed? Every day I hear new causes of terror. Lyons is all tumult and violence. The Duke of Argyle, who is just arrived, had his chaise pelted, and the coronet over his arms rubbed out. Miss Cheap, whom I

* Inscriptions on the Monuments of Eminent Persons deceased from 1700 to 1715, by John le Neve.

met last night at a concert at Mrs. Udney's, is frightened for you, like me, and very sorry for your project. She told me she has just received a letter from an English family abroad, whom probably you know, who are longing to come home, but dare not venture. Are these vain terrors in me? And tho' I did not remonstrate at first, can I love you and be silent now?

Tho' I cannot yet believe it will be, there is certainly much more probability than I thought of another Gunning becoming a duchess. Gen. Conway wrote to me that it is all settled, and that she is to have the same jointure as the Duchess of Marlborough; but *Lady Clackmannan*, who has questioned (you may be sure) both the Duke and Lord Lorne, says the former answered coolly, 'They tell me it is to be,' but the other told her he knew nothing of the matter, and that he had even not seen Lord Blandford. The Dss. of Gloucester says that Mrs. Howe, who is apt to be well informed, does not believe it. My incredulity is still better founded, and hangs on the Duchess of Marlborough's wavering weathercockhood, which always rests at forbidding the banns.

My dinner for the Biron and Boufflers went off agreeably. Yesterday I had Mr. Thomas Walpole, his French wife, who is most amiable, and his sister and daughters, and that too passed well. The Bretons, who are party per pale, loyal and levellers, have promised the Seigneur de Chilly to burn his château at their return, if they find a soupçon of any seigneurial marks remaining. They joined in the Jubilee with alacrity, and yet since have quelled a mob who were proceeding to great lengths against *Le Capet* for not taking the oath on the altar. The Queen they call nothing but *la Dame Capet*, as in the Fronde Anne of Austria was *Dame Anne*.

It has rained all day. I had ordered my coach to go to Richmond in the evening, but had it set up again, and preferred having the fires lighted, and writing to you comfortably.

Miss Cheap is certainly your true friend, for she told me that Mrs. Udney, whom I took for two and twenty, is eight and thirty. There I found the Abbé singing glees with the Abrahams. He came to Mr. Barrett's a day later than he had promised. I insisted that he had been warbling at the Worcester and Gloucester music meeting.

My nephew, George Cholmondeley, is to be married on

Saturday.* Good night! I am glad I shall say so in person on Thursday.

Mr. Berry and his daughters had promised Mr. Walpole to pass some time in August at Twickenham; and to his exertions in obtaining a house for them the following note from Miss Berry appears to refer, though no date of month is affixed:—

Sunday evening.

A thousand thanks, my good Sir, for your earnestness last night, and your kind attention this morning about a house for us. My father goes to Twickenham to-morrow or next day, and carries with him our best wishes to find a place in that neighbourhood; he will enquire after the house you mention, the situation of which I do not immediately recollect, but be assured a short distance from Strawberry Hill will be one of the first recommendations to us. To our many obligations to you we must add that of the *very* agreeable evening we spent last night. I fear we shall not meet often this week, except you are to be at Lady J. Penn's on Wednesday; perhaps not at all, for we go on Thursday to the Duke of Argyll's, and shall probably stay till Saturday. Allow us, therefore, to lay a plan already for next week, and to beg the favour of seeing you to-morrow se'nnight, which will be the 21st. Without a little arrangement and consideration beforehand, I find one's time passes away in London 'nec recte, nec suaviter,' while we ensure both when we are lucky enough to spend the evening with you.

M. Berry.

P.S.—Do tell me where Mrs. Damer lives; though we are not to have the pleasure of being admitted till next week, we wish no longer to delay leaving our name at her door.

The note subjoined is also without date of month:—

Saturday afternoon.

Was I to begin thanking you, when should I have done? and what is three tickets, or three dozen tickets for any show upon earth in comparison of my other obligations to you, in comparison of that flattering regard, that lively interest, that real

* To Miss Pitt.

friendship, with which upon every occasion you act towards us? Believe me, and it is all I feel able to say, it is not lost upon us; we feel it all, and the impossibility of ever thanking you for *such* obligations. For tickets to the trial,* to anybody else I could write a fine note, to you it is impossible. M. B.

On the 10th of October Mr. Berry and his daughters left England, and the letter of that day is too touchingly descriptive of the writer's feelings not to be here inserted, though it is amongst the few that are already printed without omissions.

[Sunday, Oct. 10, 1790; the day of y^r^ departure.

Is it possible to write to my beloved friends and refrain from speaking of my grief for losing you, though it is but the continuation of what I have felt ever since I was stunned by your intention of going abroad this autumn. Still I will not tire you with it often. In happy days I smiled and called you *my dear wives—now*, I can only think on you as *darling children*, of whom I am bereaved! As such I have loved and do love you; and charming as you both are, I have had no occasion to remind myself that I am past 73. Your hearts, your understandings, your virtues, and the cruel injustice of your fate, have interested me in everything that concerns you; and so far from having occasion to blush for any unbecoming weakness, I am proud of my affection for you, and very proud of your condescending to pass so many hours with a very old man, when everybody admires you, and the most insensible allow that your good sense and information (I speak of both) have formed you to converse with the most intelligent of our sex as well as your own; and neither can tax you with airs of pretension or affectation. Your simplicity and natural ease set off all your other merits—all these graces are lost to me, alas! when I have no time to lose!

Sensible as I am to my loss, it will occupy but part of my thoughts till I know you safely landed, and arrived safely at Turin. Not till you are there, and I learn so, will my anxiety subside and settle into steady selfish sorrow. I looked at every weathercock as I came along the road to-day, and was happy to see every one point north-east—may they do so to-morrow!

* Trial, probably, of Warren Hastings.

I found here the frame for Wolsey,* and to-morrow morning Kirgate will place him in it, and then I shall begin pulling the little parlour to pieces that it may be hung anew to receive him. I have also obeyed Miss Agnes, tho' with regret, for on trying it I found her Arcadia would fit the place of the picture she condemned, which shall, therefore, be hung in its room, tho' the latter should give way to nothing else, nor shall be laid aside, but shall hang where I shall see it almost as often. I long to hear that its dear paintress is well; I thought her not at all so last night. You will tell me the truth, though she in her own case, and in that alone, allows herself mental reservation.

Forgive me for writing nothing to-night but about you two and myself. Of what can I have thought else? I have not spoken to a single person but my own servants since we parted last night. I found a message here from Miss Howe† to invite me for this evening. Do you think I have not preferred staying at home to write to you, as this must go to London to-morrow morning by the coach to be ready for Tuesday's post? My future letters shall talk of other things, whenever I know anything worth repeating—or perhaps any trifle, for I am determined to forbid myself lamentations that would weary you; and the frequency of my letters will prove there is no forgetfulness. If I live to see you again, you will then judge whether I am changed—but a friendship so rational and so pure as mine is, and so equal for both, is not likely to have any of the fickleness of youth, when it has none of its other ingredients. It was a sweet consolation to the short time that I may have left, to fall into such a society—no wonder then that I am unhappy at that consolation being abridged. I pique myself on no philosophy but what a long use and knowledge of the world had given me, the philosophy of indifference to most persons and events. I do pique myself on not being ridiculous at this very late period of my life; but when there is not a grain of passion in my affection for you two, and when you both have the good sense not to be displeased at my telling you so (though I hope you would have despised me for the contrary), I am not ashamed to say that

* Drawing by Miss Agnes Berry.

† An unmarried sister of the first Earl Howe, then living at Richmond.

your loss is heavy to me; and that I am only reconciled to it by hoping that a winter in Italy, and the journies and sea air will be very beneficial to two constitutions so delicate as yours. Adieu! my dearest friends. It would be tautology to subscribe a name to a letter, every line of which would suit no other man in the world but the writer.]

JOURNAL.

London: 1790.

Sunday, October 10th.—Left North Audley Street at half-past 11 A.M.; arrived at the Old Ship at Brighthelmstone at half-past eight.*

Monday, 11th.—Sailed at 6 P.M. on board the Speedwell sloop of forty tons, Captain Lyn, which we hired, paying eight guineas and a half; the captain put our carriage and baggage aboard. The wind fair, and we got over to the coast of France in little more than twelve hours, but were twenty-four before we made Dieppe.

Tuesday, 12th.—Arrived at the Hôtel du Grand Cerf à Dieppe, having been exactly twenty-four hours on board our vessel. I went to bed the instant we got aboard, and never moved hand or foot till I got into the boat to be landed at Dieppe. The inn much better than I expected. We got tea and supper, and to bed as fast as we could.

I had heard Dieppe spoken of as much the dirtiest town in France: it certainly by no means deserves *that* description; the streets are straight and tolerably wide, the houses for the most part ill-built, and immediately after leaving English neatness, give one the idea of being half in ruins. There is a fine sea view from an old castle † guarded by some invalids, to which my father and I walked.

* A journey of nine hours, now performed in one hour and a half.

† This castle afforded a refuge to Henri IV. when retreating before the army of the League. In 1650 the Duchess de Longueville took refuge here when pursued by the vengeance of Mazarin and Anne of Austria. The castle has been repaired, and is used as a barrack.—*Murray's Handbook.*

Wednesday, 13*th*.—Arrived at l'Hôtel Vatel at Rouen. The road excellent, and we went nearly as fast as we should have posted in England. Rouen is a large populous town, the streets remarkably narrow even for this country. The Quay to the Seine, which is here as broad as the Thames at Kew Bridge and crowded with vessels, must be above a mile long, full of people and business, and very broad, gay, and bustling. The cathedral a noble Gothic building, highly ornamented on the outside, and within inferior to nothing I have ever seen except York Minster. The choir enclosed with a polished brass open screen, the great west door of the church has the same impropriety (but without any of the same beauty to apologise for it), as our cathedral at Winchester, viz., a front of Grecian architecture. The shops in Rouen are all open to the street, without windows or any sort of defence from the weather, and the women by whom they are universally served sit there from morning to night, at all seasons with a little chauffette under their feet. Here we found ourselves obliged to alter our intended course; for our bankers, Garvie & Co., could not give us 5*l*. in money instead of 60*l*. which we wanted—as much as we pleased in assignats of 800 florins each, but money of any sort was not to be had at Rouen; so that instead of going from St. Germains to Versailles, and avoiding Paris, we were obliged to go there in search of money—that one thing needful, above all on a journey.

Thursday, 14*th*.—Left Rouen; the road along the banks of the Seine beautiful. At Gaillon is a magnificent old château, in the real castle style, with turrets, &c., &c., belonging to the Archbishop of Rouen, the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, who from 20,000*l*. a year, half of which they own he gave in charity, is reduced to 1,500*l*. Lay at Mantes.

Friday, 15*th*.—Arrived at Paris; drove to the Hôtel d'Orléans, Rue des Petits Augustins; took the apartment au

second at 12fl. per day. Found a laquais de place, known to the house, ready for us on the staircase; got a very good dinner from a traiteur in less than an hour, and found ourselves as well arranged and as much at home as if we had been here a month. I know no other place where one can have so many comforts in so short a time. The approach to Paris from St. Germain-en-Laye, and more particularly from the beautiful Pont de Neuilly, is worthy to lead to what the people of this country delight to call the first city in the world. The first city in the world is at present much in déshabille; for what with the number of emigrants caused by the violence and prejudices of the people, the number of others who, without being actually in danger, choose to stand aloof, and see how matters will go, together with another description of people, perhaps not less numerous, who from motives of economy and quiet have retired to their own country-houses, or to those of their relations, or to the provincial towns—the streets of Paris, the Palais Royal, the Tuileries—in short, all places of public resort, exhibit a very different appearance, and seem filled with very different people, from what I remember them five years ago. The streets are full of fiacres and carts, hardly a gentleman's carriage or a voiture de remise to be seen, at least not one for twenty, and the Palais Royal and Tuileries filled with people of the lowest class, with a very small proportion of those one can suppose above it.

Saturday, 16*th*.—Monsieur de Levis,* to whom we

* Le Duc Pierre Marc-Gastin de Levis, son of Marshal Levis, was chosen Député de la Noblesse of Dijon at the age of twenty-five. He adopted the principles of the Revolution, but always with great moderation. After the events of the 10th of August 1792, he quitted Paris and joined the army of the Princes, where he served as a private soldier. He was wounded in the Quiberon expedition, and came over to England, where he published a funeral oration on Louis XVI. and on Marie Antoinette. He returned to France after the 18th Brumaire, 1808, but occupied himself only with literature. In 1814 he was included in the first promotion of Peers, and again took part in public affairs, as well as in literary pursuits: died Feb. 1830.—*Biog. Nouvelle des Contemporains.*

had sent, called upon us in the morning. Agreed to meet him upon the terrace of the Tuileries at half-past two o'clock, to go, if possible, into the National Assembly. In the meantime drove to the Porte St. Antoine. Saw the remains of the Bastile; it is now levelled with the bottom of the fossé, and the stones piled up upon every side. There are still a number of people at work digging up the foundations. It is, they say, to be levelled to the surface of the ground, and a *Place* built, to be called that of Louis Seize.

From the Porte St. Antoine, drove round the Boulevards, which, in spite of their natural gaiety, have the same neglected look with the rest of the town. The Ambigu Comique, the Théâtre Lyrique, and all the little *Spectacles* of the Boulevards, have got new fronts to their theatres—all of them architectural, all of them after the antique, and by no means in bad taste; indeed, I cannot help thinking the taste for architecture at present in Paris much better than ours in London. All their late buildings are divided into few and large parts, and have an air of grandeur that we have never yet been able to attain in London. Witness that enormous mass of littlenesses at Somerset House. The colonnade of the gay and beautiful façade of the Place de Louis Quinze struck me, however, upon this second view of it, as somewhat meagre, and liable to the very objection I have just been making to our buildings—that of being divided into too small parts.

At half-past two found M. de Levis waiting for us in the Terrace des Feuillans in the Tuileries. The Salle of the National Assembly joins it, and is what was formerly a Manège. We entered it under the auspices of our friend M. de Levis, who is Député de la Noblesse de Dijon.

The members have all in their turn, alphabetically, so many tickets to give away. It was not his turn, but as the debate was a dry one—upon the equal taxation of different sorts of *biens fonciers*—many people had left

the gallery, and we got very good places. The room is long, very commodiously fitted up for the purpose, with six or seven rows of benches, one above another, all round, and covered with green cloth, and a door, such as is in our Westminster Hall fitted up for a court of justice. In the middle of one side sits the President at a small table, elevated as high as the last row of benches; and under him is another larger table, at which sit the clerks and short-hand writers. Opposite the President is a sort of pulpit, in which those who wish to make a speech place themselves; those who have only an amendment to move, an objection to make, or only wish to say a few words, speak in their place. While we were present, there were seldom fewer than three or four speaking at once—often many more—with such a noise that it was impossible anything could be heard; the President in vain ringing a great bell, which stands by him on the table, by way of enforcing silence or drowning other noises, and the criers in vain demanding it; and when at last some one with strong lungs and much perseverance overcame the rest, he never got a hearing for more than three or four sentences, in the course of which something was sure to occur which met with the approbation, or blame, of the major part of the Assembly, and was expressed in an equally vociferous manner by every individual according to his own particular sentiments. Their appearance is not more gentlemanlike than their manner of debating—such a set of shabby, ill-dressed, strange-looking people I hardly ever saw together. Our House of Commons is not half so bad. The aristocratical party—for such a party there is even in the National Assembly, and a party which, after the present *rage* for reformation is over, and the people have found that their representatives have destroyed much without having established anything in its place—will then come forward, and perhaps have it in their power (if really good patriots) to settle a good constitution,

and to restore the degraded monarch to that degree of power which, in a great country like this, it is perhaps necessary he should have, to secure the liberties of the people.* When the Assemblée broke up at four o'clock, we returned to our hotel.

After dinner, went to the Champ de Mars, now called Le Champ de la Confédération. M. de Levis, who had much recommended our seeing it, called upon us just as we were stepping into the carriage, and accompanied us, which was pleasant, as he explained where everybody sat, how they came in, &c., &c. I should indeed have been sorry not to have seen what I think more truly in good taste and in great style of anything I ever saw in France. The sort of covered pavilion, under which sat the king, the États, &c., &c., groups so well with the higher edifice of the École Militaire, which it joins by a covered passage; the enclosure is so large and so well encadré by the trees round it, and the altar in the middle, though only composed of canvass and boards, is in such perfect good taste, that it puts one in mind of N. Poussin's fine ideal landscapes of Greece. We saw it all by the finest moonlight that ever was, which perhaps was not without its effect upon the whole scene.

* The following extraordinary performance, that took place in the National Assembly a few months earlier, presents even a stronger picture of the wild absurdities into which men in a deliberative assembly could be led by the excitement which then prevailed over reason and sense:—

'L'Assemblée Nationale.

'Le Président annonce qu'une députation va paroître, et qu'elle est composée d'Anglois, de Prusses, d'Hollandois, de Russes, de Polonois, d'Allemands, de Suédois, d'Italiens, d'Espagnols, de Brabançons, de Liégois, d'Avignonais, de Suisses, de Génevois, d'Indiens, d'Arabes, et de Chaldées.' They were headed by a Baron de Cloots du Val de Grâce, who acted as 'leur orateur.' They demanded to have a place allotted them on the day of the Confederation in the Champs de Mars, which was granted by acclamation, and their speaker from that day received the title of 'l'Orateur du Genre Humain.'

N.B.—His name was Baptiste Cloots, but he called himself afterwards Anacharsis, to avoid a Scriptural name.

Sunday, 17*th*.—Left Paris, very much satisfied with the few hours we spent there, and glad to have seen Paris in the very particular situation to which the present state of France has reduced it. At Ponthierry, on the opposite bank of the river Yonne, stands the fine gay-looking château of the Duke of Orleans at St. Assis. There are fine woods about it, and the country and banks of the river very beautiful. At Chailly, a post and a half from Fontainebleau, we observed that the bed of the carriage was broken. After some delay, continued our route, and arrived at Fontainebleau; the roads perfectly good, and they drive faster than in England. The Forêt de Fontainebleau is one of the most romantic and beautiful parks imaginable, and singular from the large abrupt masses of rocks scattered everywhere in the midst of a flat country. It always puts me in mind of Plumpton, in Yorkshire; but the rocks here are more considerable, and all covered with common and weeping birches, which add much to their beauty. The Hôtel du Grand Cerf inconceivably bad in a town where, from being the occasional residence of the court, a number of strangers of distinction must sometimes lodge. Walked in the gardens of the château: these were full of all sorts of people, in their holiday clothes, which the moment a French man or woman put on, they are anxious to show themselves. In the park, just without the garden, there was a large sort of temporary building, where not less than three or four hundred of the common people were dancing away most merrily, both French and English country dances; and though without much grace, better than any other common people in the world dance. We did not go into the apartments of the château, which we had formerly visited; it is an enormous building, and is computed to have 8,600 chimneys.

Monday, 18*th*.—The Charon at Fontainebleau, as usual, not getting his work done as soon as he promised,

we could not leave Fontainebleau till twelve o'clock; the first two posts to Nemours, through the forest, and beautiful. Slept at Nogent, a poor little village.

Tuesday, 19*th*.—At Briare, we came upon the banks of the Loire, which runs through a large and highly cultivated valley. At Cosne and Pouilly, two wretched little towns or bourgs, they plague you to buy knives and gloves they manufacture—their importunity is excessive at the door of the carriage. The people in the neighbourhood of La Charité were in the middle of their vendange, and the postilions we got from thence to Pougues were drunk (an uncommon case in France), and nearly overturned and broke our carriage to pieces in galloping out of the town. Lay at Pougues; tolerable inn, civil people.

Wednesday, 20*th*.—The road from Pougues to Nevers through a rich enclosed country, very like the best part of England. Nevers is a considerable town. We were obliged to stop for nearly an hour, to get the sabot of our carriage mended. The streets through which we passed were all up hill and down, and, after a long course of fine dry weather, were as wet as if the middle of winter. There is a great manufacture of the very coarsest sort of faience and earthenware at Nevers, which is sent down the river. The women make and bring to the inn beadwork, baskets, and little toys, which they call *de l'ouvrage à petits grains*. The town in general has the appearance of much poverty. One passes a long stone bridge over the Loire, but the country hereabouts all corn-fields and pasturage, enclosed with hedges; no vines from the south of Pougues till near Roanne. Moulins is a wretched-looking town. The tomb of the Duke of Montmorency, beheaded in the time of Louis Treize,* and which his wife, Marie Orsini, erected to his memory twenty years after his death, in the church of the Visitandines, to which she retired, is grand. The sarcophagus of black marble

* Executed at Toulouse in 1632.

upon which the figure of the Duke reposes is noble from its size and colour; but that of his wife, who is in a weeping attitude behind him, does not group with it: still less do the figures of Strength and Liberality, which are sitting in niches far below the sarcophagus, and do not seem to have anything to do with the principal figure, but the sculpture of the Hercules, representing Strength, is very good. Seeing this tomb, and some delay about horses, detained us at Moulins for above an hour, and we did not arrive at La Varenne till near nine o'clock.

Thursday, 21*st*.—The country about La Palisse and Droiturier finely waved and covered with low woods. At La Palisse, a romantic old château belonging to and inhabited by an old Marquis de la Palisse. The Loire is first navigable at Roanne, and covered with large roughly constructed boats, which are all sold and broken up down the river.

Friday, 22*nd*.—From St. Symphorien to La Fontaine, from La Fontaine to Tarare, cross the mountain of Tarare, one of the longest hills I ever saw; bullocks, as well as horses, are obliged to be put to the carriage. The country hereabouts, and indeed from Roanne, like the lowest region of the Alps; flat-topped houses and villages perched upon hills, more like the paysage of Italy than any other part of France that I have seen. The environs to Lyons, by whichever way it is approached, are beautiful. Arrived at the Hôtel de Provence, and were much disappointed at finding our old acquaintance, Mme. Giraud, had left that house and kept another hôtel of the same name; we agreed for a salle and three bedrooms, at twelve livres a day.

Saturday, 23*rd*.—Sent for M. Fels, the civil little banker from whom we had formerly got money, and went to several shops, and in the evening to the play, where Mdlle. St. Val happens to be acting for a few nights. She pleased me much, though in an uninteresting character

in Crébillon's 'Rhadamiste et Zénobie.' She has a charming tone of voice, speaks well, without either ranting or affectation; her figure and face not remarkable—*ni en bien, ni en mal.*

Sunday, 24*th.*—It rained all day. Spoke to two or three different voituriers, all so unreasonable in their demands, asking us nearly the double of what we had formerly paid.

Monday, 25*th.*—The voituriers refusing to go for less than thirty-six louis, setting us down at Turin, we determined to take the post to Chamberri. Slept at Bourgoin, a poor little town,

Tuesday, 26*th.*—The postilion, in leaving Bourgoin, stopped us at a corps de garde nationale, where our *passeport* was demanded, which was one from the French Ambassador in London, which had been signed by the Mayor at Lyons. Our carriage was immediately surrounded by a number of people without uniforms or anything else to distinguish them, who, whilst they were examining our *passeport* and asking eagerly if we were French people, told us they must search our trunks 'pas pour la contrebande, mais pour des papiers.' This wise demand, an officer of the regular troops told us, there was no avoiding; when he went into the guard-room with us he told us he saw all the folly, and wished he could prevent what they were doing, but did not dare, for fear they should fall upon him, or complain he did not do his duty. Two or three of them immediately mounted upon the back of the carriage and began rummaging over everything in the large trunk behind, where, certainly, if we had been *conspirators*, it would have been mighty likely we should put our *papers*! One of them—a saucy lad who called himself a corporal, and was foremost in turning everything *dessus dessous*—when I asked him if he was content, replied in the most impertinent manner, 'Non, je ne suis pas content, et ne parlez pas tant vous, cela ne vous fera aucun bien.' Another of them, observing something sticking

out of our courier's pocket, came behind him and took them out; they happened to be bills of the hôtel at Lyons, which, I hope, relieved the fears of the *patriot*. Upon the officers coming out again, and telling them that our *passeport* was a perfectly good one, that they saw, or rather *heard*, we were English, and that having searched our trunk they need not look farther, we were allowed to proceed; the officer having put upon our *passeport* '*vu et fouillé*,' which he said would prevent our being searched again at the Pont de Beauvoisin. I really began to dread being searched at every village. No such thing, however, happened; and at the Pont, our *passeport* was only shown to the commandant, and no further trouble given us about *papers*; our trunks and imperial were just opened at the douane. At the Pont of Beauvoisin, one passes the Guiers, which separates France from Savoy. From thence one soon gets into Alpine scenery, mounting up the side of the hill with the stream running in some places at an immense depth below. Between Les Échelles and St. Jean des Coups one passes by Le Chemin de la Grotte, a curious passage cut through the solid rock by Emanuel, Duke of Savoy,* in I forget what year. There is an inscription at the entrance, saying when and by whom done, and mentioning it as a work† *Romanis intentatum ceteris desperatum*. It is excessively steep and narrow, paved with stones, and winds through the steep bare rock which rises like a wall on each side, and seems to shut up both ends; our six wretched post-horses absolutely refused drawing the carriage, and we were indebted to the assistance of a number of peasants pushing behind, who I fancy attend all carriages they see going up the mountain. Arrived at Chamberri.

Wednesday, 27th.—After much talking and trouble, we settled with a voiturier to carry us to Turin, with four horses for our carriage and a bidet for one of the servants,

* Duke Charles Emanuel of Savoy, in 1670.

† Written by the Abbé St. Real, born at Chamberri, 1639.

for twenty-six louis d'or, as much as we paid five years ago from Turin to Geneva, a two days' longer journey; but, before our agreement was drawn up, the man said that we could only make half a day's journey, which would bring us to bad inns every night. Having once before experienced the inconveniences of this, we did not set out till the next morning. I walked all over the town of Chambéry with my father, over the shoes in mud. Saw the Palace,* a large castle sort of building, round an irregular court. The king's apartment is *démeublé* every winter, and in this condition we saw it. In the evening, walked through the mud to the theatre; it would have held Drury Lane within it. There was a large box in the middle for the court, but so empty a theatre I think I never saw: there might be about thirty people in the pit, not near a dozen in the boxes, including ourselves, and yet we had 'Les Deux Nièces' and 'L'Amant Bourru,' very tolerably acted; and a very tolerable orchestra, composed, I fancy, of the band of the regiment. In the next box to us sat a French *cordon-bleu*, and another gentleman, with whom I had some conversation. I found he was an officer in the French Garde du Corps, and had escaped from Paris after the memorable days of October last. He said he had been at Chambéry ever since, and that it was wonderful the number of French scattered all over Savoy and Piedmont.

Thursday, 28*th*.—Left Chambéry. The day was very fine, and we walked, I dare say, four or five miles. It is impossible to describe the sublime beauties of every inch of the road, which made a hardly less strong impression upon me at this *third* view than they did the first time.

Friday, 29*th*.—Left Aiguebelle at 6 A.M.; arrived at La Chambre about ten. Finding we made our first stage

* Several towers and other fragments exist of the ancient castle of the Dukes of Savoy. The Gothic chapel built within its enclosure, 1415, survived the conflagration of 1798.—*Murray's Handbook*.

so easily, we begged our voiturier to change the dinner into a breakfast—giving bread, butter, and milk, instead of roasts and bouillies. It rained violently all the early part of the morning; turned out a fine afternoon, which we enjoyed by taking a long walk. We were joined by a young peasant coming from the fair at St. Jean Maurienne. He gave us a great deal of information, in his way, about the country: he said that the French people, who used to come and buy great quantities of cattle at their fair, now brought it to sell; so that there was more cattle to sell, and less sold, than ever had been remembered. We were much amused at St. Jean Maurienne at driving through the fair, which is held on the outside of the town; it was entirely for cattle and for selling ready-made clothes to the people. The road, for two leagues on each side of the town, was enlivened by strings of peasants bringing their cattle from the market—mostly goats and sheep—which they buy at this season, to kill and salt for the winter; and some, but few, pigs. The pigs cost 40 livres of this country (2*l.* English), and the goats about 5*s.*: the prices seem to me to bear no proportion to each other. Arrived at St. Michel. The auberge bad; but I must observe that they are all greatly improved since we were here six years ago.

Saturday, 30*th.*—Road from St. Michel often upon the edge of precipices, which, in any other place, might make one tremble; but here one is never afraid: the road in general well made. All the little villages, without exception, through which we passed, are so miserably paved, and the streets so narrow and often so steep, that it is wonderful how any carriage, however strong, holds together passing over them. I thought them worse now than they even were formerly; and the voiturier said that, the princes of Piedmont not having come this way for these two years past, they had been shamefully neglected. In coming through St. André, one of the worst and steepest

of these miserable places, the street was so narrow, and the jolts so violent, that our imperial hit against the projecting roof of a house, and brought down one of the great stones with which they are covered; this stone tore off two of the staples which fastened the imperials, broke one of the check-braces, and took off the top of one of the lanterns. Arrived at Lanslebourg.

Sunday, 31*st*.—Left Lanslebourg at half-past 7 A.M. Our carriage had been all taken to pieces the night before, and ought to have started long before us; but it was Sunday, and though we paid forty shillings to have a mass said at five o'clock for the carriers, they did not set out above an hour before our chairs, and we soon passed them upon the road. We were lucky in having exceedingly fine weather, and found this crossing the mountain, as we always have done, a most agreeable day's journey. We got to the Hospital, about the middle of the plain at the summit, in an hour and a half, and found our old friend the prêtre, with whom we had formerly dined, recollecting us perfectly, and very glad to see us again. His house is much improved; he has now a very comfortable, clean, whitewashed room, hung with maps, by way of *salon*, and two or three very decent beds in other rooms, and a good kitchen. I found that, since we saw him, Mr. Trevor and several other people had at different times stayed several days with him, and indeed I should think, in the middle of summer, nothing could be pleasanter, or more conducive to health. We were served by a very clean woman, who brought us excellent cream, bread and butter, eggs, a couple of boiled trout from the lake, which are famous, apples and grapes (which are foreign luxuries), and, in short, everything that is necessary to make an excellent meal in that keen mountain air. We found no snow upon Mont Cenis, but a very considerable degree of frost and snow upon all the mountains above the plain; and the north wind, to which we luckily had turned our

backs, was piercing. We left the top of the mountain about eleven, and got to La Novalese at one o'clock; arrived at Susa soon after four. Walked to the remains of the Arch of Triumph erected to Augustus.* From the description of it, I expected to see a mere skeleton, but was agreeably surprised to find a very beautiful shaped arch, supported by two Corinthian pillars, and an enriched frieze in quite as good preservation as any of those at Rome; it stands in the garden of the Governor's house, and is joined to another more modern, though hardly less curious, ruin of a castle of the middle ages. Susa appeared to us, after the towns of Savoy, *magnificent*; the streets are tolerably wide, some of them with arcades, and (for Italy) rather clean.

Monday, 1st November.—Left Susa. We have found all the road upon this route much worse than formerly, owing, the people say, to none of the princes having been in Savoy for these two years past; we went a snail's pace, and were jumbled to pieces. When we got to Turin, we went first to the Auberge Royale, which was quite full; then to the Armes d'Angleterre, the next best hotel. Here they showed us two rooms only, very bad accommodation, for which they asked ten livres a day. Thought we should do better at La Bonne Femme, and found all full there, and returned to the Armes d'Angleterre, but were stopped from driving into the court: a gentleman had in the meantime taken the rooms. We were now at a loss what to do. I knew of no other hotels in Turin; the people mentioned an Hôtel de Provence, a vile place which my father went to look at, and which luckily was quite full. In the meantime the voiturier and a civil coffee-house man

* Erected by Julius Cotius, son of King Donnus, about 8 B.C., in honour of Augustus. This chieftain of the Alpine tribes, having submitted to the Roman authority, records his dignity under the humbler character of Prefect; the inscription, now nearly defaced, states the names of his fifteen mountain clans, whilst the basso-relievos represent the sacrifices (suovetaurilia) and other ceremonies by which the treaty was ratified and concluded.—*Murray's Handbook.*

proposed our going to the Dogana Vecchia, an auberge I had never even heard of; thither we went, and found room enough, but not a bit better accommodated than we should have been in one of the smallest towns in Italy — common brick floors, doors and windows that would not shut, dishes full of oil and garlick, &c. After all this trouble in lodging ourselves, we had the much greater annoyance of being disappointed of the letters we expected, and for which we sent in vain to the post and to the banker's. I cannot describe, and I am sure I do not wish anybody to experience, the regret and discomfort we felt. We had desired everybody to direct to us at Turin, and expected a large bundle of letters, but having foolishly forgotten to desire our friends to put '*par Paris*' on the address, they had all gone round by Germany, and we had arrived before them. This the banker told us the next morning, and comforted us as to the safety of our letters, but still we must wait for them a cruel time.

Amongst the letters expected in 'the large bundle,' and soon after recovered, were certainly those from Mr. Walpole. The three following, directed to Miss Berry at Turin, have happily been preserved :—

Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1790.

Yesterday was so serene, and the wind so favorable, that I hoped the pacquet was ready and that you sailed. To-day is blowing, and more to the south. I wish for a brisk wind to carry you swiftly; yet, if I could hold the bag, I should open it so timorously, that Boreas would not be able to squeeze his puffed cheeks thro' the vent, tho' I might hear of you sooner. Then I shall long for a line from Rouen, and then from Lyons, and most of all from Turin. Oh! how you have made me long to dip deep into the almanac, and even into that of next year, tho' it is most prodigal in me to be willing to hurry away a day, who may have so few in bank.

Yesterday morning I had just framed Wolsey, and hung him over the chimney of the little parlour, when the D^ss^ of

Gloucester came, and could scarce be persuaded it was the work of Agnes; but who else *could* have painted it? Milbourne, who is here drawing from some of my pictures for his prints to Shakespeare, cried out at it as the finest piece of water-colours he ever beheld, before he knew whose work it is. This was my employment yesterday, but not the only one; for I had my lawyer with me to prepare for securing Cliveden, if I should not have another almanac; and he's to bring me a proper *clause* on Monday next.

At night.

The wind has been so high since noon that I should have been very uneasy if it were not full south-west, with which I think you could not sail. I have been fully apprehensive about the whole of your journey, but had not foreseen that I should be alarmed about your voyage. Now I am impatient for a letter from Dieppe!

I have dined to-day at Bushy with the Guilfords, where were only the two daughters, Mr. Storer, and Sir Harry Englefield, who performed *en professeur* at the game I thought Turkish, but which sounds Moorish; he calls it, *Bandulore*. I had written a note to Mrs. Grenville to inquire its name, but I think this will serve, as you only wanted to be told some name, no matter what, as one does about a new face: 'Who is that?' One cares not whether the reply is Thompson or Johnson.

This will be only a journal of scraps till you are settled somewhere, and I can write regularly. Moreover, it is the only way of filling random letters—unless I were to indulge myself on the theme that for your sakes I will avoid. I am little likely here to learn or do anything worth repeating; yet, if you will be content with trifles, my wanting better subjects shall not be an excuse for not writing. It is a common plea with the unwilling; and persons abroad, I know, are often told by their correspondents, who have not the grace of friendship before their eyes, that they did not send them news, concluding they had better information. I may apologize for writing too often, but have too much pleasure in conversing with you in any manner, to lose the opportunity, provided I can hope to give you the least entertainment. Remember, however, that I ask no punctuality of replies—nay, beg you to restrain them. You are young, have much to revisit, many pleasures, I fervently hope, to enjoy;

many friends besides to write to, and your healths to re-establish. I certainly have nothing to do that I like half so well as writing to you two. Do but tell me in short notes y^r^ stations, y^r^ motions and intentions, and particularly how you both do, and I shall be content: I do give you my word I shall. Writing is bad for delicate constitutions: in the day you must sacrifice some sight or amusement; at night you may be writing too late, or fatiguing y^r^self when you should repose. Never, I beseech you, let the person who studies y^r^ well-being the most be accessory to causing you the least trouble, disquiet or disorder. This is a positive injunction. Good night.

Wednesday night, 13th.

I received y^r^ kind letter from Brighth. this morning, and give you a million of thanks for it. It gives me some hopes that you might be landed on Tuesday morning before the wind changed and rose; but it revived a thousand more anxieties. I do not like a vessel smaller than the pacquet; and the tempestuous wind of yesterday shocks me, lest it should have overtaken you at sea. That good soul Miss Seton walked over from Richmond to communicate her letter to me—how I love her for it! And she had previously called at Cambridge's to consult him, when his son George, who has often crossed to Dieppe, assured her the vessel would put back to England, or put into Boulogne on change of the wind. It may be so, but I cannot get out of my head the storm of yesterday, every blast of which made me quake and tremble more now lest you should have been in its power! Oh! when shall I hear you are safe? I have written to Mrs. D., and told her y^r^ being summoned on board suddenly prevented y^r^ writing to her.

As you desire my second letter might be directed to Turin, I have settled with good Miss S. that she shall write this next Friday to Lyons, and that I will defer this till Tuesday for Turin; that you may be sure of a letter either at the one or the other, and know why you do not hear from us both at once. I hope in God you are safe, and that my fears are groundless! All my letters and fears are for both, which I will not repeat any more. As I shall always I find be writing, you will order any letters to be sent after you from Turin, till I know how to direct farther on. When you are settled anywhere, I shall be more composed, and will think of the more insignificant things of the world.

Friday, 15th.

Words cannot tell what I have felt, and do now feel! The storm on Tuesday terrified me beyond measure, and so I have remained till this minute, that Mrs. D. has most humanely sent me an express to tell me you are landed. I must send him back with this, and will instantly send to Miss Seton to tell her the happy news, and to Cambridge. I am not composed enough to say anything else; but I will write again on Tuesday. Heaven preserve you all!

I have not got my letter yet, but am easy for the present.

Saturday night, Oct. 16, 1790.

The hurry and confusion in which I finished my letter this morning which I had prepared for the post, will have told you better than I can describe the terror I have been under from the storm of Tuesday, and ever since, and the transport of a line from Mrs. D. to tell me you are landed. I will not dwell but on one circumstance, but a dreadfull one! I saw in yesterday's newspaper that two boys had been lost off Plymouth on Tuesday night. You, I believe, know how affection's imagination travels on such an occasion! My letter from you I have not yet received, but expect to-morrow morning, and then will resume the subject of y^r^ voyage. Now my fears are returning to land.

This will not depart till Tuesday; yet I have chosen to stay at home and write to you, for my thoughts are not resettled enough for anything else. I met G. H. on Wednesday, who was beginning to condole with me on losing you, but the storm was in my head and I cut him short crossly, for as you are no longer my wives but my children, I can talk of you to nobody but those who love you almost as much as I do.

Not having been out of my house these three days, nor scarce seen a soul in it, I am not yet come to my worldly talk, but hope to be able to entertain you a little soon—arrive but at Turin. I know nothing but two events, not likely to please you.

Poor Mr. Ogilvie * has been near killed at Goodwood by an astonishing indiscretion of his own. He went, yes, and with one of his daughters, and without even a stick, into an inclosure where the duke keeps an elk. The animal attacked him, threw

* —— Ogilvie, Esq., who was married to the Duchess Dowager of Leinster, sister to the Duke of Richmond.

him down, gored him, bruised him—in short, he is not yet out of danger.

Boyd is made governor of Gibraltar, and somebody, I know not whom, is appointed lieutenant-governor in the place of y^r^ friend O'Hara—I know not how or why, but shall be sorry if he is mortified, and you consequently.

I believe I have one or two nephews in *war* going with the guards to the West Indies, and therefore one or two nieces that are mourning brides—but I do not inquire, for I should be a poor comforter just now. The proclamation is out for the Parl. meeting the 25th of next month; but the definitive Porter from Spain, that is to open or shut Janus's gates, is not expected back till the 27th of this. That is all I can tell Mr. Berry.

Sunday, noon.

Here is y^r^ letter from Dieppe as I expected, and strange it is, that as much as I abhor sea-sickness myself, I am very hard-hearted about yours—to have been only less sick than usual, when I would have compounded for y^r^ both rivalling the cascades of St. Cloud, if I could have been certain that you would soon be as dusty as those of Versailles. Oh! don't talk of it—but what harlequin of a Triton whisked y^r^ vessel about so as to escape the tempest, tho' you were 27 hours at sea?—nay, are not you silent about it, lest you should give me a posthumous panic? Thank God you are all safe! I will say no more of the storm, tho' I shall not forget it, nor recover soon of that sea-sickness.

I think it probable that good Miss Seton * may take a walk hither after church, as October is dressed out in all its diamonds; I have my coach ready to convey her back if she does—if not, I will call on her this evening; we must drink the health of y^r^ sea-sickness.

I have seen nothing of the Hamptonians; I could not bear to go to them, while my mind was so agitated—consequently I know nothing of the person who was to come to town yesterday, to be married on the 20th; but I do know that his aunt at the foot of yonder hill had heard nothing of it four days ago, nor believes a word of it—nor has her brother been near town these two months.

* A cousin of Miss Berry's, then on a visit in the neighbourhood of Strawberry Hill.—*M.B.*

Mrs. D. dines here to-morrow, and will probably carry this to town with her for Tuesday's post—but I may add a few words.

Sunday night.

If I could continue to predict as well as I have done to-day, I would turn prophet, and I know what I would foretell. Miss S. did come to me, and we had an hour and half of comfortable conversation, and nobody interrupted us, nor would any mortal have been welcome. You may guess the topics—the storm was not forgot. She saw Wolsey over his chimney in a comely frame of black and gold, and to-morrow the paper-man comes to new hang the room in sober brown suiting the occasion. As she was going she desired me to read to her Prior's 'Turtle and Sparrow,' and his 'Apollo and Daphne,' with which you were so delighted, and which, tho' scarce known, are two of his wittiest and genteelest poems. There should be new way-posts on our common roads to some of our best poets, since Dr. Johnson, from want of taste and ear, and from mean party-malice, defaced the old indexes as the mob do milestones.

I have heard at Richmond this evening that at Ealing the match is talked of as indubitable; yet yesterday morning the old grandam in Pallmall disavowed it, and laid the invention on L. M. C. From all this you will not much expect to hear the ceremony is performed. Ld Stopford marries the D. of Buccleugh's eldest daughter; the D^ss^ gives her 20,000*l.*, the Duke 10,000*l.*, and they settle 15 more.

Oct. 22, 1790.

Though Mrs. D. and Mrs. B. recommended y^r^ going thro' Paris, I should have had a new alarm could I have known you would be reduced to take that route—but you had left it before I had any apprehension of it, and I hope are actually at Lyons, or beyond it. Still I shall not feel comfortably till I hear from Turin—and what an age that will be!

I was in town yesterday; passed the evening with Mrs. D., where were Mrs. B. and *the Charming Man*; I did not see another creature, and returned hither to-day, but I shall go again on Thursday to take leave of Mrs. D., who sets out on Saturday. She writes to you to-night, for which reason I agreed I would not till Tuesday—and indeed I have already said all I have to say, or at least all I will say. Three days may furnish something. The Johnstones have been at Nuneham, and

are actually at Park Place, or I might have heard more of *Marchioness to be or not to be*, for those I saw in town knew not a tittle more of the matter, yet the Ides of March, i. e. the 20th of October, are come and gone!—consequently Faith *minifies*, instead of increasing; and unless Lord Abercorn insists upon the King's declaring that she was born a marchioness, I doubt whether she ever will be one.

My dates hitherto have been, of the 12th, to Lyons; of 16th, 19th, and this, to Turin. Whither I am to direct next I shall not know till you tell me.

Sunday, 24th, after dinner.

I should be tired of talking of the silly Miss and her match, and of inquiring about them, if you had not charged me to send you the progress of a history that at the eve of y^r^ departure revived so strangely, without having had a beginning. In its present stage it is a war of duchesses. The bride's aunt firmly asserts it is to be; the bridegroom's grandmother positively denies it—and she ought to know as first inventress. In the mean time no sposo appears, nor his parents, M— house wanting repainting—in short, everybody but the ducal aunt suspects *the* letter was fictitious somewhence or other.

I have called twice on Miss Seton at Richmond, and made her very happy by your safe arrival at Paris. I went afterwards to Lady Betty Mackinsey, where the Comtesse Emilie played admirably on the harp. The Penns were there, and delighted to hear of you. Lady Dillon told me she heard Lady Goodere say that I have been mighty obliging, and offered to buy the furniture if she and her knight would stay in my house. I am rejoiced at having been so civil, without having said or intended any such thing. I *have* agreed to buy the furniture, but I do not believe it is for the *Gooderes*, tho' it may be for the *good year*. I wish I was as sure that the one is true, as I am certain that the other is false!

I can tell Mr. B. nothing about War or Peace. We have a fleet mighty enough to take, aye, and bring home, Peru and Mexico, and deposit them in a *West India warehouse—vis à vis* that in Leadenhall Street. Tho' we should come by them a little more honestly than we did by the diamonds of Bengal, I shall not be sorry if we make peace and condescend to leave the new world where it was.

Mr. Burke's pamphlet is at last literally advertised for the first of November.

Monday, 25th.

The little parlour is new hung, and Wolsey has been installed this morning, and proclaimed president of all the *waterworks* in the world, with shouts of *Viva Santa Agnese!* With these festivities I must conclude for this post. Disposed as I am to be always writing to you two, be sure matter, *outward* matter, only is wanting. I send you heaps of trifles, lest I should omit anything you might like to know, especially as I know not when you will see an English newspaper. You are not to answer any of these trumpery articles—let me write, it amuses me; but remember you are gone for your healths, and are not to be sitting against the edge of a table. Adieu! Adieu!

P.S.—I have just permitted four foreigners to see my house, tho' past the season, because all their names end in *i*'s, and I must propitiate Italians, when you are, as I hope, on Hesperian ground.

JOURNAL.

Tuesday, 2*nd*.—We sent a civil note to Mrs. Trevor, asking her commands for Florence. She answered us that she was at home till the hour of the opera, and hoped to see us, and sent us the key of a box, which we declined, but went to her soon after five in our riding habits. Several people came in, all French, of whom her society at present chiefly consists. She said so much about our going to the opera, and that there was no impropriety in our dress, that we stayed till between eight and nine, when her whist party was finished, and then accompanied her to the Carignano Theatre. It has been burnt down and rebuilt since we saw it last, and is much neater and prettier—no gilding, but the boxes painted like stucco ornaments, upon a pale green ground, in very good taste. The opera, 'La Zingara in Fiera,' very pretty; the prima donna an admirable singer. I asked in vain for

her name; she was La Prima Donna, and nobody knew more of her. The theatre crowded with French people. Our box was full of them the whole night; among others the Duc de Bourbon,* who seems a civil, good-humoured, gentlemanlike, stupid man. The Trevors pressed us much to stay and see the hunt at Stupinigi the next day, offering to carry us first there, and then to Moncalieri (the first post on our journey onwards), and where (they said) our carriage might meet us. We therefore agreed, if my father permitted us, to accept the proposal.

Wednesday, 3rd.—We had intended leaving Turin by the post, but the voiturier who brought us from Chambéry persuaded my father that he would carry us as well. I confess, after having had the experience of a long journey, with one very stupid servant and another very useless one, I was not sorry to be saved the trouble of all the bargains, &c., necessary at Italian inns and Italian rivers, &c., &c. He was to carry us from Turin to Florence in ten days, stopping half a day at Parma and a whole day at Bologna, we paying all expenses of crossing rivers, &c., for thirty-two louis d'or. At eleven o'clock

* Louis Henri Joseph de Bourbon, Duke of Bourbon and Prince de Condé, born April 1756, married, April 1770, Marie-Thérèse d'Orléans, who died in January 1822. He was the son of Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé, who died 1818, and was the father of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien. In 1776 he fought a duel with the Comte d'Artois, on account of a quarrel which had taken place at a masquerade. In 1789 the Duke quitted France with the rest of the family of the Prince de Condé, and retired to Brussels. In 1793 he, with the Duc d'Enghien, joined the Prince de Condé in the Black Forest, where three generations were seen combating together. After the campaign of 1800 he accompanied his father to England, and was residing at Wanstead House, in Essex, at the time of the murder of his son in 1804. In 1814 he returned to France. In August, 1830, at his Château de St. Leu, he was found suspended by his own neckerchief to the iron central fastening of the window. The body was quite cold when the attendants forced their way into the room. His fortune passed to the Duc d'Aumale, with enormous legacies to Dame Sophia Dawes, Baroness of Feuchères, with whom he lived, and who was in the house at the time of his death. Thus perished the last member of the House of Condé.—*Ann. Register.*

we went from Mr. Trevor's in his coach-and-four to Stupinigi, where we found relays, and dogs, and horses, and people wandering, but heard nothing of the chase. Here Mr. Trevor mounted his horse and joined the hunt, we continuing in the carriage and driving about till we heard the stag was killed; then our carriage drew up in an allée, through which all the princes and their suites on horseback, and all the ladies in carriages, passed us. The king* rode up and spoke to Mrs. Trevor; he is a very gentlemanlike old man, easy and dignified in his manner. The Prince de Piedmont is the oddest, ugliest-looking being I ever beheld, *il abuse du privilège non seulement qu'ont les hommes, mais les princes, d'être laids.* They say he has a great deal of natural wit, penetration, and cleverness. The Prince de Carignan seems grown a great awkward ill-looking young man; his mother was ill, and not there. The Comte d'Artois, a great deal fatter and better-looking than when we saw him at Paris; his two sons,† charming, pretty boys, on horseback. They were all in *uniforme de chasse*, red, faced with blue, and a broad silver lace, ugly in itself, but gay and pretty in the field. After passing us, they went to the Curée, where all the carriages were drawn up. We avoided as much as we could so disgusting a sight. Afterwards, all the court, princes, &c., &c., went to Stupinigi in their carriages; we followed, and then went in for a moment with Mr. Trevor to the Great Hall, where the guards, officers, ladies, &c., were waiting. Without being in good and true taste, the Palace of Stupinigi is gay-looking and magnificent, the hall particularly so—exactly like a fine opera scene. We returned to our carriage, and there sat till all the court

* Vittorio Amadeo III.

† Duc d'Angoulême (afterwards Dauphin) and the Duc de Berri, sons of the Comte d'Artois and of Marie-Thérèse of Savoy. The Duc d'Angoulême accompanied his father to Turin in 1789, and spent there more than a year with his grandfather, the King of Sardinia. The Duc de Berri, born 1778, was sent to Turin for his education.—*Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary.*

passed to go to the Palace at Montcaillier, whither we followed them. I neglected to count the carriages, but I think there were certainly above a dozen all *attelés de six chevaux*, and near a hundred people on horseback—écuyers, pages, &c., &c.—accompanying them. At Montcaillier there was a fair through which the court passed, and the number of people which this had brought together was uncommonly gay and pretty. We were told that almost every horse in Turin was there, and that for saddle-horses people had given as much as forty livres. We left Mrs. Trevor at the Minister's house, much pleased with our morning entertainment, and with her and Mr. Trevor's politeness to us. We left Montcaillier in our own carriage about three o'clock, and reached Villa Nuova at seven; the night was very fine, so we were not discomposed at being above an hour in the dark.

Thursday, 4*th*.—Left Villa Nuova. Asti, a comfortable, bustling-like town. Between Asti and Felizano they are now making a fine new road, at a great expense in levelling the ground; it will save a considerable détour. Arrived at Felizano; a wretched inn, where I was eaten up with fleas.

Friday, 5*th*.—Arrived at Alessandria. Walked about with my father. It is a considerable town. The place in which the fair is held (which lasts for eighteen days twice a year, in May and October) is a large square, covered in, and divided into streets of shops, like the Palais Royal. When full of people, and lighted up, it must look very gay and pretty. It belongs to the town. The shops are let, many of them, for 400 or 500 florins a year—that is to say, 20*l*. or 25*l*. a year. There are about thirteen or fourteen Palazzi Cavalieri in Alessandria—two in particular, belonging to a Marchese Gillini and a Marchese Cassini, are in a style of magnificence with respect to outward appearance, to size, entry, and staircase, of which London, and I had almost said Paris,

has no idea. On the other side of Tortona we crossed the Scrivia, of which I have always retained a disagreeable impression, from the danger and plague we once had upon its banks. It was now very quiet, and we got over without difficulty in the carriage, though the boat seems neither larger nor more convenient than when we first passed. Between Tortona and Voghera we also passed another little river—the Corion—the channel much narrower, but, from the appearance of the banks and a strange awkward-looking boat lying upon them, I should suppose it might sometimes be troublesome. Getting in and out of the broad stony channels of these rivers, even where the waters themselves are passed without difficulty, is always a disagreeable job, and should be avoided in the dark. Voghera is a neat little town, enclosed with an old wall.

Saturday, 6*th*.—Arrived at Castel S. Giovanni. It had frozen, and been excessively cold, in the early part of the morning. The sun was so powerful by the time we arrived that, after breakfast, we sat and wrote and drew in the loggia or open gallery of the inn.

Arrived at Piacenza at 5 P.M. All about Piacenza great flat grass-fields, at this time of the year beautifully green, and in which are pasturing those fine white-and-dun-coloured cattle peculiar to this country, and which I think the handsomest in the world. Before Piacenza, crossed the Trebia: the channel, I am sure, cannot be less than three-quarters of a mile wide; the stream itself is considerable, though we passed it now with ease *à gué*.

Walked out to the Piazza to look at the two equestrian statues; that of Ranuzio [Farneze] is the best, but they are both too much in the French flattering manner, and neither of them very good, though their effect is fine from size and situation. The bronze basso-relievos upon the pedestals, which I do not recollect remarking formerly, are good; they are executed in a singular

manner. There is a new façade of buildings, built by the town, for shops and private houses; the Duke of Parma gave 400 sequins towards it. In the middle is a corps de garde. Walked to the Corso, which is really a noble street, to see Vignola's fine church, to which they are putting a new front, or rather finishing it; it is doing at the expense of the chapter it belongs to, the architect a Cav^r^ Morigi. It has been five years in progress, is to be finished in two more, and to cost 14,000 sequins.* The Palazzo Scotti, one of the largest and finest in Piacenza, has been all painted and repaired since we were last here; and, indeed, Piacenza in general, and all the towns we have passed through in Italy, strike me as much improved—less dirty and more comfortable—than they appeared formerly. Whether this is really so, or is only the effect of coming direct from France to Italy, which we did not before, I know not; certain it is that every little Italian town is a paradise in comparison to places of the same size in France. Here the streets are always straight, well paved, and clean, and there is always much space both within and without, which is seldom the case in France. In Piacenza, one of the most wretched large towns I know in Italy, there are a number of magnificent-looking palaces, and a hundred private carriages are kept. The common people in the town certainly have the appearance of great poverty, and probably are poor, having no manufactures, little foreign commerce, and living one upon another; but the country people are all well clothed, and look fat and fair and comfortable, even to English eyes.

Sunday, 7th.—Left Piacenza; arrived at Borgo S. Donino. It has rained every day, more or less, for this month past. At Fierenzuola we passed the Lara, a great

* Church of San Agostino, desecrated and closed, and in danger of demolition. This church, by Vignola, is a very noble fabric. The nave is supported by thirty-four Doric columns.—*Murray's Handbook.*

channel, with hardly any water in it; there is a brick bridge, to cross where there is too much water. The country the same uninterrupted rich grass and corn-fields, with rows of vines down them and along every hedge.

Monday, 8*th*.—Left Borgo S. Donino for Parma. After breakfast, went to the Accademia, the Teatro Grande, and the Campanile Reale, which are all under one roof. Correggio does not delight me more than formerly; his boasted grace is to me affectation—has no simplicity, no dignity about it, and never touches me. I thought more than ever of the great theatre. If one can fancy such a ruin new and clean, it must have been magnificent, but, like many of the *great* works of *little* man, much too big for him. From the boxes the figures of persons upon the stage are lost, but their voices, from its admirable construction, are heard, without the least elevation, from one end to the other. At the printing-office they go on very slowly, but their work is excellent: they had just finished an impression of three hundred copies of the 'Castle of Otranto,' for Edwards the bookseller in London, and five copies upon vellum. With the director (Bodoni), who seems to be a clever man and fond of his art, I had a good deal of conversation in a bookseller's shop. Few books, I fancy, are sold at Parma; the shop we were in, though the principal one, poorly supplied. They are furnishing another long gallery with books at the Royal Library, which is open to everybody. The church of S. Antonio, which I remember pleased me much formerly, had not the same effect; it is gay, but gewgaw and trumpery.

Tuesday, 9*th*.—It had rained all night, and continued pouring; heard it would be impossible to cross the Secchia and get to Modena at night. We resolved, however, to get to Reggio. The rain still pouring, crossed upon a brick bridge a river which divides the state of Parma from Modena; it entirely filled its wide channel, and was rushing like a torrent, every ditch was a considerable stream,

and many of the fields overflowed. In the midst of all this rain, there were three or four lively flashes of lightning, and loud thunder at a distance. Arrived at Reggio at 4 P.M.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—We were destined to stay here the whole day. After breakfast walked all over the town of Reggio; it is not well built (for Italy), though there are some handsome palaces. In the Duomo there is a monument to a bishop*—a single figure sitting upon a sarcophagus of no contemptible sculpture. The shops poor, and many beggars. The Duchess of Modena, separated from her husband, the duke,† for these twenty-five or twenty-six years, has lived here constantly. Her palace by no means a fine one, just under the ramparts. She is dying of a complication of disorders.

Thursday, 11*th*.—Left Reggio for Modena. We passed the Secchia in a good boat; the river had got back into its usual course, but had completely filled its channel, which was now mud and pools of water; the boatman said no creature had passed it the day before. There is a new brick bridge built over the river here; it has been finished these three years, but nobody is yet allowed to pass over it, nor will not, they say, till the spring: the road is raised up to the bridge at each end, so that it is impossible in future that the river should ever stop the road. There is a wooden bridge, a post and a half up the river, which can be crossed when the boat cannot pass. The courier from Bologna came that way yesterday; a Swiss family did the same, from Reggio, last night. The road to it very bad, they say. I always remembered Modena as a remarkably pretty, neat town, and was not disappointed

* The tomb of Ugo Rangoni, Bishop of Reggio.

† Hercule III., Renaud, born in 1727, Duke of Modena in 1780, lost his duchy by the peace of Luneville in 1801, died in 1803; married, in 1741, Marie-Thérèse-Cibo-Malespina, heiress to Massa and Carrara, who died in 1790.—*Koch's Tableau des Révolutions de l'Europe.*

in it. Went to see the duke's palace, which, when here before, was not to be seen. The outside front by Dulens, famous for its four orders of architecture, is magnificent. In the apartments are some very fine pictures, which the duke has collected from all the churches in his dominions, giving them copies. The recesses of all the windows are hung with drawings, some very fine. The ball-room is monstrously heavy. The duke never inhabits this apartment; it is kept, the custode told us, for foreign princes visiting him, which I fancy never happens, except the Duke of Milan and his daughter, who come to see him every year for a day or two.

Friday, 12*th*.—Left Modena. Before Samoggia we passed the Panaro in a boat; it is a deep, narrow, rapid river, the banks steep, and consequently there is a great difficulty in getting in and out of the boat. Close by the ferry there was a bridge, which the stream had carried away, and is now rebuilding; it has four sorts of square towers, one at each corner, which looks handsome; when finished, the access to Modena on both sides can never again be interrupted by weather. At entering the Pope's dominions, they ask for *contrebande* only to get two or three paoli; there is no examination bulletin or other trouble.

Arrived at Bologna before 3 P.M. Bologna struck me as looking dirty and dark after the neat regularity of Modena, but it is a bustling place, with more appearance of business and population than almost any other town in Italy that I know. We found the Pellegrino still an excellent inn; our bill there for dinner, beds, &c., fifty-three paoli. We walked to the Sampieri Palace, or Galleria as it is called, for the pictures are in an unfurnished terreno apartment of a palace which the family do not inhabit. Albani's 'Children' did not delight me quite so much as formerly—Guercino's 'Abraham and Hagar,' if possible more than ever. The 'St. Peter and St. Paul' is a wonderful painting; it is Guido with the colouring of Titian,

but it is a picture that never gave me great pleasure. This fine collection is so settled by the family to whom it belongs, that it never can be sold. Failing male heirs, it goes to the Institute, or Public Academy.

Saturday, 13*th*.—Left Bologna. The Apennines I think less disagreeable upon this second view of them than I did formerly; they are mostly covered with chesnut woods, which, though generally small and stunted, are here and there fine picturesque trees. The inhabitants seem peculiarly wretched and poor. Arrived at Cavagliajo before six. At the Dogana di Pietra Mala, our trunks, &c., were sealed and a bulletin given, which carries us into Florence. Paid only six baiocchi from hence to Cavagliajo. The roads well kept. An almost continual descent. The volcano we did not see; either from the great fog, or from the quantities of rain lately fallen, it may be extinguished for a time, which they say often happens.

Sunday, 14*th*.—Left Cavagliajo. The views beautiful. Arrived at Maget's, at Florence; took possession of the same apartment we had occupied there six years before. Found ourselves again disappointed in our hopes of receiving letters, and were very melancholy.

The following letter from Mr. Berry to his friend Mr. Bertie Greathead* explains the motives that determined his leaving Florence. It was at Florence, upon a former occasion, that Miss Berry says, in her autobiography, that she first felt how entirely dependent she was on her own resources for her conduct, respectability, and success. It would seem by the following letter that the change from Florence to Pisa was the result of his daughter's prudence

* Bertie Greathead, Esq., son of Samuel Greathead of Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, by Mary, daughter of the second Duke of Ancaster. When in Italy, in 1785, he was one of the contributors to the 'Florence Miscellany.' He was also the author of a tragedy called 'The Regent.' The 'Florence Miscellany' was unsparingly attacked by Gifford in his 'Bæviad and Mæviad.'—*Ann. Register*.

on the subject of the society collected together at the former :—

Florence, 7th December, 1790.

Dear Sir,—I have delayed thanking you for your kind communications to us before we set out, and for your letter to Prince Corsini, till I could give you some satisfactory account of ourselves, and of our motions past and intended. Here we have been above three weeks, after an agreeable enough journey through France and Savoy, without meeting with any mishap worth mentioning. Since our arrival our time has been spent, as you may suppose, in reviewing with fresh pleasure the many productions of the fine arts here that since our first visit had left on us an impression of their beauty. Here, at first, we thought of establishing ourselves for good, but the mildness of the climate of Pisa, and my daughters not choosing to form any *liaison* with some of our countrywomen who happen to be here at present, nor to give offence by shunning their company, made us resolve to spend the three winter months there, and to return to Florence in March.

Your letter has procured us every kind civility and attention from the Corsini family. Not many hours after I left my card at le Palais Corsini, the Grand Priore called and sat an hour with us. Many enquiries were made after you and your family. He then invited us two days after to a *ballet champêtre*, which every Sunday evening he gives to the peasants in the neighbourhood of Fiesoli, where he has a country house and sleeps every night. To his ball the girls and I went, and much entertained we were with the perfect ease, and at the same time good behaviour, of the *contadini*, and of the kind affability of *Il Grand Priore* towards them. My daughter Mary danced the whole evening with these happy and seemingly innocent country lads and lasses, with one of whom *Il Principe* himself, though as you know a little stricken in years, danced down a country dance. We have since dined with them in a family way most agreeably. The Prince and Princesse Corsini, his brother, with Don Tommaso, the son and heir of the family, with two friends of the family, were the whole company. Madame la Princesse has since called on my daughters, and introduced us to the Cassine, where you know the noblesse here meet every evening to walk about, play at cards, &c., which, though tiresome enough

to us, is no less obliging in the kind Corsinis for wishing and taking pains to contribute to our amusement. I mention these circumstances to show the attention that has been paid to your letter, and to let you know how much we think ourselves obliged to you for it.

Mrs. Greathead and you will be pleased to hear that my daughters have already reaped benefit from the change of air and exercise since they left England. Agnes has recovered her complexion, and I trust in God they will both return to England in better health than when they left it. They desire me to tell you that Italy charms them on a second visit as much as it did on the first. Quieter, as you observe, it certainly is, but not less attractive, and we are now more at leisure to observe its beauties of art and nature.

But, as even the charms of Arno's Vale cannot for any length of time compensate the loss of social joys, with much pleasure we look forward to the winter following, when we hope to return home, and flatter ourselves that you and Mrs. Greathead will often find leisure to cheer our fireside in North Audley Street, where I hope you will sometimes find a small circle of friends with souls congenial to your own. . . .

I ever am, my dear Sir, your faithful, humble servant,

R. Berry.

Amongst the letters addressed to the Miss Berrys at Florence, and of which they were disappointed on first arriving, were those from Mr. Walpole and from Mrs. Damer. Notwithstanding Mr. Walpole's fears for the safety of his friends, their journey through France was accomplished without danger; but of his grief at losing those loved companions, and his constant anxiety about them during their absence, there can be no doubt, and is thus feelingly described by Mrs. Damer, who was herself on the point of leaving England for Lisbon, on account of her health:—

Thursday, Oct. 30, 1790.

. . . Mr. W. comes to-day. I know how melancholy he will be, for we have no letters from you yet, and I fear that I shall leave London without hearing again. . . Jerningham

told me that the night Mr. W. was here (he set Mrs. B. and him down), when he got into the coach he could not contain himself. There was nothing melancholy he did not say. He was quite in an agony. I have not written to him for fear that, seeing a letter come from me, he should be disappointed in finding that I had no news from France.

Hertford Bridge, Oct. 30, 1790.

. . . I left Mr. W., I really think, in health well; but he receives no degree of comfort as to his fears, nor will, till he hears and receives letters from another country. The interest and tenderness he shows makes me feel infinitely more sensibly giving him any additional pain, and depriving him of the satisfaction he may, heaven knows! indulge with me of saying all he thinks.

The three following letters from Mr. Walpole were addressed to the Miss Berrys at Florence:—

[Str., Sunday, Oct. 31, 1790.

Perhaps I am unreasonably impatient, and expect letters before they can come. . . . I have got one to-day, but alas! from Pougues only, 11½ posts short of Lyons! Well! I must be happy for the past, and that you had such delightfull weather, and but one little accident to y* carriage. We have had equal summer till Wednesday last, when it blew a hurricane. I said to it, 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind, I don't mind you now.' But I have not forgotten Tuesday, 12th. And now I hope it will be as calm as it is to-day on Wednesday next, when Mrs. Damer is to sail. I was in town on Thursday and Friday, and so were her parents, to take our leaves, as we did on Friday night, supping all at Richmond House. She set out yesterday morning, and I returned hither.

I am glad you had the amusement of seeing the National Assembly. Did Mr. B. find it quite so august as he intended it should be? Burke's pamphlet is to appear to-morrow, and Calonne has published a thumping one of 440 pages.* I have but begun it, for there is such a quantity of calculations, and one is forced to bate so often to boil milliards of livres down to

* Lettre sur l'État de la France, présent et à venir.

a rob of p^{ds} sterling, that my head is only filled with figures instead of arguments, and I understand arithmetic less than logic.

Our war still hangs by a hair, they say, and that this approaching week must terminate its fluctuations. Brabant, I am told, is to be pacified by negotiations at the Hague. Tho' I talk like a newspaper, I do not assume their airs, nor give my intelligence of any sort for authentic, unless when the 'Gazette' endorses the articles. Thus Lord Louvain is made Earl of Beverley, and Lord, Earl of, Digby; but in no Gazette, tho' still in the Songs of Sion, do I find that Miss G.* is a marchioness. It is not that I suppose you care who gains a step in the *aristocracy*, but I tell you those trifles to keep you *au courant*, and that at y^{r} return you may not make only a baronial curtsy, when it should be lower by two rows of ermine to some new-hatched countess. This is all the news-market furnishes.

Your description of the National Assembly and of the Champ de Mars were both admirable; but the altar of boards and canvass seems a type of their perishable constitution, as their air-balloons were before. French visions are generally full of vapour, and terminate accordingly. . . .]

You licence me to direct this to Bologna, but I prefer Florence, and always think that the less complicated the manœuvres of the post, the safer.

You say nothing of y^{r} healths — how are Miss Agnes's teeth? Don't omit such essential articles. Miss Seton has called here again to-day, and was delighted to see y^{r} letter which I had just received. She does not leave Richmond till Tuesday, and is to write to me for news of you, if she is long without hearing from one or other of you. I proposed this to her, not only for her satisfaction, but that you may not be worn out by writing. For this reason I make my letters shorter, to set you the example, tho' I promise not to omit a tittle that I can think you would like to know; and in that light nothing will seem too insignificant to tell you. Even articles that would scarce do for home consumption acquire a value, I know, by coming from home. Besides, Lord Hervey, I think, is not at present at Florence, and you may not see a newspaper.

* Meaning the reported marriage of Miss Gunning to the Marquis of Blandford.

Those wretched Tatlers, that one so justly despises on their own dunghill, are welcome abroad in hopes of finding a barley-corn or two that are eatable.

I shall go to Park Place next Saturday, 6th. You know why I postponed my visit so long. I announce it to you now, because I shall probably not write on the following Tuesday, but wait till Friday, 12th, when I shall be returned hither, for I do not love letters taking so many hops before they get into the high post road.

P.S.—Monday. No letter from Lyons. It may be in B. Sq., and I may get it to-morrow; but it will be after this is gone by the coach to my servant in town. If I do get it, it will not damp my impatience for one from Turin, nor that extinguish the same eagerness for one from Florence—in short, I shall not be *perfectly indifferent* till I know you settled somewhere.

[Park Place, Nov. 8, 1790.

No letter since Pougues! I think you can guess how uneasy I am! It is not the fault of the wind, which has blown from every quarter. To-day I cannot hear, for no post comes in on Mondays. What can have occasioned my receiving no letter from Lyons, when on the 18th of last month you were within twelve posts of it? I am now sorry I came hither, lest by my change of place a letter may have shuttlecocked about, and not have known where to find me.

The first and great piece of news is the pacification with Spain. The courier arrived on Thursday morning with a most acquiescent answer to our ultimatum—what that was I don't know, nor much care; peace contents me, and for my part I shall not haggle about the terms.

The pacification of Brabant is likely to be Volume the Second. The Emperor and their Majesties of *Great Britain* and Prussia, and his Serene Highness the Republic of Holland have sent a card to his turbulent Lowness of Brabant that they allow him but three weeks to submit to his old Sovereign, on promise of a general pardon, or the choice of threescore thousand men ready to march without a pardon.

The Third Volume—expected, but not yet in the press—is a counter-revolution in France. . . . In this country the stock of the National Assembly is fallen down to bankruptcy. Their

only renegade aristocrat Earl Stanhope has (with Lord W. Russell) scratched his name out of the Revolution Club, but the fatal blow has been at last given by Mr. Burke. His pamphlet came out this day se'nnight, and is far superior to what was expected even by his warmest admirers. I have redde it twice, and tho' of 350 pages, I wish I could repeat every page by heart. It is sublime, profound, and gay. The wit and satire are equally brilliant, and the whole *is* wise, tho' in some points he goes too far; yet in general there is far less want of judgment than could be expected from *him*. If it could be translated, which from the wit and metaphors and allusions is almost impossible, I should think it would be a classic book in all countries, except in *present* France. To their Tribunes it speaks daggers, tho', unlike them, it uses none. Seven *thousand* copies have been taken off by the booksellers already, and a new edition is preparing. I hope you will see it soon. There ends my gazette.]

To-day is very fine, and the wind has been favorable these two days for Mrs. Damer. I am out of humour with Miss Foldson.* Tho' paid for, she has not yet sent y^r^ pictures, and has twice broken her promise of finishing them.

I have taken a great liberty, which I hope Mr. B. will forgive, tho' a breach of trust. Having only a coach myself, and Saturday being very wet, and being afraid of a bad hired chaise, I did allow myself to use his hither. I will do so no more.

I reserve the rest of my paper for, I hope, an answer. O! I do hope so.

[Str., 9th, at night.

This morning, before I left Park-place, I had the relief and joy of receiving your letter of Oct. 29 from Lyons. It would have been still more welcome if dated from Turin; but as you have met with no impediments so far, I trust you got out of France as well as through it. I do hope too that Miss *Agnes* is better, as you say; but when one is very anxious about a person, credulity does not take long strides in proportion. I am not surprised at your finding voiturins or anybody or anything dearer. Where all credit and all controul are swept away, every man will be a tyrant in proportion to his necessities and his strength. Societies were invented to temperate force; but it seems force

* Afterwards Mrs. Mee.

was liberty; and much good may it do the French with being delivered from everything but violence! which, I believe, they will soon taste pro and con.] For the impositions on you there is a remedy at Charing-cross.

I have received all your five letters. *I have sent three to Turin of* 16, 19, 25 of Oct., and one of Nov. 2 to Florence.

To-day's paper says the ratification of the peace with Spain is arrived. The Stocks are extremely pleased with it.

I thought in one of my last that Lord Hervey was in England, but it is only my Lady, as his cousins told me yesterday at P. P.

[You make me smile by desiring me to continue my affection. Have I so much time left for inconstancy? For three score years and ten I have not been very fickle in my friendships —in all those years I never found such a pair as you and y^r^ sister. Should I meet with a superior pair—but then they must not be deficient in any one of the qualities which I found in you two—why perhaps I may change; but with that double mortgage on my affections, I do not think you are in much danger of losing them. You shall have timely notice if a second couple drops out of the clouds and falls in my way.

Nov. 11th.

I had a letter from Mrs. Damer at Falmouth. She suffered much by cold and fatigue, and probably sailed on Saturday evening last, and may be at Lisbon by this time, as you, I trust, are in Italy.

Mr. Burke's pamphlet has quite turned Dr. Price's head. He got upon a table at their club, toasted to our Parl. becoming a National Assembly, and to admitting no more peers of their assembly—having lost the only one they had. They themselves are very like the French États. Two more members got on the table (their pulpit) and broke it down. So be it!

The Marquisate* is just where it was. To be and not to be. Dss. Argyll is said to be worse. Della Crusca† has published a poem called the Laurel of Liberty, which, like the Enragés, has confounded and overturned all ideas. There are *gossamery tears* and *silky oceans*. The first time to be sure that anybody

* The reported marriage of Miss Gunning to the Marquis of Blandford.

† Robert Merry, Esq., the object of the caustic satire of Mr. Gifford in the Bæviad and Mæviad.

ever *cried cobwebs*, or that the *sea* was made of *Padua soy*. There is besides a violent tirade against a considerable personage, who, it is supposed, the author was jealous of as too much favoured a few years ago by a certain countess. You may guess why I am not more explicit: for the same reason I beg you not to mention it at all; it would be exceedingly improper.]

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 13, 1790.

Oh! yes, yes, Chamberry is more welcome than Turin, tho' I thought nothing could make me so happy as a letter from the latter; but Chamberry is nearer, and has made me easy sooner. What a melancholy forlorn object did I think that antique capital of a dismal dutchy formerly! It looked like a wife who had been deserted by her husband for many years, and kept at his old mansion in Westmorland, while he was living with an actress in London. Now I am surprised the King of Sardinia does not return to that delightful spot, which appears to me like the palace of the sun, diffusing light and warmth even to the northern islands. With what anxiety did I read your letter while you were in the hands of the savages at Burgoin! I figured them with scalping knives and setting up a war-whoop! But you are all safe, and I shall not have another panic till you are returning, which I hope will not be thro' European Abyssinia, that land of hyænas! Pray burn all my letters; I trembled when they were ransacking y^r^ trunks, lest they should meet with any of them: for tho' I was very cautious while you were in France, I was afraid that my eagerness to learn y^r^ arrival at Turin might be misinterpreted, tho' meaning nothing but impatience to know you out of France, into which I hope you will never set y^r^ feet more, but return home thro' Switzerland and Flanders, which I conclude will be resettled shortly. At any rate, I insist on y^r^ burning this, that you may not forget it and have it in y^r^ trunk. I was the more alarmed, as I have lately heard that Lord Bruce* and Mr. Locke,† whom Miss Agnes has rivalled, riding out in Languedoc, escorted by two national guards, and the former spitting, the wind carried the spittle on one of those heroes, on which they seized our countrymen and imprisoned them all night in a sentry-box, for imprisonment is the characteristic of liberty, and when all men are equal, accidents are

* The late Marquis of Ailesbury.

† William Locke, Esq., of Norbury, in Surrey.

punished as only crimes used to be; which makes it delicious to live in a state of nature! I am so relieved by y^r^ letter that I do not believe I shall be uneasy about *you* again this month. About Miss Agnes, yes, unless I hear she is as well as if every day was a Chamberry-day. By the way, you affront my dear city by calling it *a dirty place*. So far from that, it is snug, beautiful, sublimibus alta columnis, and deserves to be the metropolis of Europe.

You must have been charmed at the comedie. I was, tho' not there, and prefer Mdlle. (what is her name?) to the Sainval. In short, I am so content that I shall not inquire any more about the foreign post, nor care whether you write to me or not; at least, pray don't plague me with long letters the moment you arrive anywhere fatigued and cold. Seriously, I do beg you not to write long letters; let me chatter to you as much as I will. My mind is at peace, which it has not been at all since the first moment you talked of passing thro' France, and I was not the happiest man in the world from the day Mr. Batt told me of y^r^ intention of going abroad. After both came the storm the day you sailed. Chamberry has made amends for a good deal, and I will pass a few—oh! I fear more than a *few* months contentedly; but then there is to come a journey back—not through France, I hope: the sea to cross, which I shall not leave out of my reckoning a second time! All may be forgotten, if I see you next autumn at Cliveden, at *y^r^ own* Cliveden, alias little Chamberry.

I know nothing, nothing at all; but I go to town to-morrow for two days, and may pick up something; but I could not help indulging my joy by writing this against Tuesday's post, tho' I wrote but yesterday. For the future I will not be so intemperate. I have sent a line from Chamberry to Miss Seton, and shall dispatch another by the first packet to Lisbon, for I am not so very particular. Others can be anxious about you as well as I.

[Berkeley Square—for now you are clear of the Abyssinians, no place is afraid of signing its own name—Tuesday, 16th.

I might as well be in a country village. You will not be a tittle the wiser for my being in London, which is still a solitude. I have not heard a syllable of news. I supped at Miss Farren's*

* Afterwards Countess of Derby.

last night. There were only Lord Derby and Lady Milner;* the latter produced a letter from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sturt, where Lord Blandford is and has been these three months. She says he has heard of his pretended letter,† laughs at it, and protests it is not his, nor is there the least foundation for it.

Mrs. Damer did not sail so soon as she expected; at least, the wind was contrary both on the Saturday and Sunday; but it has been favourable since, and I hope she is at Chamberry—pho! I mean Lisbon.

If I learn nothing before to-morrow, when I shall return to Strawberry, I shall let this amble to Florence without a word more. Adieu!]

Saturday, 11*th December*. (Journal.)—Left Florence as soon as the gates opened, which was only at seven o'clock. The road to Pisa excellent, mostly along the banks of the Arno.

Miss Berry's correspondence with Mr. Walpole in England, and with Mrs. Damer in Portugal, was subject to many disappointments, and the letters as well as journals contain often-repeated lamentations on the vexatious delays of the post. The extracts here given from Mrs. Damer's letters, together with Mr. Walpole's letters, were received by Miss Berry during their residence at Pisa.

From Mr. Walpole.

[Str., Thursday, Nov. 18, 1790.

On Tuesday morning, after my letter was gone to the post, I received y^rs^ of the 2nd (as I have all the rest) from Turin. You will find my Tuesday's letter, if ever you receive it, intoxicated with Chamberry, for which and all your kind personality I give you a million of thanks. But how cruel to find that you found none of my letters at Turin! There ought to have been two at least, of Oct. 16th and 19th; but alas! from ignorance, there was *par Paris* on none of them, and the Lord

* Diana Sturt; married to Sir William Milner, of Nunappleton, in Yorkshire.

† Relative to the pretended marriage with Miss Gunning.

knows at how many little German courts they may have been baiting! Repose you will have at Florence, but I shall fear the winter for you there. I suffered more by cold there than by any place in my life, and never came home at night without a pain in my breast, which I never felt elsewhere; yet then I was very young and in perfect health. If either of you suffer there in any shape I hope you will retire to Pisa.

My inquietude, that presented so many alarms to me before you set out, has, I find, and am grieved for it, not been quite in the wrong. Some inconveniences, I am persuaded, you have sunk; yet the difficulty of landing at Dieppe, and the ransack of y^r^ poor harmless trunks at Burgoin, and the wretched lodgings with which you were forced to take up at Turin, count deeply with me, and I had much rather have lost all credit as a prophet, since I could not prevent y^r^ journey. May it answer for y^r^ healths! I doubt it will not in any other respect, as you have already found by the voiturins. In point of pleasure, is it possible to divest myself so radically of all self-love as to wish you may find Italy as agreeable as you did formerly? In all other lights I do most fervently hope there will be no drawbacks on your plan. Should you be disappointed any way, you know what a warm heart is open to receive you back, and so will *your own* Cliveden be too.

I am glad you met the Bishop of Arras,* and am much pleased that he remembers me. I saw him very frequently at my dear old friend's, and liked him the best of all the Frenchmen I ever knew. He is extremely sensible, easy, lively, and void of prejudices. Should he fall in y^r^ way again, I beg you will tell him how sincere a regard I have for him. He lived in the strictest union with his brother, the Archbishop of Tours, whom I was much less acquainted with, nor know if he be living.

Miss Foldson has not yet sent me y^r^ pictures. I was in town on Monday, and sent to reproach her with having twice broken her promise. Her mother told my servant that Miss was at Windsor, drawing the Queen and Princesses. That is not the work of a moment. I am glad *all* the Princes are not on the spot.] The *Charming Man* passed Tuesday here, and

* M. de Couzies. In 1801 he declined the Archbishopric of Paris, offered him by Bonaparte, and died in London in the year 1804, in the arms of the Comte d'Artois.—*Wright.*

part of yesterday, and I carried him back to Lady Mount Edgcumbe; to-day he goes to Park-place, and thence to Nuneham. Old Brutus was at the point of death the night before last: I have not heard of her since.

[I think of continuing here till the weather grows very bad, which it has not been at all yet, tho' not equal to what I am rejoiced you have found. I have no Somerset or Audley Street to receive me. Mrs. Damer is gone, too; the Conways remain at Park-place till after Christmas. It is entirely out of fashion for women to grow old and stay at home in an evening. They invite you, indeed, now and then, but do not expect to see you till midnight, which is rather too late to begin the day, unless one was born but 20 years ago. I do not condemn any fashions which the young ought to set, for the old certainly ought not; but an oak that has been going on in its old way for an hundred years cannot shoot into a Maypole in three years, because it is the mode to plant Lombardy poplars. What I should have suffered if your letters, like mine, had wandered thro' Germany! I, you was sure, had written, and was in no danger. Dr. Price, who had whetted his ancient talons last year to no purpose, has had them all drawn by Burke; and the Revolution Club is as much exploded as the Cock Lane Ghost; but you, in order to pass a quiet winter in Italy, *would* pass through a fiery furnace. Fortunately you have not been singed, and the letter from Chamberry has composed all my panics, but has by no means convinced me that I was not perfectly in the right to endeavour to keep you at home. One does not put one's hand in the fire to burn off a hangnail; and, tho' health is delightful, neither of you were out of order enough to make a rash experiment. I w^d^ not be so absurd as to revert to old arguments, that happily proved no prophecies, if my great anxiety about you did not wish in time to persuade you to return thro' Switzerland and Flanders, if the latter is pacified and France is not, of which I see no likelihood. Pray forgive me, if parts of my letters are sometimes tiresome; but can I appear only and always cheerful when you two are absent, and have another long journey to make—aye, and the sea to cross again? My fears cannot go to sleep, like a paroli at faro, till there is a new deal, in which even then I should not be sure of winning. If I see you again, I will think I have gained another milleleva,

as I literally once did, with this exception, that I was vehemently against risking a doit at the game of travelling. Adieu !]

[Strawberry Hill, Friday night, Nov. 27, 1790.

I am waiting for a letter from Florence, not with perfect patience, tho' I could barely have one, even if you did arrive as you intended, on the 12th. But twenty temptations might have occurred to detain you in that land of eye and ear-sight. My chief eagerness is to learn that you have received at least some of my letters. I wish too to know, tho' I cannot yet, whether you would have me direct *par Paris*, or as I did before. In this state of uncertainty, I did not prepare this to depart this morning; nor, tho' the Parliament met yesterday, have I a syllable of news for you, as there will be no debate till all the members have been sworn, which takes two or three days. Moreover, I am still here; the weather, tho' very rainy, is quite warm, and I have much more agreeable society at Richmond, with small companies and better hours than in town, and shall have till after Christmas, unless great cold drives me thither. Lady Di, Selwyn, the Penns, the Onslows, Douglas's, Mackinsys, Keenes, Lady Mt. Edgcumbe, all stay, and some of them meet every evening. The Boufflers's, too, are constantly invited, and the Comtesse Emilie sometimes carries her harp, on which they say she plays better than Orpheus; but as I never heard him on earth, nor chez Proserpine, I do not pretend to decide.

Lord Fitzwilliam * has been here too, but was in the utmost danger of being lost on Saturday night, in a violent storm between Calais and Dover, as the captain confessed to him when they were landed. Do you think I did not ache at the recollection of a certain Tuesday, when you were sailing to Dieppe?]

Mr. Cambridge sent me notice yesterday that he and his daughter have let y^r^ house very favorably for *five* months,—will you forgive me when I own I was glad it was for no longer? His Parnassian vein is opened again; it is full moon.

Particularly to Miss Agnes.

[Sunday, 28th.

Tho' I write to both at once, and reckon your letters to come

* Richard, seventh and last Viscount Fitzwilliam, the munificent benefactor to the University of Cambridge, died 1816.

equally from both, yet I delight in seeing y^r^ hand with a pen as well as with a pencil, and you express yourself as well with the one as with the other. Your part in that which I have been so happy as to receive this moment has singularly obliged me, by your having saved me the terror of knowing you had a torrent to cross after heavy rain. No cat is so afraid of water for herself as I am grown to be for you. That panic, which will last for many months, adds to my fervent desire of your returning early in the autumn, that you may have neither fresh water nor the *silky* ocean to cross in winter. Precious as our insular situation is, I am ready to wish, with the Frenchman, that you could somehow or other get to it by land—'Oui, c'est une isle toujours, je le sçais bien; mais, par exemple, en allant d'alentour, n'y auroit-il pas moyen d'y arriver par terre?']

I was delighted, too, to hear yesterday from Mr. C., from y^r^ sister's letter, that *you* had recovered your healthy looks; pray bring them back with you. Y^r^ house is let for *six months*, and at seven guineas a week. This and the rest is to both, and in answer.

[Correggio never pleased me in proportion to his fame. His Grace touches upon grimace; the mouth of the beautiful angel at Parma curls up almost into a half moon. Still I prefer Correggio to the *lourd* want of grace in Guercino, who is to me a German edition of Guido. I am sorry the bookseller would not let you have an 'Otranto.' Edwards told me above two months ago that he every day expected the whole impression, and he has never mentioned it waiting for my corrections. I will make Kirgate write to him, for I have told you that I am still here. We have had much rain but no flood, and yesterday and to-day have exhibited Florentine skies.

From town I know nothing but that on Friday, after the King's speech, Earl Stanhope made a most frantic speech on the National Assembly, and against Calonne's book, which he wanted to have taken up for high treason. He was every minute interrupted by loud bursts of laughter, which was all the answer he received or deserved. His suffragan, Price, has published a short, sneaking, equivocal answer to Burke, in which he pretends his triumph over the King of France alluded to July, not to October, tho' his sermon was preached in November. Credat—but not Judæus Apella—as Mr. Burke so wittily says

of the assignats. Mr. Grenville, the Secretary of State, is made a peer; they say to assist the Chancellor* in the House of Lords. Yet the papers pretend the Chancellor is out of humour and will resign; the first may be true, the latter probably not.

Richmond, my metropolis, flourishes exceedingly. The D. of Clarence arrived at his palace there last night, between eleven and twelve, as I came from Lady Douglas. His eldest brother and Mrs. Fitzherbert dine there to-day, with the D. of Queensbury, as his Grace, who called here this morning, told me, on the very spot where lived Charles I., and where are the portraits of his principal courtiers, from Cornbury. Q. has taken to that palace at last, and has frequently company and music there in an evening. I intend to go.]

The very old uncle of the Abbé Nichols is dead, and, as he tells me, has left well to his mother and him, and he is come to live there with her, and I shall hear him sing, I conclude, at the Duke's concerts. The Gunning match remains, I believe, *in statu quo non.* My coachman does air y^r^ chaise: have you received my letter which tells you how much liberty I took in airing it?

Two mails have arrived at Falmouth this week from Lisbon, and yet I have not yet heard of Mrs. D.'s arrival there, but I conclude her father has.

Monday, 29th.

I am going to dine at Hampton with Lady Cecilia Johnstone, and am to attend her in the evening to Lady Mary Duncan's, Monday, whom I never happened to visit before, tho' we have been so long inhabitants of the same planet. I hope not to pass so many evenings out of my own parish this time twelvemonth! Old Brutus is still alive, but almost insensible.

[I suppose none of my Florentine acquaintance are still upon earth. The handsomest woman there of my days was a Madame Grifoni, *my* fair Geraldine. She would now be a Methusalemmess, and much more like a frightful picture I have of her by a one-eyed German painter. I lived there with Sir Horace Mann, in Casa Mannetti, in Via de' Santi Apostoli, by the Ponte di Trinità. Pray worship the works of Masaccio, if any remain, tho' I think the best have been burnt in a church. Raphael himself borrowed from him. Fra Bartolommeo, too, is one of my standards for great ideas; and Benvenuto Cellini's 'Perseus' a

* Lord Thurlow.

rival of the antique, tho' Mrs. D. will not allow it. Over against the Perseus is a beautifull small front of a house, with only three windows, designed by Raphael; and another, I think, near the Porta San Gallo, and I believe called Casa Panciatici, or Pandolfini.]

I hope to-morrow or next day to receive y^r^ letter from Florence, but am forced to send this to town to-night. If you have not received *all* my letters, you will not understand some passages in this. You have, I trust, recovered the fatigues of y^r^ journey. Adieu!

Strawberry Hill, Thursday at midnight, Dec 10, 1790.

After receiving yours from Bologna ten days ago, I expected another from Florence in three days, as you promised to write thence on y^r^ arrival, but I have none till this minute, that on returning from Richmond, I find one on my table dated as long ago as the 16th of last month, and what, alas! has it told me but y^r^ utter disappointment and most natural vexation at the loss, at least at the want, of any one letter, but Mrs. D.'s, from England. Oh! how shall I expect you to receive any, if all have miscarried; how shall I direct mine? Till you told me to put *par Paris*, I did direct like Mrs. D., yet you have not received them. I know but one consolation to offer to you, and that is, *all* failing, you have no reason to be alarmed particularly for any of y^r^ friends; and for a succedaneum to y^r^ loss of the thread of domestic occurrences, I will keep a minute journal of all I know and hear, and keep it till I can send it by some secure hand or method. In my present distress for you and myself on this cruel disappointment and uncertainty, I cannot recollect anything I have said, and I must send this away to town to-morrow in time, or it will not set out before Tuesday, by which time I will try to remember what events have happened, tho' at this moment I cannot recall a single one of any consequence. How happy I shall be if by that day I can learn that your letters have at last reached you!

This being but a momentary essay to see if you can get a line from me, and half in despair at the sad cruel prospect of our correspondence being cut off, I will say but few words more, to assure you I am perfectly well, and will search every method upon earth of conveying letters to you. I have not heard

from Mrs. D. yet, but conclude her parents have, as I see by the papers two packets have arrived from Lisbon, and the last I conclude since she must have landed there. That letters to you, two private young Englishwomen, going to Italy for health, and connected with nobody ministerial here, and corresponding with nobody but persons involved in no party, and writing about nothing political, should be opened in France, and still more wonderful, should continue to be opened there and not forwarded, is quite astonishing! I should rather suspect they have gone by Flanders and been lost in the confusions there; but as the Emperor is now in possession again of that country, I hope our terrible interruption will cease.

If you receive this, you may be satisfied that y^r^ grandmother has heard of you, as I have received every one of yours. Why yours should come, and ours be stopped or retarded, is inconceivable.

I could write on this subject all night, but as it is so late, and Philip must carry this to town by eight to-morrow, I will conclude for the present, after telling you that I wrote to you, directed to Turin, Oct. 16, 19, 25, and to Florence, Nov. 2, 11, 16th, and thither *par Paris*, 19th and 29th. How I do hope you have got some at least! Adieu, adieu!

Berkeley Square, Dec. 16, 1790.

I am still infinitely distressed about your receiving no letters from England, and still ignorant whether you have yet received any. Your last was from Florence of the 16th of last month, and you promised to write again immediately; but the strong westerly winds (which on Sunday night blew a tempest, and broke off a considerable branch of my beautifull ivied walnut-tree at Strawberry) have prevented (and I hope nothing else has) our receiving any letters from the Continent. My best consolation has been from Miss Penn, who tells me her brother, now at Florence, was some time without letters, but then did receive them. May this have been your case—you may ask him. I desired her to write to him to acquaint you that Miss Seton and I have received all your letters regularly, consequently y^r^ grandmother has not been alarmed.

In this suspense I only write, that if our letters do find passage to you, you may have no interval; tho' till I hear they

do, I cannot write comfortably. Should any French have stopped them, surely they must have discovered by this time that they might as well have a curiosity about letters to Abyssinia! But how unpleasant that you cannot, not only hear the common chit-chat of y^r^ own country, but receive no account of y^r^ own private affairs. You perhaps do not yet know that y^r^ house is let for six months at seven guineas a-week. I called on Mr. Cambridge on Sunday evening; his son George, as well as I, have sent you notice of it, and the latter too of what I did not know, that he has sold Mr. Berry's horse. If you have received our letters, these will be unnecessary repetitions; but I want so much to give such satisfactory information, that I shall not spare *redits* till I am sure you are informed.

In mine of last week I was so confounded at y^r^ disappointment, that I forgot to give you, as you desired, the direction to Mrs. D. It is 'Aux Soins de Messieurs Mellish et de Visme, à Lisbon.' I have heard from her thence; she had a passage but of seven days.

I came to town yesterday purely on y^r^ account, and return to-morrow. Cliveden was this morning secured to you and y^r^ sister in form.

Poor Lady Herries has lost the use of her limbs, and is at Bath in a melancholy way. I called on Mrs. Buller last night, and unluckily found seven persons who had dined with her: so you may imagine my visit was short. Lord Bute has had a fall from his own cliff of 28 feet, sprained his ankle, and broke the little bone of it, but, tho' 77, is recovering.

The Opposition seem very temperate and tame, and the Court's majorities are great. The three Garters were given away yesterday to the Duke of Saxe Gotha, the Duke of Leeds, and Lord Chatham. All this perhaps you will learn earlier from our newspapers. Of private news I do not know a tittle, but I would try once more to acquaint you with y^r^ own affairs by the common post. If none of these succeed, I will try some other channel, for I cannot bear your living ignorant of all that concerns you. I will write round by Russia, and beg the Empress to make it a condition of peace, that the Grand Signor shall send a zebecque to Leghorn with my letters. Adieu! for the present.

P.S.—I am sorry I was so much in the right, when I endeavoured to dissuade y^r^ journey, from the various inconveniencies I foresaw, tho' I own loss of letters was not one of the number.

Strawb., Friday night, Dec. 17, 1790.

My letters set out on the back of one another. I wish I could know that any one of them, but that at Lyons, had reached you! I sent off the 11th from London this morning, but here is a new and great distress! Last week I received y^r^ first from Florence, with an account of y^r^ shocking disappointment in finding no letters from England there or at Turin, tho' all yours have come regularly to me and Miss Seton, and I conclude to others, so you may be satisfied that y^r^ grandmother has been under no alarm about you. Y^r^ Florentine letter promised another, in which I trusted I should learn that your letters had followed you, as Mr. Penn's have done him; but alas! if you have sent such a letter, I shall probably never receive it, for a French pacquet from Calais to Dover sank in the great storm on Tuesday with all the crew, 30 persons, and I suppose the mails too, for the English pacquet escaped at the same time, and yet I have no letter, which I must have had to-night, for Kirgate followed me by the evening coach. One great consolation he has brought me, a permission to send *this* in Lord Hervey's packet, which sets me to writing with confidence. . . .

The Parliament has been moderate, and the Court's majorities considerable. The chief difficulty is, whether Hastings's trial is to proceed, and that point is not yet settled. The Duke of Montrose is master of the horse; Mr. W. Grenville a peer. . . . The famous letter, and another to the same purport, of which we were told the night before you set out, is discovered to be a forgery, but the writer not found out, yet supposed to be the very person who repeated it to us; but do not write this back to England, nor mention it where you are, I beg.

Mrs. Siddons is playing again to crowded houses.

For my own history, I am still resident here. We have had several beautiful days, a vast deal of rain and high winds, but scarce any cold. Richmond is still full, and will be so till after Christmas. The Duke of Clarence is there, and every night at Mrs. Bouverie's, Lady Di's, at home, or at the Duke of Queens-

bury's, with suppers that finish at twelve. I have been at three, but I do not think seventy-three just suited to twenty-five, and therefore have excused myself from as many, and believe I shall settle in town before New Year's Day, tho' the hours in London, even of old folks, are not half so reasonable as those of this young Prince, who never drinks or games, and is extremely good humoured and well bred.

If I have anything more to tell you before Sunday morning, when this must go to town for Tuesday's post, I will add it; but still trusting that you may at last have received my former letters, I have been very brief on what I have mentioned in them. One thing I must repeat with emphasis: I implore you not to return thro' France, especially as Flanders is now re-settled. I as earnestly beseech you to be in England by the end of September. I never shall forget the storm in which you so narrowly escaped going to Dieppe, and this last Tuesday has been still more tremendous. Torrents in Italy too! For France, the horrors increase. The son of a friend of mine called on me yesterday; he is of Cambridge, and told me that two lords of his acquaintance had the curiosity to go to France this summer, and he was on the point of going with them, but was prevented. At Lyons they were seized for spies, and had the rope about their necks; but a man of letters coming by, they explained themselves to him in Latin, which they had not been able to do sufficiently in French, and he saved them. I know how well you speak Latin and French too, but as *the benefit of clergy* is so lately taken away in that country, I beg you will never set y^r^ foot in it, but, seriously and most seriously, spare me more alarms! I shall have no tranquillity till you are safe in England again. I know I have no right to ask you to sacrifice your own satisfactions to mine; but mine are not the sole; yourselves have been suffering for what you thought y^r^ grandmother must have felt on y^r^ accounts. The present state of France, and surely it is not mending, has already caused you many inconveniencies. At Rouen you could get nothing but paper—it is ten times worse now. What if you should not be able to proceed from want of assistance from bankers, who could come to relieve you!—nay, should we be sure of getting y^r^ letters? Oh! ponder these things, and listen to me at least for y^r^ return! I will not look back, but I must look forward, while

I am on earth to study y^r^ happiness and security. That cannot be long—but should I fail before y^r^ return, who will be equally active for y^r^ service? You have been so kind as to tell me I am y^r^ true friend; should I be so if I did not labour to prevent dangers for you, and did not warn you of them? I write so freely and warmly, as sure of y^r^ receiving this, tho' not certain I shall have leave to make use of the same conveyance often. Cultivate Ld Hervey; he may perhaps allow you to receive Miss Seton's and my letters in his packets—but keep that a secret. I could write all night, but surely you must see that my fears are neither ill-founded nor selfish. Good night! may Heaven preserve you!

Saturday night.

I have nothing to add, but that I am persuaded the mail is lost, for I have no letter, and have written to Miss Seton to acquaint her with my suspicion that she may tranquillize y^r^ grandmother. This is a vile sheet of paper and sucks up the ink, and I have not time to transcribe it.

Poor Lady Douglas (Lady Frances Scott) was brought to bed ten days ago; is most dangerously ill, and this morning's message said the fever no better.

I fear a particular passage to Miss Agnes in answer to her kind scrap must have been amongst the letters whose fate is still unknown to me—but all mine are equally to both, as Cliveden is; and for fear of mistakes or y^r^ removal, I make the address of this double.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 20, 1790, very late at night.

This being a duplicate or rather a codicil to one that goes away to-morrow from the Secretary's Office in Lord Hervey's packet, I do not put any numero to it, and as it must go hence to-morow very early by the coach, I write a few lines just to contradict what I have said about lost letters in the letter you will receive from our Minister.

[The French pacquet that was said to be lost on Tuesday last, and which did hang out signals of distress, was saved, but did not bring any letters; but three Flemish mails that were due, are arrived, and did bring letters, and, to my inexpressible joy, *two* from you of the 22nd and 29th of last month, telling me that you have received as far as N° 4 and 5 of mine. I am

ashamed to say that with this there are eight more arrived or on the road. Y^rs received to-night are 10 and 11. I conclude Miss Seton will receive one or two from one of you to-morrow at farthest, as I am sorry to say she has one from me this morning, I suppose, lamenting the loss of the French pacquet. Thank all the stars in Herschell's telescope or beyond its reach, that our correspondence is out of the reach of France and all its ravages!]

I truly have been in such distress and confusion about y^r finding no letters at Florence, that I have scarce thought or talked of anything else but contrivances to remedy that disaster. Y^r two letters have made me quite easy, and I shall fall into our natural commerce again.

Y^r letters, tho' I still maintain longer than I wish you to write, contain everything I like to know except the last article, but the uppermost in my thoughts, y^r drinking whey from having been overheated by y^r journey. I hope y^r next will be as minute, on that article, and as satisfactory as y^r account of Miss *Agnes*, which doubles the pleasure the arrival of these letters has given me. I rejoice that Mr. Berry continues so well.

After a deluge of letters for some days, I have not left myself a tittle to tell you. Nay, doubting whether any w^d reach you, I have repeated three or four times every tittle I wanted you to know.

[Thank you a million of times for all y^r details about yourselves. Whenever the apprehension of any danger disquiets me so much, judge whether I do not interest myself in every particular of y^r pleasures and amusements. Florence was my delight as it is yours; but—I don't know how—I wish you did not like it quite so much! And after the Gallery—how will any silver-penny of a gallery book? Indeed for y^r Boboli, which I thought horrible even fifty years ago, before *Shepherds* had seen the star of taste in the *West*, and glad tidings were proclaimed to their flocks, I do think there is not an acre on the banks of the Thames that should vail the bonnet to it.

Of Mr. Burke's book, if I have not yet told you my opinion, I do now—that it is one of the finest compositions in print. There is reason, logic, wit, truth, eloquence, and enthusiasm in the brightest colours. That it has given a mortal stab to sedition I believe and hope, because the fury of the Brabanters,

whom, however, as having been aggrieved, I pity and distinguish totally from the savage Gauls, and the unmitigated and execrable injustices of the latter, have made almost any state preferable to such anarchy and desolation that increases every day.

Admiring thus as I do, I am very far from subscribing to the extent of almost all Mr. Burke's principles. The work I have no doubt will hereafter be applied to support very high doctrines, and to you I will say, that I think it an *Apocrypha*, that in many a council of bishops will be added to the *Old* Testament. Still such an Almanzor was wanting at this crisis, and his foes show how deeply they are wounded by their abusive pamphlets. Their Amazonian allies, headed by Kate Macaulay* and the virago Barbauld,† whom Mr. Burke calls our *Poissardes*, spit their rage at eighteen pence a head, and will return to Fleet Ditch, more fortunate in being forgotten than their predecessors immortalized in the 'Dunciad.'

I must now bid you good night, and night it is to the tune of morning. Adieu all three!]

P.S.—I am glad you did not get a Parmesan Otranto. A copy is come so full of faults, that it is not fit to be sold here.

To Mr. Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 23, 1790.

Dear Sir,—If your letter did not give me so much pleasure from many particulars I should be vexed at y^r^ thinking it necessary to thank me for an affection, by which I am certainly by far the greatest gainer. At my great age, and decrepit as I am, what could happen so fortunate to me in the dregs of life as to meet with you and your daughters, those very pretty young women, universally admired, and all the more for their virtues, sweet tempers, knowledge, and such funds of good sense, as makes them company for the most sensible of both sexes, as you constantly have seen. Was not this an acquisition to value as I do, when you allowed me to enjoy so much of y^r^ society? Indeed, I sometimes reproach myself, and

* A pamphlet entitled 'Observations on the Right Honourable Edmund Burke on the Revolution in France,' in a letter to Earl Stanhope, was attributed to Mrs. Macaulay.

† Anna Lætitia Barbauld wrote some political pamphlets.

say, Did not I engross too much of their time, and may not my blind self-love have contributed to deprive me of that blessing? Yes, I know it was unreasonable, and may never be so happy again! Can I at past 73 depend on a year's life? I am not so vainly sanguine. Nay, can I be so unjust as to wish to shorten their stay in a country to which they are so partial? Yet human nature, tho' worn out, cannot with all its reason, philosophy, and what is much stronger in me, friendship, put itself so entirely out of the question, as to eradicate every hope, that they may have a wish to return home; tho' you alarm me, S^r^, when you speak hypothetically of being in England by the annual period of y^r^ setting out—should there be an *If* in the case, I doubt there will be no *If* for me. Forgive my returning y^r^ favour by this melancholy strain. I am too weak to command myself, and the best advice I can give to y^r^ daughters is to gratify their own, and so reasonable, inclinations, and ascribe my grief to what I should think myself and would allow to be dotage, if there were one spark of ridiculous love in my affection for y^r^ daughters, and which is equal for both. I am most happy in the accounts you and they give of their health and looks.

On reading what I have been writing, I perceive I had omitted half my words. In fact your letter arrived at nine to-night, and affected me so much that I began to answer it the instant I had read it, and have written in great precipitation. I will now turn to subjects less interesting, as indeed to me almost all other subjects are. I will only first say, that I know y^r^ daughters have friendships in Swisserland that may detain them; but on that point I most assuredly prefer your safeties to the whole mass of my personalities, and implore again and again that you will cross to Flanders, and avoid fatal France.

The Duchess of Argyle died the day before yesterday. She had kept her bed for some days.

Poor Lady Douglas has been twice thought out of danger, but is relapsed and in extreme danger. This would make another gap in my society: she is very sensible and amiable.

Thursday, 23rd.

My head was so confused last night, and I have made so many interlineations, that I can scarce read it myself—if you cannot, you will have no loss.

When I went to bed, the wind was very high, yet I got to sleep. At half an hour after four I was waked by such vollies of thunder, lightening, hail, and then a torrent of rain, as I believe was never known in this temperate clime two days before Christmas. I thought my little castle would be crushed under the bombardment. The lightening darted down the chimney, thro' the crevices of the shutters and the linen curtains of my bed. Some of my servants and others of the village got off their beds—yet I find no mischief done here, nor yet anywhere else; and with this *no* accident I must supply part of my letter for want of more important news. The debates in Parliament on the Spanish Peace and the new taxes have produced some long days, but less heat than ever, and hitherto most decided majorities. About Hastings's trial they are more puzzled than angry.

I propose settling in town the beginning of next week, and after the holidays shall probably be less sterile.

Give me leave to finish with an observation, that for three, not new, travellers, you seem not to chuse the most judicious months for your journeys: the coldest and the hottest can not both be the most suitable. You went to Florence in November, and propose setting out for Swisserland towards the middle of June—surely May would be preferable!

Adieu! dear S^r^. I shall always be happy to hear from you, if without thanks. Y^r^ daughters seem to write too much for their delicate breasts—why not take it by turns?

Y^rs^ most cordially,

H. W.

Letters from Mrs. Damer, from Lisbon.

Nov. 21, 1790.

. . . You cannot form to yourself any idea of the Portuguese, their indolence or indifference; neither money nor entreaty will bring them; till it may suit their own particular convenience, there is no getting even the commonest workman near you. When I came I found two panes of glass broken, and for five days, tho' the master of the house and my own servants went twenty times a day after the people, I could not have them put in. I can divest myself with all distresses of this sort except *cold ones*. . . . I dined at our Minister's last Thursday with I know not how many English, of that sort no foreign

town is free from, fat vulgar women, and scowling unknown men, consuls, and some of the Factory. In the evening we had the French Ambassadress (Madame de Chalons), and all the *Corps Diplomatique*. . . . I should like to see something of the Portuguese, which is not easy for foreigners.

Mr. Walpole* is to carry me to a grand fête at a Portuguese house, given on the marriage of a great heiress, who has married her uncle, as she could find no one great enough to marry out of her own family.

Lisbon, Dec. 2, 1790.

. . . . . Nothing can be more civil and attentive than the people in general are to me here; Mr. Walpole, our Minister, in particular, and his wife. . . . But going out at Lisbon is really an operation. . . . There are in general only two-wheeled chaises, open before, with leathern curtains that draw: you set out as if you went on a journey, and go nodding along over the worst pavement commonly, or the worst *road*, and up and down the very steep hills on which this town stands; yet these chaises are actually the vehicle best calculated for this town, and far from unpleasant when one is not obliged to be much dressed; but you may guess how it is when you are to scramble up into such a carriage in rainy weather with a gauze petticoat and a dressed head. A four-wheeled carriage is so uneasy; it is, I think, scarcely bearable. These are used (but not without four mules) by ministers and great persons, and here and there a foreigner; but there is no such thing to be hired unless by chance. My own coach, were it here, might be drawn up the hills by six mules; but could never be kept back by two, such as they have for the town. You will imagine that all this diverts more than it disturbs me: I make, however, my necessary visits. On Monday in the evening Mrs. ———, wife of one of the Factory, sees company; on Wednesday, a Portuguese house, the Marquis D'Abrantes, is open; on Thursday, Mrs. Walpole's; on Friday, the long room (an assembly and ball); on Saturday, the French Ambassadress; and on Sunday, the opera and a Portuguese play, if one chooses to go: omnia habes, except some dinners. The hours are early; sometimes they begin to make visits at five o'clock, and everything ends at latest, unless it be some fête, by eleven. . . .

* English Minister at Lisbon.

The weather was soft this morning, and I went in my chaise to see an acqueduct some way off, yet close to this straggling town on one side; but here you have a corn-field, an orange-garden, a church, and then a house, just as it happens, all jumbled in the oddest queerest manner that I ever yet saw. The acqueduct may be called magnificent; but the arches are, I think, too close, the height in one part immense, it looks rather thin and poor than light . . . the place is wild and rocky, with some gardens of orange trees, now ripening, and some olive trees. I do not love comparisons; but there is no seeing this place without thinking of the Pont du Gard, and sadly indeed it loses by such a comparison, though the one is in all its glory, and the other but a ruin.

To Miss Berry, Pisa.

Lisbon, Wednesday, Dec. 8, 1790.

I went yesterday to a concert and ball given by the Duc de Cadaval . . . I am glad to pass this evening at home and in my *cabinet*, of which I wish I could give you a complete idea:—It is very small, whitewashed, and a sort of farmhouse chimney occupies one-half of it, high, and formed with large rough stones, some shelves, two tables, &c., many chairs; here I have my books and my writing, and my ideas are not at least outwardly frozen. . . . Their substitutes for fires are large cloaks, of the form you see at Florence, which they wear very gracefully—men and women. They are eternally wrapped up in them, riding, walking, hanging over a balcony when the sun shines, or sitting at home in a state of idleness, a *state* to which they seem to have a great propensity, by what I hear and by the little I have seen. . . . It is very lately that even the nobility, any part of it, have quitted these and other *good customs*. To this day the ladies of the *vieille cour* plump down on the floor and sit with their legs crossed without a chair in their rooms. I do assure you that I myself at one of their assemblies saw a woman of the first rank, who from misfortune did not choose to appear among the company, sitting in deep mourning on the floor, just within the door of the next room with the maids. I wish they had not begun to *improve*, they would be much more entertaining, tho' indeed no stranger would be likely to be much the better for it, as part of the ceremony is to live

quite shut up with their own families, and the women separately from the men, even near relations must not go into their rooms, nor speak to them, in strictness; particularly a *futur*—a young man who imagined that he was to marry a cousin of his, whom he had attended and followed properly, knew that the match was broken off because one evening the lady asked him how he did. I am telling literally what I hear, and from a person whom I believe. The Duc de Cadaval is the first nobleman of Portugal and a prince of the blood, and yesterday was the first entertainment that he ever gave; but it not being the old etiquette even for married women to go to the house of an unmarried man, tho' two of his aunts assisted in doing the honours and were there to receive the company, many of the *starch ones* would not go, or were not suffered to go, tho' their husbands were there dancing away and enjoying the fête. I would have nations *polish*, but I wish the *polish* could be given to their own national customs and manners, and not the manners of other nations always attempted, for if *manqué* nothing can be worse.

Lisbon, Dec. 25, 1790.

On Thursday morning I took a second view of the acqueduct, walked over it and under it, and one must stand under one arch of 240 feet to have an idea of the effect; that is, they say, the height of the principal arch, and I fancy there is not such another in the world. The building consists of one tier, with a gallery on each side of where the water flows at the top. The niches are in proportion extremely narrow, Gothic, except the end ones, which, for what reason I know not, as it gives an appearance of patchwork, the architect has made elliptic; but, whatever faults the building may have, there is no seeing it in a fine day with a bright sun without being much struck; or, I doubt not, with a bright moon, as you saw the Champ de Mars. It seemed to me that I owed it this *réparation d'honneur*, as I believe my first account to you was not favourable. . . . I have been learning Portuguese, and it only deserves the name of a dialect, and to those who have learned other languages is ridiculously easy. I am told, too, that when I learn Portuguese, I shall be able to read Spanish, as they all do, without learning it. . . . I cannot help thinking of poor dear Mr. W., if his mind was tolerably at ease about you, and that he could turn it

to any other object. What a fuss he must have been in about his letters! he has always a horror of his letters being seen except by those they are intended for; and though I dare say he took care to put no politics in them, I should not wonder if his imagination presented them to him read aloud in the Assemblée Nationale.—Still no packets, and it is an age since I have heard from him, and my last letters from England are of above a month. Farewell!

LETTERS.

1791.

Miss Berry's entry in her memorandum-book for this year is—'After winter between Florence and Pisa, return home in November, take possession of little Strawberry Hill.'

In the month of January Mr. Walpole addressed five letters to Miss Berry at Pisa. The three following have not been published before.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 2, 1791.

I doubt the letter I wrote last week to Mr. B. was both confused and illegible—for the latter, no matter. The truth is, I had got the gout in my left hand; and whenever a fit comes, I suppose it may be my last; and the consequence of that idea was, the thought that I might never see you more! I had just been delighting myself with having settled Cliveden—then came Mr. B.'s letter, which after relating y^r^ plan, and mentioning y^r^ intention of being at home by the period of y^r^ setting out, talked of a visit to Swisserland, which I dreaded w^d^ detain you, and then said, '*all subject to correction and alteration.*' Those words went to my heart, as if threatening prolongation of y^r^ term, tho' perhaps meaning only the intervening time—in short, I quite despaired!

I have had the gout in my hand for above a fortnight now; but I have been much worse with the rheumatism, which joined it, and still possesses that whole arm and shoulder. I have been quite immoveable, but by two servants; and this is the first day I have been able to attempt writing to you. I have no fever, my appetite quite perfect, and my sleep so excellent, that I do little else but sleep. The exact state of my case is, that I

do not recover so fast as I used to do, which is not at all surprising at my age; nor perhaps so soon as I should in town; but I dread a relapse; and besides, as my greatest danger always lies in the weakness of my breast, I am safer here, where I see nobody, and cannot be made to talk. I have written all this in my lap without stopping, so you may be sure I am not very bad—I could not have done as much yesterday, but I certainly am better to-day than I have been at all. Now I will rest.

Sunday evening.

Having written enough with my own hand to convince you that I am not very ill, I will, for ease, let Kirgate continue. I received yours, No. 12, of December the 6th, two days ago, a long time coming! However, if this is as slow, you will be pretty sure that I am well when you receive it.

I am glad you are going to Pisa; Florence is too cold for you. You divert me with the account of *the Charming's* brother being a democrat: upon my word, the transition from an English Catholic non-juror to a French leveller is Pindaric enough. Still it does not look well for the National Assembly when their proselytes fly the country as well as those they persecute. That Synod has lately ordered 500,000*l.* sterling to be issued to the famished in the provinces. They ask for *bread*, and they have given them *paper*. They might as well have sent the useless clergy,

And helpt to bury those they helpt to starve.

The Duchess of Biron is returned to London, where, with her spirit, I am sure she is better than at Paris: she was at the play there, and a song applicable to the Queen being encored as a compliment, and the duchess applauding with her fan on the box, a shower of apples flew at her, and with them a penknife that hardly missed her. She took it away with her, and the next morning sent it to La Fayette, and desired he would lay it on the altar of liberty, and then came away.

I have little or no English news for you. Lady Douglas, after so many struggles, will live. It is declared that Mrs. Child is going to marry Lord Ducie; as they are both fifty, nobody can have any objection, if they have not themselves. She gives him ten thousand pounds; they are to live on her twenty thousand

pounds a year from the shop, and she reserves in her own power 70,000*l.* that she has saved; my lord laying up his own estate for his two sons.

Monday, 3rd.

I chuse to finish with my own hand, that you may not think me worse: indeed I am better, but the amendment is very slow; but the swelling of my left hand remains, and the elbow and shoulder are still lame. This is the whole truth.

Lady Mt. Edgcumbe and Mad. de la Villebague have been here from Richmond this morning, and says Mrs. Siddons has suffered so much by her late exertions that she has relapsed, and they think must quit the stage. They told me nothing else, and so I will conclude. My next week's letter will I trust be more satisfactory. Adieu!

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, Jan. 9, 1791.

I am unfortunate, for when I want most to satisfy you by writing with my own hand, I am least able to do so comfortably, for the rheumatism is got into my right elbow too, and nothing can be more awkward than my writing at all. You may be assured now, that tho' my disorder began with a little gout, it is a decided rheumatism, which I think much worse, as it is not so sure of quitting its hold. My best prospect is being carried to town, but I do not think I could yet bear a carriage. All I have done yet is to walk with a little help from the red bedchamber to the blue room—that is, down three steps; and that journey contains my daily and whole history.

Now I have satisfied you that my handwriting is alive, it shall act by proxy; but it will not be like a King that says a few words, and then tells the assembly that his Chancellor will deliver the rest; now it happens that Chancellor Kirgate has nothing to deliver, for he nor his Majesty know a word of news.

I am glad you are pleased with your lodgings at Pisa, and think you shall like the company. It is a novelty to me that you have put up some learned men there; Mr. Pinkerton, who is of no great authority with you, has often talked to me of the mighty science and learning of the Italians. They may live at Pisa for what I know; Mr. Parsons was out of luck to live so

long at Florence, and be forced to go to search for the wise men in Germany. I shall rest at present, and finish this to-morrow evening.

Monday, 10th.

I try to write a little myself, and you see I can, but it shall be only to tell you my exact case, in which I have not deceived you. It is most clearly rheumatism, all over my left hand, arm, and shoulder, which I do not find mend at all, and for the last two nights the right elbow has been bad too. I rise every day and sit in the blue room till eleven at night; but the weather is most unfortunate for me, either tempests or rains—the meadows quite overflowed. I will undoubtedly be carried to town the moment it is possible.

I hope I shall be able to give you a better account next week; and that shows my confidence that you will be wishing for a better account, I mean, all Three. Adieu, all Three!

Berkeley Square, Jan. 15, 1791.

If I had not promised to write again this post, I should have been disinclined to it, for I cannot give you a better account of myself. The first amendment I perceived was on Tuesday morning last, and I really thought the worst over, but after dinner the gout came into my right hand, and has taken possession of that whole arm too, while the left hand and arm are so very little better that I have scarce any use from either. In this most uncomfortable state I did determine to come to town, and here I actually arrived yesterday: I bore the journey very well, and had a better night after it than I had had for some time; so that probably the warmth of London has contributed a little already, and may in time do more. You see I do not make the case better than it is—danger there is none—but the case of the sufferer is not much mitigated by that consideration.

Sunday, 16th.

Tho' I have had a good night, my journal does not yet improve; not one of my limbs mends, and I have the additional dread of the gout coming into one of my knees. In this deplorable state you may imagine I scarce see anybody, nor can have anything almost to talk of but my suffering helpless self. It is vexatious to give you such an account, but I am sure you

had rather receive this true than a fictitious one; besides, you may reasonably conclude that by the time you receive this letter there may be some considerable amendment in me.

Yesterday I received your No. 14, of the 22nd of last month, with an account of your Pisan life and acquaintance; just what I wanted to know, yet you call it a dull detail: think, then, what I send you in return, the journal of a sick room! Thank you for the memoirs of the Grifonis, and for Miss Agnes's horse. Now I will bate a little.

Sunday evening.

I do think I begin to use a finger or two of my left hand, which is a great event in this room, as I admit no others. The Edgcumbes and Johnstones, and a few more have called here this morning, but I could not see them. Lady Mary and Mr. Churchill are almost the only persons I do receive, and Jerningham I have seen once. The town, they say, is quite empty, but probably will be fuller by Tuesday, for the Queen's birthday. I shall leave a little of my paper for my progress to-morrow, if I make any: this bulletin is long enough already.

Monday, 17th.

I am reduced to make bonfires for negatives; the gout is not come into my knee, and I must rejoice that I have no other matter of triumph, as I have not recovered one joint in either arm or hand; so I will finish this letter, as I shall have certainly nothing better to tell you by this post. Adieu!

Tuesday morning, 18th.

I just add one line before this goes to the post to say that I have had another very good night, and yet, alas! I do not find any amendment; what time may do I do not know.

[Berkeley Square, Sat., Jan. 22, 1791.

I have been most unwillingly forced to send you such bad accounts of myself by my two last letters, but as I could not conceal all, it was best to tell you the whole truth. Tho' I did not know that there was any real danger, I could not be so blind to my own age and weakness, as not to think that with so much gout and fever the conclusion might very probably be fatal, and therefore it was better you should be prepared for what might happen. The danger appears to be entirely over; there seems

no more gout to come; I have no fever, have a very good appetite, and sleep well. Mr. Watson,* who is all tenderness and attention, is persuaded to-day that I shall recover the use of my left hand, of which I despaired much more than of the right, as having been seized three weeks earlier. Emaciated and altered I am incredibly, as you would find were you ever to see me again. But this illness has dispelled all visions! And as I have so little prospect of passing another happy autumn, I must wean myself from whatever would embitter my remaining time by disappointments.

Your No. 15 came two days ago, and gives me the pleasure of knowing that you both are the better for riding, which I hope you will continue. I am glad, too, that you are pleased with your Duchess of Fleury and your Latin Professor; but I own, except your climate and the 600 camels, you seem to me to have met with no treasure which you might not have found here without going twenty miles; and even the camels, according to Soame Jenyns's spelling, were to be had from Carrick and other places.

I doubt you apply Tully de Amicitiâ too favourably—at least, I fear, there is no paragraph that countenances 73 and 27.]

I wonder you have not heard oftener from Lisbon. She (Mrs. Damer) seems perfectly well, and to have settled her return, which is to be thro' Spain: after the 20th of February our letters are to be directed to Madrid. She is in great distress, and I heartily pity her, about Fidele,† which seems dying.

[Monday, 24th.

I think I shall give you pleasure by telling you that I am very sure now of recovering from the present fit. It has almost always happened to me, in my considerable fits of the gout, to have one critical night that celebrates its departure: at the end of two different fits I each time slept eleven hours: Morpheus is not quite so young nor so generous now, but with the interruption of a few minutes, he presented me with eight hours last night, and thence I shall date my recovery.

I shall now begin to let in a little company, and as the

* His surgeon.

† Mrs. Damer's dog; it died at Lisbon.

Parliament will meet in a week, my letters will probably not be so dull as they have been, nor shall I have occasion, nor be obliged to talk so much of myself, of which I am sure others must be tired, when I am so much tired myself.

Tuesday, 25th.

I have had another good night, and clearly do mend. I even hope that in a fortnight I shall be able to write a few lines with my own hand.

[Old Mrs. French* is dead at last; and I am on the point of losing, or have lost, my oldest acquaintance and friend, George Selwyn, who was yesterday at the extremity. These misfortunes, tho' they can be so but for a short time, are very sensible to the old; but him I really loved, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities.

The Gunnings are still playing the fool, and perhaps somebody with them, but I cannot tell you the particulars now. Adieu!]

Mr. Walpole's letter of January 22 is in his secretary's (Kirgate's) handwriting.

In his letter of the 29th to the Miss Berrys, he writes, confirming the account of his recovery, and in tolerably cheerful spirits; but far other was the tone of the next letter, dated February 4, and which begins with this melancholy sentence:—

[Last post I sent you as cheerful a letter as I could, to convince you I was recovering. This will be less gay, because I have much more pain in my mind than in my limbs. I see and thank you for all the kindness of your intention; but as it has the contrary effect from what you expect, I am forced for my own peace to beseech you not to continue a manœuvre that only tantalises and wounds me. In your last you put together many friendly words to give me hopes of your return; but can I be so blind as not to see that they are vague words? Did you mean to return in autumn, would you not say so? Would the most artful

* An Irish lady who, during the latter part of her life, had a country house at Hampton Court.—*M.B.*

arrangement of words be so kind as those few simple ones? In fact I have for some time seen how little you mean it, and for your sakes, I cease to desire it.]

This sudden burst of wounded and irritable feeling was in consequence of Mrs. Damer having written him word that he must not expect the Miss Berrys' return till the following spring. The rest of the letter is in the same strain, and must have been at once painful and gratifying to them to receive, as, even in the bitter and somewhat unreasonable expression of his disappointment at their prolonged absence, they could not fail to see in every line of his reproachful regret how necessary their presence was to his comfort and happiness.

In his letter of February 12, he thus declines their offer of shortening their tour :—

[Berkeley Square, Feb. 12, 1791.

I have received y^r *two* letters of Jan. 17th and 27th, with an account of your objects and plans, and the latter are very much what I expected, as before you receive this, you will have seen by my last, No. 18. Indeed, you most kindly offer to break so far into y^r plan as to return at the beginning of next winter; but as that would, as you say, not only be a sacrifice, but risk y^r healths, can anything upon earth be more impossible than for me to accept or consent to such a sacrifice? Were I even in love with one of you, could I agree to it? and being only a most zealous friend, do you think I will hear of it? Should I be a friend at all, if I wished you, for my sake, to travel in winter over mountains, or risk the storms at sea, that I have not forgotten when you went away? Can I desire you to derange a reasonable plan of economy, that would put you quite at your ease at y^r return? Have I any pretensions for expecting, still less for asking, such or any sacrifices? Have I interested myself in y^r affairs only to embarrass them?]

The only point on which I can make a shadow of complaint, is y^r talking of what I did to assist y^r going, as a reason for y^r wishing to stay longer abroad; that would be *hard* indeed

on *me*, and would be punishing me severely for doing you a trifling service! But when you have other and substantial reasons for not returning before spring twelvemonth, it is useless to talk on the other.

[I do in the most positive and solemn manner refuse to accept the smallest sacrifice of any part of y^r^ plan (but the single point that would be so hard upon me). I will say not a word more on y^r^ return, and beg y^r^ pardon for having been so selfish as to desire it. My only request now is that we may say no more about it. I am grieved that the great distance we are at must make me still receive letters about it for some weeks. I shall not forget how very unreasonable I have been myself, nor shall I try to forget it, lest I should be so silly again; but I earnestly desire to be totally silent on a subject that I have totally abandoned, and which it is not at all improbable I may never have occasion to renew.]

Y^r^ other letter talks as kindly as possible on my illness, on which I am sure I have not deceived you, tho' I have talked too much on it; and on which, to satisfy you, I will still be particular. A fortnight ago I had every reason to think myself quite recovering, but in my left hand; then my pains returned for a week: they are again gone but in my left wrist, which to-day is uneasy enough. One comfort, however, I have, which is the conviction that all my pains have been and are gouty, not rheumatic, which I dread much more as less likely to leave me. The moment I lie down in bed, I go to sleep, and often sleep five, nay, seven hours together without waking. But there lies my whole strength. A lover, especially one of 73, would not give you these details. But, tho' I have been unreasonable, and I suspect vain, I am not ridiculous.—Let us pass to better, that is, to any other subjects.

Miss Foldson is a prodigy of dishonest impertinence. I sent her word a week ago, by Kirgate, that I was glad she had so much employment, but wished she w^d^ recollect that y^r^ pictures had been paid for these four months. She was such a fool as to take the compliment seriously, and to thank me for it, but verbally, and I have heard no more; so I suppose she thinks me as drunk with *her* honours as she is. I shall undeceive her, by sending for the pictures again, and telling her I can get twenty

persons to finish them as well as she can; and so they could the likenesses, and, I doubt, better. What glories have befallen Mrs. Buller I know not, but I have not heard a word more of her!

[The flirts towards anarchy here have no effect at all. Horne Tooke before Christmas presented a saucy libel to the House of Commons as a petition on his election. The House contemptuously voted it only frivolous and vexatious, and disappointed him of a ray of martyrdom; but his fees, &c., will cost him three or four hundred p^ds, which never go into a mob's calculation of the ingredients of martyrdom.]

I believe I am rather worse than I know (and yet you need not be alarmed), for some of my relations, who never troubled themselves much about me, grow very attentive, and send me game and sweetmeats, which rather do me good, for they make me smile; and tho' this fit may be going, they are sure I cannot grow younger.

[Monday morning, 14th.

I have a story to tell you much too long to add to this, which I will send next post, unless I have leisure enough to-day from people that call on me to finish it to-day (having begun it last night), and in that case I will direct it to Miss Agnes.]

Tuesday.

I have finished my narrative, and it goes to-night with this. I have been without pain these two days. Adieu!

In his letter of the 13th, he gives the Miss Berrys a playful narrative of what he terms the 'Gunninghiad,' a confused and mysterious piece of gossip in which Mr. Walpole was much interested, and which related to a reported marriage of Miss Gunning* and Lord Blandford.

He also adds a better account of his health.

In his letter to the two sisters, dated February 20, he tells Miss Berry that—

[O'Hara is come to town, and you will love him better than

* Daughter of General Gunning, son of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Combe, Co. Roscommon, and brother of the beautiful Miss Gunning.

ever; he persuaded the captain of the ship, whom you will love for being persuaded, to stop at Lisbon that he might see Mrs. Damer. O'Hara has been shockingly treated.]

In his letter of the 28th, he says—

[I wish in No. 20 you had not again named October or November. I have quite given up those months, and am vexed I ever pressed for them, as they would break into your reasonable plans, for which I abandon any foolish ones of my own. But I am a poor philosopher, or rather am like all philosophers, have no presence of mind, and must study my part before I can act it. I have now settled myself not to expect you this year; do not unsettle me; I dread a disappointment as I do a relapse of the gout, and therefore cut this article short, that I may not indulge vain hopes.]

On the 5th of March he writes in his more usual tone:—

[Berkeley Square, March 5, 1791.

One may live in a vast capital, and know no more of three parts of it than of Carthage. When I was at Florence, I have surprised some Florentines by telling them that London was built like their city (where you often cross the bridges several times in a day) on each side of the river, and yet that I had never been but on one side, for then I had never been in Southwark. When I was very young, and in the height of the opposition to my father, my mother wanted a large parcel of bugles, for what use I forget. As they were then out of fashion, she could get none. At last she was told of a quantity in a little shop in an obscure alley in the City: we drove thither, found a great stock; she bought it, and bad the proprietor send it home. He said, 'Whither?' 'To Sr Robert Walpole's.' He asked coolly, 'Who is Sr Robert Walpole?'

This is very like Cambridge, who tells you three stories to make you understand a fourth.]

Good *Hannah More* is labouring to amend our religion, and has just published a book called 'An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.' It is prettily written, but her enthusiasm increases; and when she comes to town, I shall tell her

that if she preaches to people of fashion, she will be a bishop *in partibus infidelium.*

Lady Cecilia's disorder has literally terminated in the gout in her foot. I called on her this evening, but as she was in her bedchamber up two pair of stairs, my gout would not let me be so clamberaceous; and indeed, she sent Miss Johnstone down to the coach to me to desire I would not attempt it. I think, if the remedy is not as bad, that the gout may relieve her headachs.

[Good night! I have two days to wait for a letter that I may answer. Stay! I should tell you that I have been at Sr Joseph Banks's literary saturnalia, where was a Parisian watchmaker, who produced the smallest automaton that I suppose was ever created. It was a rich snuffbox, not too large for a woman. On opening the lid, an enamelled bird started up, sat on the rim, turned round, fluttered its wings, and piped in a delightful tone the notes of different birds, particularly the jug, jug of the nightingale. It is the prettiest plaything you ever saw—the price tempting—only five hundred pd^s^. That economist the P. of W. could not resist it, and has bought one of those dickybirds. If the maker finds such customers, he will not end like one of his profession here, who made the serpent in 'Orpheus and Eurydice,'* and who fell so deeply in love with his own works, that he did nothing afterwards but make serpents of all sorts and sizes, till he was ruined and broke.]

It is six o'clock of Monday evening the 7th, and no letters from Pisa; but I will not seal this till to-morrow noon, in hopes —otherwise I have not a tittle to add, but that Lady Mary Palk is dead in childbed: I think I have heard you mention her, or I should not, for I did not know her.

The Mesdames are said to be safely out of France, after being stopped 3 times. There have been great mobs at the Luxembourg and the Tuileries, and La Fayette is said rather to have acted the royalist. The provinces grow turbulent, but you must hear French news sooner and more authentically than I do. Of the Gunning not a word since my last; nor of Mrs. Buller, tho' I have called on her; nor of the righteous Miss Foldson.

[The Lord Mayor did not fetch Mad. du Barry in the city-

* A celebrated opera.

royal coach, but kept her to dinner. She is gone, but returns in April.*

Tuesday morning.

I find y^r^ No. 21 on my table, but as it only talks of y^r^ life at Pisa, and of the community of apartments, which appears as bad as Buxton or Harrowgate, I have nothing to add but to wonder how any one can seek such an uncomfortable life a second time. Adieu!

P.S.—I should not wonder if Italians flock hither, for Carnavali the exhibitor of the Fantoccini, has got one of the 20,000*l.* in the lottery—but had, unluckily for him, sold two-thirds of it.

On the 11th, the 13th, and 14th, included in one letter, Mr. W. writes as follows:—

Berkeley Square, March 11, 1791.

I usually begin my letters to you on Fridays, but to-day for a different reason, not because I have anything to say, but like the French lady to her husband, because I have nothing to do. In short, I have got a little codicil to my gout. It returned into my ankle on Monday and Tuesday, left it on Wednesday, and yesterday came into my knee. I have no pain, unless I attempt to walk; so have been forced just now to send an excuse to Lady Louisa Macdonald,† where I was to have been to-night—and so must amuse myself *en famille*.

The Gunnings continue to supply me with matter. As it is now known that two of the Minifry have been mad, I should conclude the mother and daughter were so, if two persons could lose their senses at the same period, and on the same subject. Well, these two outpensioners of Bedlam have sent a new narrative to the Duke of Marlborough, wherein the infanta maintains to his grace's face, that she passed three *days* with him and the D^ss^ this summer at Sion, tho' it was but three *hours*; and cites a kind speech of his to her, for the truth of which she appeals to Sr John Riddel, who was present and heard it. The duke doubting his own eyes or memory, questions Sr John, who,

* She never returned, but periahed on the guillotine.

† Daughter to Earl Gower, and sister to the first Duke of Sutherland.

equally amazed, says, 'Y^r^ grace knows I had not the honour of being with you at Sion when Miss Gunning was there.' All this is a new style of romancing, and tho' I repeat it, I can scarce believe it while I repeat it.

The letter to the Duke of Argyll is to appear next week. Somebody has sent a proof of the frontispiece to the Duke, who showed it to Gen. Conway, as Lord Lorn has to Mrs. Anderson. There is a medallion of Guanilda supported by two—Cupids, not marquisses, her name, and 4 verses beneath. The D^ss^ of Bedford has written to Lord Lorn, begging him to intercede for his cousin, for the sake of his dear mother * who doated on her, and which dear mother she, D^ss^ Gertrude, introduced into the world. If Pisa or Florence produce more diversion than London, you have but to say so.

The Haymarket Theatre opened last night with an opera gratis. It is computed that four thousand persons accepted the favour, and the theatre is allowed to be the most splendid and convenient, let Naples say what it will; the singers very indifferent; the dancers (Vestris and Hilsberg) and the dances charming. Still it is probable there will be no more representations, for people cannot get much by giving operas for nothing.

I have got a solution of Miss Foldson: she has a mother and eight brothers and sisters, who make her work incessantly to maintain them, and who reckon it loss of time to them if she finishes any pictures that are paid for beforehand. That, however, is so very uncommon that I should not think the family would be much the richer. I do know that Ld Carlisle paid for the portraits of his children last July, and cannot get them from her; at that rate I may see you before your pictures!

I have not so clear an exposition of Mrs. Buller's behaviour, yet some suspicion. She is grown extremely Germanized—and of whom did I hear extremely intimate in a private party at her house a few nights ago, but one who lives in the street directly behind hers,† and whom I should be as sorry to meet there or anywhere, as he could be to meet me. *These* Germans remind

* Elizabeth Gunning, first married in 1752 to the Duke of Hamilton, and then, in 1759, to John, Duke of Argyll.

† He means William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother to George III., who had married his (Mr. Walpole's) niece, the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave.

me that I saw in to-day's newspaper, that the wife of the Margrave of Anspach is dead. Courage, Milady Craven! donnez-nous une nouvelle édition des aventures de Madame la Duchesse de Kingston! et dépêchez-vous; car on dit que Milord Craven se meurt. Il seroit indigne de vous que d'attendre la main gauche, et un mariage estimé légitime.

Lady Beaumont* called on me two days ago, and inquired after you kindly. The rest of my letter must depend on one from you, or on the town and the Gunnings. There is published a grub print not void of humour, called the New Art of Gunning; Miss, astride a cannon, is firing a volley of forged letters at the Castle of Blenheim, and old Gertrude, emaciated and withered, and very like, lifting up her hoop to shelter injured innocence, as she calls her.

Sunday, 13th.

Yesterday I had the misfortune of hearing of the death of my oldest remaining friend, Lord Strafford,† whom I knew from the time he was twelve years old, and who was invariably kind and obliging to me. This is the heavy tax one pays for living long!—but as it is not a language necessary to be talked to y^r time of life, I shall keep my moralising for my own use, and collect for yours only what will amuse you; tho' as I gather from hearsay, I must often send you false reports: still I take care they should only be on trifles of no consequence. Thus I told you old French had funded her legacies on her collection; but luckily for her legatees she had money enough in the stocks to discharge the 6,000*l.*: or her bequests would have fallen wofully short. Three or four years ago, she had wanted to sell her pictures to the Czarina for 1,200*l.* a year, estimating her own life, she said, but at two years' purchase. Well, her pictures, with the addition of her bronzes, china, &c., were sold by auction yesterday and Friday, and produced but 978*l.*; and yet the pictures went for more than they were worth.

Monday, 14th.

Your No. 23^d, which I received this morning at breakfast, whets no reply, being merely carnivalesque; but you are going

* Mary Willes, the wife of the late Sir George Beaumont.
† The last Earl of Strafford of the family of Wentworth.

to more royal festivities at Florence with their Neapolitan and Tuscan majesties and dukedoms.

The *Great Turk* at Petersburg has sent us rather a *de haut en bas* answer to our proposal of mediating to hinder her removing to Constantinople; we have frowned at the rate of eighteen men of war—still, keeping up our dignity costs us so dear, that I hope we shall let her go to the Black Sea and be d——d!

Mesdames de Biron and Cambis have taken houses on Richmond Green as well as Les Bouffiers and Mad. de Poncherolles, so it will be *petty France*. Such swarms of Franks have left the country, that I wonder the National Assembly, which delights in wasting time on reviving old names, do not call their sovereign king of Gaul instead of king of the French. On the contrary, *Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire*, formidable as the latter name is, will not put the Romans much in mind of their precursor Brennus.

I have cancelled my codicil of gout, and shall issue forth again this evening, and perhaps at the end of the week go to Strawberry for a day or two, as the weather lately has been uncommonly fine. Adieu!

On the 19th and 21st of March he writes a most touching letter, in acknowledgment of that he had received from Miss Berry in answer to his.

[Strawberry Hill, Saturday, March 19, 1791.

The town lies fallow—not an incident worth repeating as far as I know. Parliament manufactures only bills, not politics. I never understood anything usefull, and now that my time and connections are shrunk to so narrow a compass, what business have I with business? As I have mended considerably for the last four days, and as we have had a fortnight of soft warm weather, and a south-west wind to-day, I have ventured hither for change of air, and to give orders about some repairs at Cliveden, which, by the way, Mr. H. Bunbury two days ago proposed to take off my hands for his life. I really do not think I accepted his offer. I shall return to town on Monday, and hope to find a letter to answer, or what will this do?]

Apropos, as the town stands stock still, I believe I shall change my post days from Tuesdays to Fridays—at least when

I am as barren as at this moment. However, when you do not hear from me by the former, be assured you will wait but four days longer; besides as I shall now be frequently coming hither, I may have more to say at the end of the week than at the beginning.

I met Mrs. Buller t'other night at Lady Mt Edgcumbe's, and she lays all her omissions on the '*charming man*,' who mentioned my message so slightly that she did not comprehend it. I huffed her worse for her bad taste in sending for *double Glo'ster cheese* in an evening, and vowed I will never enter her doors, if smelling of it. I have a notion her son is of a regiment that eats of it. The Greatheds are in Mrs. Damer's house. I hope they will not be there six weeks.

[B. Sq., Monday evening.

I am returned, and find the only letter I dreaded, and the only one I trust that I shall ever not be impatient to receive from you. Tho' ten thousand times kinder than I deserve, it wounds my heart, as I find I have hurt two of the persons I love the best upon earth, and whom I am most constantly studying to please and serve. That I soon repented of my murmurs you have seen by my subsequent letters. The truth, as you may have perceived, tho' no excuse, was, that I had thought myself dying and should never see you more; that I was extremely weak and low when Mrs. D.'s letter arrived, and mentioned her supposing I should not see you till spring twelvemonth. That terrible sentence recalled Mr. Batt's being the first to assure me of y^r^ going abroad, when I had concluded you had laid aside the design. I did sincerely allow that in both instances you had acted from tenderness in concealing y^r^ intentions; but as I knew I could better bear the information from yourselves than from others, I thought it unfriendly to let me learn from others what interested me so deeply. Yet I do not in the least excuse my conduct. No, I condemn it in every light, and shall never forgive myself if you do not promise me to be guided entirely by your own convenience and inclinations about your return.

I am perfectly well again, and just as likely to live one year as half an one. Indulge y^r^ pleasure in being abroad while you are there. I am now reasonable enough to enjoy y^r^ happiness as my own; and since you are most kind when I least deserve it,

how can I express my gratitude for giving up the scruple that was so distressing to me! Convince me you are in earnest by giving me notice that you will write to Charing-cross while the Neapolitans are at Florence.* I will look on that as a clearer proof of y^r^ forgiving my criminal letter than your return before you like it. It is most sure that nothing is more solid or less personal than my friendship for you two; and even my complaining letter, tho' unjust and unreasonable, proved that the nearer I thought myself to quitting the world, the more my heart was set on my two friends. Nay, *they* had occupied the busiest moments of my illness as well as the most fretful ones.

Forgive then, my dearest friends, what could proceed from nothing but too impatient affection. You say most truly you did not deserve my complaints. Your patience and temper under them make me but the more in the wrong; and to have hurt you, who have known but too much grief, is such a contradiction to the whole turn of my mind ever since I knew you, that I believe my weakness from illness was beyond even what I suspected. It is sure that when I am in my perfect senses, the whole bent of my thoughts is to promote your and y^r^ sister's felicity, and you know nothing can give me satisfaction like your allowing me to be of use to you. I speak honestly, notwithstanding my unjust letter, I had rather serve you than see you. Here let me finish this subject; I do not think I shall be faulty with you again.

That ever *I* should give *you Two* an uneasy moment! Oh! forgive me—yet I do not deserve pardon in my own eyes, and less in my own heart.]

The next letter was as follows:—

Berkeley Square, Thursday, March 31, 1791.

I postpone my further answers to y^r^ last till I have satisfied Mr. Berry's curiosity about the war with Semiramis. The King's martial message was adopted on Tuesday by both Houses; but

* His correspondents, to settle his mind as to the certainty of their return at the time they had promised, had assured him that no financial difficulties should stand in the way: which is what he means by sending to Charing Cross (to Drummond, his banker). No such difficulties occurred. The correspondence, therefore, with Charing Cross never took place.—*M.B. Vide Horace Walpole's Letters.*

the measure is exceedingly unpopular, and even some impression was made on the court troops. The ministerialists affect to give out that matters will not ripen to war, as if our blustering would terrify a woman in whom fear of no sort seems to predominate. More this deponent knows not.

Now, my dearest friends, I turn to you, and do most cordially implore you both not to bind yourselves nor to hold yourselves bound to me by any promise ab^{t} y^{r} return. Let it depend entirely on y^{r} own inclinations and convenience. I cannot forgive my sickly impatience in writing that peevish letter which vexed you: it has vexed *me* more. Are you to be pleased only by what would please me? What claim have I to any sacrifice? and why should you make me any? or think you that I cannot sacrifice my own wishes to y^{r} content? Oh! indeed but I can, and wish to do so! These are my earnest sentiments, and I could but repeat them in various words were I to continue writing all night.

We have no other positive news since my Tuesday's letter. There is no peace between the Opera Theatres; the Haymarket rather triumphs. They have opened twice, taking money in an evasive manner, pretending themselves concerts; the singers are in their own clothes, the dancers drest, and no recitative—a sort of opera in *déshabille*. Threats of arrest have been thrown out, but no *coup de main*. Some think the return of the Judges from the circuit is awaited; but perhaps the Court is sensible of having begun by being in the wrong.

I never mention France, concluding you more *à portée* to know. The hideous barbarity at Douai, where they have fractured a man's skull, and then taken him out of bed, and hanged him after he had been trepanned; while the prisons are overstuffed, after they found but six prisoners in the Bastile, does not convince me yet that they have got a milder government.

How sorry I am that you have lost the satisfaction of being with your friend Mrs. Cholmeley in town this season. I doubt the two courts will not make you amends.

I feel every week the disagreeableness of the distance between us: each letter is generally three weeks on its passage, and we receive answers to what one must often forget one has said; and cannot under six weeks learn what one is anxious to know. Balloons, had they succeeded, would have prodigiously abridged

delays; but *French* discoveries are not, I believe, endowed with duration; when they have broken necks, and cut throats, they find the world forced to content itself with old inventions. French society never takes disappointment into calculations.

This must be a short letter, for even London, you see, now the *Gunnings* are gone, cannot furnish a whole sheet once a week: however, I had rather leave half my paper blank than have any campaign-work to fill it with. Europe at present is in a strange ferment, distracted between the dæmons of republicanism and universal monarchy—at least Prussia and we say that Semiramis aims at the latter; if she does, we at least might wish her removed to Constantinople: she would be farther off. Nay, I am so ignorant to imagine, that, if there, she would cultivate and restore Greece, &c., and be a better customer than the Turks. Nor am I disposed to think Prussia a substantial ally: it is a fictitious power that would have shrunk to little again with its creator had the successor been an inactive prince. Attention, treasures, and a most formidable army he has, but if war dissipates his hoards, and diminishes his force, which the squander of his wealth will weaken too, *adieu! panier, vendanges sont faites.* These are my speculations;—I don't know whether they have come into the head of anybody else, nor care whether they deserve it. I write to amuse you and myself, and only reason, because I have nothing better to send you. I am far from fond of dissertationary letters, which present themselves humbly, but hope to rank as essays. I must be in sad want of nonsense when I talk seriously on general topics, and I hope that, except when you were in a storm, or travelling thro' the land of anarchy, or when I was in terror of seeing you no more, or not for an age, you will not charge me with any gravity. I have gossipped to anybody's heart's wish; and the deuce is in it, if any letters are worth receiving that have the fear of Wisdom before their eyes. Adieu to *Arno's vale* till next Friday.

It was in the month of March that Miss Berry met with an accident, which might have proved serious, and of which she wrote the exact truth to her anxious friend, that his imagination might not exaggerate the danger. She had fallen down a bank in the neighbourhood of Pisa, and received a deep cut on the nose.

[Strawberry Hill, Sunday night, April 3, 1791.

Oh! what a shocking accident! Oh! how I detest your going abroad more than I have done yet in my crossest mood! You escaped the storm on the 10th of October that gave me such an alarm; you passed unhurt thro' the cannibals of France and their republic of Ladrones and Poissardes, who terrified me sufficiently—but I never expected that you would dash y^r^self to pieces at Pisa! You say I love truth, and that you have told me the exact truth—but how can fear believe?] You say you slept *part* of the night after y^r^ fall—oh! but the other part! Was not you feverish? How can I wait above a month for answers to an hundred questions I want to ask; and how a week for another letter? A little comfort I have had even since I received the horrid account; I have met Mrs. Lockart at Lady Hesketh's, and she has assured me that there is a very good surgeon at Pisa—if he is, he must have bloodied you directly. How could you be well enough to write the next day? Why did not Miss Agnes for you? But I conclude she was not recovered enough of y^r^ fall. When I am satisfied that you have not hurt yourself more than you own, I will indulge my concern about the outside of y^r^ nose, about which I shall not have your indifference. I am not in love with you, yet fully in love enough not to bear any damage done to that perfect nose, or to any of all y^r^ beautiful features; then, too, I shall scold at y^r^ thoughtlessness.

[How I hate a party of pleasure! it never turns out well; fools fall out, and sensible people fall down! Still I thank you a million of times for writing y^r^self; if Miss Agnes had written for you, I confess I should have been ten times more alarmed than I am, and yet I am alarmed enough.] My sweet Agnes, I feel for you too, tho' you have not the misery of being a thousand miles from y^r^ wounded sister, nor are waiting for a second account. The quantity of blood she lost has, I trust, prevented any fever. I would ask for every tiny circumstance, but alas! I must wait above a month for an answer.

. . . . I received the account two days sooner than the letters generally arrive, and the day after my last was gone, so I can have nothing to add, nor indeed, do I think of anything but the fall at Pisa, of which I went full to Lady Hesketh's last night, and there were so many of y^r^ friends,

that my sad news seemed like having thrown a bomb into the room. You would have been flattered at the grief it occasioned; there were Mrs. Lockart, the Pepys's, Mrs. Buller, Lady Herries, Geo. Cambridge, the Abbé Nichols, Mrs. Carter, and some who scarce know you, who yet found they w^d be very unfashionable if they did not join in the concern for you and in y^r panegyric. Cambridge had received a letter too, but three days earlier in date. Mr. Pepys desired me to tell you that he had written to you a folio of news, but you never received it. However, I am sure I have not let you starve, unless you are curious about suits in chancery.

[Not to torment you more with my fears when I hope you are almost recovered, I will answer the rest of y^r letter. General O'Hara I have unluckily not met yet; he is so dispersed, and I am so confined in my resorts, and so seldom dine from home, that I have not seen him even at General Conway's. When I do, can you imagine that we shall not talk of you two? Yes, and y^r accident I am sure will be the chief topic. As our *fleets* are to dethrone Catherine Petruchi*a*, O'Hara will probably not be sent to Siberia.* Apropos to Catherine and Petruchi*o*, I supped with their representatives, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, t'other night at Miss Farren's; the Hothams † were there too, and Mrs. Anderson,‡ who treated the players with acting as many characters as ever they did, particularly Gunnilda and Lady Clackmannan.§ Mrs. Siddons is leaner, but looks well; she has

* In Mr. Walpole's letter of the 27th, he says: 'Mr. Pitt has notified that he is to deliver a message from the King, to-morrow, to the House of Commons, on the situation of Europe. . . . . I am sorry to say that I fear it is to be a warlike one. The Autocratrix swears she *will* hack her way to Constantinople through the blood of one hundred thousand more Turks, and that we are very impertinent for sending her a card with a sprig of olive. On the other hand, Prussia bounces and huffs, and claims our promise of helping him to make peace by helping him to make war; and so, in the most charitable and pacific way in the world, we are, they say, to send twenty ships to the Baltic, and half as many to the Black Sea.'—*Vide Horace Walpole's Letters.*

† Sir Charles Hotham Thompson, married to Lady Dorothy Hobart, sister of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.—*Wright.*

‡ Mrs. Anderson, daughter of Lady Cecilia Johnstone, married to a brother of Lord Yarborough.—*Wright.*

§ A nickname given by the writer to a lady of the society.—*Wright.*

played Jane Shore and Desdemona, and is to play in 'The Gamester;' all the parts she will act this year. Kemble, they say, shone in Othello.

Mrs. Damer has been received at Elvas with all military honours and a banquet, by order of Mello, formerly embassador here. It was handsome in him, but must have distressed her who is so void of ostentation and love of show.

Miss Boyle,* who, no more than Miss Pulteney,† has let herself be snapped up by lovers of her fortune, is going to Italy for a year with Lord and Lady Malden.]

I return to town to-morrow morning, with a faint hope of receiving another letter about your fall, and will reserve the rest of my paper for anything I may hear before noon on Tuesday. I will not peremptorily fix my days of writing to Tuesdays and Fridays, but write as you mend, or as I find matter; therefore do not suspect gout if I am not punctual; I am more likely, I think, to be intercalary than remiss. This morning has been as warm as if the day had been born at Pisa; and Cliveden, where I have been giving some orders, did not look ugly.

[B. Square, Monday, after dinner.

Mirabeau is dead—aye, miraculously, for it was of a putrid fever (that began in his heart). Dr. Price is dying also‡—fortunate omens for those who hope to die in their beds too. I think alike of such incendiaries, whose lessons tend to blood, whether their stillettoes have taken place or not. That Mr. Berry, with so much good nature and good sense, should be staggered, I do not wonder. Nobody is more devoted to liberty than I am. It is therefore that I abhor *the National Assembly*, whose outrageous violence has given, I fear, a lasting wound to the cause; for anarchy is despotism in the hands of thousands. A lion attacks but when hungry or provoked; but who can live in a desart full of hyænas? Nobody but Mr. Bruce—and we have only his word for it. Here is started up another corsair, one Paine from America, who has published an answer to Mr. Burke, that

* Miss Boyle, afterwards Lady H. Fitzgerald.

† Miss Pulteney, married to Sir James Murray.

‡ Dr. Price died soon after.

deserves a putrid fever.* His doctrines go to the extremity of levelling, and his style is so coarse, that you would think he means to degrade the language as much as the Government.]

Monday night.

I am come home early from the Bishop of London's for the chance of finding another letter from one of you. But ah! you did not know my anxiety!—March 16th will be a blacker day in my almanac than Oct. 10th. I hope after nineteen days, without reckoning the time this will be travelling to you, you wd at this moment be capable of laughing at my alarm. Alas! it is no jest to me!

I learnt nothing new for you, but that Lord Strathaven† was married this morning to Miss Cope‡—not at Gretna Green, for they have been asked in church. Adieu! you bid me have no more gout this year—pray do you have no more falls.

The next letter shows that his mind was still agitated on the subject of Miss Berry's fall:—

Berkeley Square, April 10, 1791.

It is Sunday, but no letter! I did hope for one yesterday, as the preceding Saturday had brought me the miserable news of yr fall, and this I flattered myself would make me amends by a favorable account—but Saturday I see is one of the Dies nefastos carbone potandos, and a pupil of *March* 16th. If to-morrow brings good news, I will prefer Mondays, tho' two days later. I have little news for you, tho' I begin writing to-day. If anybody asks me for news, I answer, 'Yes, and very bad; Miss Berry has had a terrible fall, and cut her beautiful nose!'

What novelties there are I will dispatch, for if I have not a most prosperous account to-morrow, I shall forget anything I have heard—at present my gazette would lie in a nutshell; and were it not for the oddity of what happened to myself for two days together, my intelligence would be like to the common articles of a newspaper. On Wednesday my nephew, Ld Cholmondeley,

* The first part of the 'Rights of Man.'
† Afterwards Marquis of Huntley.
‡ Daughter of Sir Charles Cope, Bart.

came and acquainted me that he is going to be married to Lady Charlotte Bertie, who had accepted of him—'But,' says he, 'you will be so good as not to mention it yet, for I am now going to the Duchess of Ancaster to ask her consent'—which she did not refuse.

The next day Captain Waldegrave came, and almost in the same words, the parties excepted, notified a match between his sister, Lady Elizabeth, and Lord Cardigan, 'But you must not mention it yet, for the Earl is only now gone into the King to ask his leave.' I did not know I was so proper a Cato to be trusted with love-tales. I doubt George Ch. and his new wife, and the mothers of both are not delighted with the former match; and Brudenel and his mother will be terribly disappointed with the latter, after the old Earl had lain fallow so long. I remember when he married his former wife, they both looked so antique, that I said, they may have grandchildren, but they certainly will have no children—now it seems his lordship means to have a great-grandson. I was to have met the mother, Mrs. Cholmondeley, last Friday at Mrs. Buller's, but the latter turned a very small party into a ball, and I desired to be excused, for tho' I have married two wives at once, when many years older than Ld Cardigan, I did not chuse to jig with Master Buller's friends the officers of the guards.

I can tell Mr. Berry nothing more of our Russian war, but that it is most exceedingly unpopular, and that it is supposed Mr. Pitt will avoid it if he possibly can. You know I do not love Catherine Petruchia Slayczar, yet I have no opinion of our fleet dethroning her.

An odd adventure has happened. The Primate of Poland has been here, the King's brother. He bought some scientific toys at Merlin's, paid 15 guineas for them in the shop, and was to pay as much more. Merlin pretends he knew him only for a foreigner who was going away in two days, and literally had his holy highness arrested and carried to a spunging house; for which the Chancellor has struck the attorney off the list. But hear the second part. The King of Poland had desired the Primate to send him some English books, who for one sent *the Law of Arrests*. The King wrote, 'This is not so useless a book to me as some might think; for when I was in England, I was arrested'—before the letter arrived, the Archbishop himself was in limbo.

Monday.

Last night I was at Mr. Pepys's, where was Lady Juliana Penn, who alarmed me exceedingly, for she had received a letter from her son in Italy, when I had had none—but this morning I have received a comfortable one, which I hope is perfectly true—for you must forgive me, if I cannot help fearing y^r^ kindness for me softens y^r^ accident and its consequences. You did not sleep for some nights, your nerves were shaken. I know that from the 25th of March to the 11th of April is above a fortnight, and yet I shall think it above a fortnight to this day sevennight, when I hope for a still better account; for tho' a little easier, I am far from satisfied—and not yet at all arrived at grieving for a mark on y^r^ nose, as I shall do till I actually see you, when the joy of y^r^ return will drown less considerations. How good you are to reassure me on that subject! The Abbé has come in and distracted me with news for which I do not care a straw, nor w^d^ have listened to, but that you like my telling you all I hear —but what are all those marriages to me who am separated from both my wives? or Miss Bingham's no-marriage with Lord Grey, for which Ld Stamford has forbid the bans? or the Marquis of Worcester's with Ld Stafford's daughter, Lady M. M. or N. N. Leveson, which is declared? or the D^ss^ of Rutland's with Ld Paget, forbidden by his father, yet to be or not to be—something. Ma^d^ du Barry is again come, and Lady St. Asaph died yesterday of a second miscarriage, leaving four young children, a most fond husband, and the families on both sides much afflicted. So much for the Abbé's *Morning Herald*, and I return to y^r^ nose and your nerves—how could you write so much, when they are not well—and to be thinking of my gout, and recommending care of myself—I am perfectly recovered of everything but your fall.

I had a letter two days ago from Mrs. Damer—then at Grenada; she had suffered from the snow on the mountains. Her parents have been in town these two months, and very well. I supped there last night with the Duchess of Richmond and Mrs. *Pompoustoun* Hervey.

Your acquaintance Mrs. Horace Churchill, one of my seventy and I don't know how many nephews and nieces, has just presented me with one more of the first gender: Ma^d^ de St. Alban

gave me two of the other—but perhaps might as justly have bestowed them on somebody not so rich in nepotism.

I must have an attestation under the hand of Agnes *aux joues de rose* that you have no fever left, that your nerves are re-braced, and I will bear an oath from any rival that your nose is as perfect as ever.

Your letter of this morning is an answer to mine of Feb. 28, to Florence—how vexatious such a distant correspondence! If I to-day say 'How do you do?' it will be one or two and forty days before you answer, 'Very well thank you.'

Monday night.

I am just come from Lady Herries, who with Mrs. Hunter charged me to tell you how glad they are to hear you are better of y^r^ fall. I said you had just desired me to thank all who are so kind as to inquire after you: I wish I could answer their inquiries oftener!

You will, I trust, be at Florence when you receive this, but it will be May before I know so, which is sad, as it will be a better proof than all you can say, that your face is recovered. I shall apply what was said to one of the sable Finches, 'Sir, if you was to swear till you are white in the face,' &c.—that is, I must have collateral proofs, for my fears are stronger than my faith. Adieu! may Heaven preserve you both! and may I have no more days to stigmatize in my almanac!

In his letter of April 15th he says:—

[I cannot help having that nose a little upon my spirits, though if it were flat I should love it as much as ever for the sake of the head and heart that belong to it.]

I don't know what business you had to carry it to the mouth of the Arno and throw it down a precipice. I go to Strawberry to-morrow, in this jubilee spring that comes but once in fifty years, and shall return on Monday, trusting to be met by a letter from Pisa, with a prosperous account of all I wot of.

[I have seen O'Hara with his face as ruddy and black and his teeth as white as ever, and as fond of you two, and as grieved for your fall as anybody—but I. He has got a better regiment.]

[Berkeley Square, Monday, 18.

Oh! what a dear letter have I found! and from both at once, and with such a delightful bulletin.] I have but one doubt, and that is from the delay of going to Florence, which I hope is to be placed only to the article of the becoming.

[I should not be pleased with the idleness of the pencil, were it not owing to the chapter of health, which I prefer to everything,] high as I hold the Death of Wolsey. The moment I enter Strawberry I hasten into the little parlour, which I have new hung for his reception, with Lady Di's Gipsies* and Mrs. Damer's Dogs.† I defy your favourite Italy to produce three such monuments of female genius.

The rest of this letter, together with that of the 23rd, is, as usual, a chronicle of all the floating news, both political and social, he could collect to send them. On the 25th of April he writes from Berkeley Square:—

Monday, in the Square.

I have found a letter from you as I expected, but there were three pages before I found a word of y' nose. You give a good account of it—yet, as you have again deferred your journey to Florence, tho' but for a day or two, I do not quite trust to your deposition. Produce your nose to Kings and Emperors or I shall not be satisfied. I know you are not eager for puppet shows; yet your being at a fête would convince me more than the attestation of a surgeon.

You kindly desire me not to go to Strawberry for fear of relapse—but this is the case of so distant a correspondence! I have been there four or five times without the smallest inconvenience: besides, it has been summer all winter. You desire me too to continue to write punctually. I do not seem to be in danger of relaxing—at least, not before I am settled in the country; and then indeed I may want matter—but the town goes so late out of itself, that I dare say it will furnish me with something or other for these two months; and then in two months more I trust you will be on the road—and then—why

* Drawing by Lady Diana Beauclerc.
† Dogs sculptured by Mrs. Damer.

then, in two months more I hope I shall have no occasion to write to you! Six months of y^r^ absence are nearly gone, and I am trying as much as I can to anticipate the other six!

Berkeley Square, May 4, 1791.

Tho' I have changed my post days to Fridays, as better market days for news, the first-fruits do not answer—indeed, on Tuesday I should not have had a paragraph to send you; and now my articles will rather be talkables than events, for I know not one that has happened, except the change of weather, January having succeeded to April—but what signifies how the weather was, when you hear it three weeks afterwards?

Nothing more is known of the Russian War, or the new Secretary of State, nor why the last resigned. The Duke of York is gone to Berlin, and the press continues alert. That looks all martial—but the stocks are philosophic and keep their temper. The Prince of Wales is much out of order, spits blood, and fainted away after his levée on Monday.

General Conway has had a great escape; he was reviewing his Blues on Friday, previous to their being reviewed yesterday by the King. The ground was so slippery, for we have had much rain, that his horse fell down and rolled over him, and he only had his arm and leg much bruised; yet so much bruised, that yesterday he was forced to write to the King to excuse his appearance, and last night he was lamer than I am.

Mrs. Damer has written that we may expect her by the 10th. I shall allow two or three days for disappointments.

Here is arrived the Pinchbeck Queen Dowager of England, *alias* the Countess of Albany.* I have not much royal curiosity left—yet I have to see her, and it will be satisfied—for as she is great niece to Lady Ailesbury, and cousin of the Duchess of Richmond, they must visit her, and they will make some assembly or private party for her. At present they say she is going to see Mrs. Swinburn in Yorkshire, who it seems is the friend of all sorts of queens.

We have received besides a pacquet of French Dukes, the late Gentilhommes de la Chambre, Richelieu, Villequier, and Duras; the last narrowly escaped with his life at the late violence about

* Louisa de Stolberg, married to Charles Edward Stuart, the grandson of James II. Since the year 1745, known by the title of Comte d'Albany.

the King's journey to St. Cloud; the first is returned to Paris at the King's own request. The National Assembly have added new persecution to the fugitives—or to their embassadors, forbidding these to receive those—but are the former obliged to remain embassadors?

You will have heard that La Fayette has resumed his command; which I think an ambitious weakness, and a second tome to Necker's return. A general, who has lost command and authority over his troops, will not recover it for long by imposing an oath on them. The Parisian mob are mounted to the highest note of the gamut of riot, and whoever plays to them in that key, will make them caper away from their commander, or lead them against him.

I am sorry to say that we have discordant people amongst us, who are trying to strike up the same tune here. One Paine, an American, has published the most seditious pamphlet ever seen but in open rebellion: thousands of copies of it have been dispersed; and the Revolution-Clubs threaten farther hostilities. We have gained the happiest constitution upon earth by many storms; I trust we shall not lose it by one! nor change it for anarchy, which always ends in despotism, which I am persuaded will be the consequence of the intemperate proceedings in France, and in the end will be fatal to liberty in general; as mankind will dread buying even reformation too dear.

Apropos (an odd apropos, but you will see it's descent), the Countess Stanhope,* to-night inquired in the kindest and most interested manner after you both; so did Hannah More last night at *White Pussy's.*†

Friday, noon, 6th.

I must finish my letter, tho' my cargo is so small; regular stage-coaches, you know, set out, whether full or not. I have not sent you so short a gazette yet.

I hope to-morrow or Monday to hear that your nose has exhibited itself *openly* at Florence; and as certain cheeks have got natural roses, will not the pencil resume its practice? The Prince of Wales is better, and in a way to recover by an eruption. Adieu! all three!

* Louisa Grenville, the grandmother of the present Earl Stanhope.
† Elizabeth Cary, wife of Lord Amherst.

In Mr. Walpole's letter of May 12th* he mentions Mrs. Damer's return to England and her arrival at her uncle's (Lord Frederick Campbell) house, where he and her parents were passing the evening.

In his letter, dated May 19th,* he gives an account of the arrival of the Countess of Albany in England, and of her presentation at court.

[I have had (says he) an exact account of the interview of the two Queens from one who stood close to them. The Dowager was announced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well dressed, and not at all embarrassed. The King talked to her a good deal; but about her passage, the sea, and general topics. The Queen in the same way but less. Then she stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former; who perhaps may have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the Princesses. . . . The Queen looked at her earnestly.]

He concludes his letter with the announcement that Boswell had just published his long-promised Life of Johnson, in two volumes quarto. Mr. Walpole had a great repugnance to Dr. Johnson, and says, when alluding to this work, in his letter of the 26th of May,* that he would never be the least acquainted with him.

[Johnson's blind Toryism and known brutality kept me aloof; nor did I ever exchange a syllable with him: nay, I do not think I was in a room with him six times in my days.]

The first time, I think, was at the Royal Academy. Sir Joshua said, 'Let me present Dr Goldsmith to you:' he did. 'Now I will present Dr Johnson to you.' 'No,' said I, 'Sir Joshua; for Dr Goldsmith, pass—but you shall *not* present Dr Johnson to me.'

In Mr. Walpole's letter of June 2nd, he says:—

* Published in 1846.

[Berkeley Square, June 2, 1791.

Well! I have seen Madam D'Albany, who has not a ray of royalty about her. She has good eyes and teeth; but I think can have had no more beauty than remains, except youth. She is civil and easy, but German and ordinary. Lady Ailesbury made a small assemblage for her on Monday, and my curiosity was satisfied. Mr. Conway, and Lady A., L^d^ and Lady Frederic Campbell, and Mrs. E. Hervey, and Mrs. Hervey * breakfasted with me that morning at Strawberry.]

I have had no letter from you since Monday se'nnight, but as I had three almost at once, and as Mrs. Damer received one two days ago, I am in no fright about you; indeed I do not like y^r^ sitting and writing so much, which is bad for you. All the difference now is, that I have nothing to answer; and having nothing to tell, this will be very brief.

[Mrs. Damer, who returned in such Spanish health, has already caught an English north-eastern cold, with pains in all her limbs and a little fever; and yesterday was not above two hours out of bed. Her father came to me from her before dinner, and left her better, and I shall go to her presently. These two days may boldly assume the name of June without the courtesy of England. Such weather makes me wish myself at Strawberry.]

Next week I must go to Doctors' Commons — don't be alarmed—I have not heard a syllable against either of you; but a poor old gentlewoman in the country has made me her executor and trustee for her two daughters—and they need not alarm you neither—tho' somehow or other there was a connection between the families, which it is not proper to explain by the post, and I must repair into the city to prove the will. Some trouble I shall have, for there are disagreeable circumstances attending both daughters, who are not of the *compos*-ite order. Well! one must do the best one can, and make he best of everything. It is a chequered world, and surely I have no reason to complain of my lot in it!—a truly hard fate is that of two of the most amiable young women in the world, punished without a fault, and before they were capable of having a fault, not for the fault, but for the virtues of their father! But justice is not only blind, as she ought to be, when sitting on the

* Elizabeth, a niece of Alderman Beckford.

bench in her scarlet robe and furs, but when she is at home *en famille*.

Friday, noon, 3rd.

I sat with Mrs. D. an hour last night, and found her much mended. To-day the message is, 'much better,' and if she proved so, she told me she woud ask y^r^ friend Mrs. Chol'meley to meet me there this evening. Adieu!

P.S.—Hastings made his defence yesterday, but the trial is put off till the next session, as the Parl. is to be prorogued next week. Nothing decided about the Russian War, nor a Secretary of State yet, but Dundas, it is said, is to be the man.

His letters of June 8th, 14th, and 23rd, already published, are an amusing chronicle of all he hears and sees.

Strawberry Hill, June 28, 1791.

I am glad you recovered my strayed letter, because one lost leaves a gap in a correspondence that one thinks might contain something material, which I do not believe was the case. You was right in concluding I should disapprove of y^r^ visiting hospitals. One ought to surmount disgust where it is one's duty, or one can do any good, or perform an act of friendship; but it is a rule with me to avoid any disagreeable object or idea, where I have not the smallest power of redress or remedy. I would not read any of the accounts of the earthquakes in Sicily and Calabria; and when I catch a glimpse of a report of condemned malefactors to the Council, I clap my finger on the paragraph, that I may not know when they are to suffer, and have it run in my head. It is worse to go into hospitals—there is contagion into the bargain. I have heard of a French princess, who had a taste for such sights, and once said, 'Il faut avouer, que j'ai vû aujourd'hui une agonie magnifique.' Your tender nature is not made for such spectacles; and why attrist it, without doing any service? One needs not recur to the index of the book of creation to hunt for miserable sufferers. What would I give not to have heard the calamities fallen on the heads of the King and Queen of France! I know no more yet than of their being betrayed and stopped at Clermont, and ordered back to Paris, with *their children!* What superabundance of woe! To expect insult, ignominy, a prison, perhaps separation or death, without

a ray of comfortable hope for their infants. That their imprisonment and danger should have been grievous, I do not wonder—but to await dissention amongst their tyrants and anarchy, was the best chance the King and Queen had in store; but tho' both will still happen in time, I still believe, what advantage either or both will produce to those victims may be very doubtful. That their flight was ill-advised is plain, from that wofully false step of leaving his recantation behind him, before he was safely out of the country. It was strange that his intention being divulged, he should not have learnt the preparations made to prevent it, and desisted! It is equally strange that he should have escaped, tho' so watched and guarded!

Wednesday, 20th.

I received y^r^ No. 36 on Monday, to which I have partly been replying; and to-day I have been so happy as to get No. 37 too, to which I will now answer, as I have heard nothing more yet of the poor French Royalties, who must already have felt a thousand times worse than ever, after a glimpse of safety, and then expecting everything that brutal barbarity can inflict, and which nobody but French and Dr. Price could be so shameless as to enjoy.

I am glad you escaped from the hospital without infection; and I will trust to your sweet feelings for y^r^ never going again unnecessarily to view 800 persons in pain and misery.

I have told you, and can only repeat, that I did admire Mrs. Chomley much, as I did formerly. It is a very clear, sound, well-informed understanding, as far as I saw; but that was but four or five times at most, and chiefly in company, where there were not many of quite her calibre. She seemed to me rather modestly proper and reserved, but not out of spirits.

I am assured, as you justly guessed, that the pamphlet which Monsr de Lally showed to you is by no means Mr. Burke's genuine second pamphlet, but a spurious one fabricated at Paris, and spread about there, to hurt his credit. This I heard last Friday, five days before I received y^r^ letter; so, if M. de Lally answers it, he will be the dupe of his own enemies. Mr. B. has advertised a new letter to-day to the Whigs, but I have not yet seen it.

Your Italian paper is thin, but perfectly good. Cliveden will

look beautiful with your Narcissuses. I wish you were all there to-day, for we are again soused into Florentine weather, and have scarce had a teacup of rain, which makes us not look so green as the Cascines, tho' generally we have fifty thousand acres of such verdure—thus I have answered y^r^ chief articles.

Late at night.

I have been at Richmond, where I have seen a letter from good authority. The King and Queen were brought to Paris amidst numerous thousands, and without much insult; but they have been separated, and the Queen has been confined at the Val de Grace, where she was to be examined two days ago; and they talk of bringing her to trial for carrying away the Child of the State, whom the Assembly wish to crown under a regent, while the Jacobins are for a republic. I soon after saw a gentleman from town, on whose intelligence I do not always depend. He says the King lost six unnecessary hours on the road in eating and drinking; and that Messrs de Choiseul and Damas, who, I suppose, attended the King, are brought, not only in chains to Paris, but with each a grenadier sitting in his lap the whole way—such unnecessary torture, that it must be the taste of the nation to inflict it, if true.

All this, and fifty times more, true and false, you will hear long before you receive this; but of what can one talk else? Kate Macaulay was so unlucky as to die a few days ago; but she will gossip over it with Dr. Price.

Frank North, tho' abroad, has a musical comedy acting at the little Haymarket, and coldly received. His friends say the music was ill-chosen or the singers unequal to it. I had had great expectations, for he certainly has much humour and wit. I have seen excellent verses of his in that style. His brother Frederic was stopped from going to Constantinople by the plague, and is supposed on his road home.

Mrs. Damer is to come to me on Friday for two days; and Madame D'Albany, at her own desire, is to breakfast here on Saturday; and, at her desire, Alfieri too. Whatever her feelings are *here*, she must rejoice at having been only titular Queen of France!

Nine months are gone and over. I trust there are but four to come e'er we meet. Do not set a foot amongst the Basillissophagi! Monsieur and Madame have done right in retiring;

none of the family should stay in Paris, but a paltry Duke of Orleans with his affected trull, Mad. de Sillery—and I should not be sorry if they were pelted out of it with contempt.

Lady Clackmannan was here this morning; puss jumped into her lap. I said 'Mad^m, do you dislike cats?' 'Oh, no! I like all dumb creatures.' Aye, thought I, and so do I, but I am not the better.

France, it seems, will supply my letters with matter, and I shall not be reduced to village-chat—yet I had rather have no letters to write. Adieu!

Strawberry Hill, Monday, July 4, 1791.

Mrs. Damer has been here on Friday and Saturday, and returned to town yesterday. She has already repaired the eagle's beak with wax, so that he can again receive company; but as that has not force enough to execute the commands of Jove, nor to crush the fingers of those who presume to touch his sacred person, he will soon have another of marble. Madame D'Albany and her cicisbeo breakfasted with us on Saturday, and seemed really delighted—consequently, 'c'est la plus grande reine du monde.' I really found she has more sense than I had thought the first time I saw her; but she had like to have undone all, for when I showed her the 'Death of Wolsey,' with which Mrs. D. is anew enchanted, and told her it was painted by her acquaintance, Miss Agnes Berry, she recollected neither of you—but at last it came out that she had called you Miss Barrys. I cannot say that whitewashed her much in my eyes: how anything approaching to the sound would strike me at any distance of time—which, I trust, will never, while I exist, exceed four months. Apropos, t'other night I visited at the foot of Richmond Bridge, and found a whole circle of old and young gossips. Miss assured me you are to be back in October, which I do not repeat as if violating my promise of contenting myself with the very commencement of November, but to give an opportunity of saying that Cliveden will be quite ready to receive you in October; and, as I conclude the lease of y^r house in town will not be out then, your best way will be not to stop a moment in London, but to drive directly hither, and stay all three, &c., with me till you can settle yourselves in Cliveden. This will not only be the most convenient to yourselves, but you are sure the most agreeable to me; and thus

you will have time to unpack and arrange yourselves, without being broken in upon for some days by visits, nor expected to make them. With all my warmth for those I love, I have a rebuffing coldness, that does not glue people to a chair in my house.

Miss Au-près-du-pont told me Miss A. had written to her of my misery about your nose. I was sorry, as that family is in daily and hourly commerce of tattle with all the world, and all the Grimalkins in the parish will conclude I am in love with your nose, which I vow I am not; but if I love you both most affectionately, as I do, can either of you wound her nose by a dreadful fall, and I not feel for it? Miss Dupont soon quitted the subject to put such a volume of interrogations to me about Ld Strafford's will, that at last I was forced to say, 'Madam, indeed I cannot answer all those questions;' on which she did close her incessant lips, and the ball was resumed by the Signora Madre. Oh! those righteous scorpions, that will not touch a card, but meddle with everybody's affairs with which they have nothing to do, and never ask themselves whether what they hear is true or false, but repeat both as conscientiously as the postman delivers letters without knowing what they contain. Thus every falsehood is propagated, like seeds that birds drop out of their bills. For Truth—I believe she died a maid, and left no issue.

Thence I will not talk on France, for one is overwhelmed with reports contradicting one another, according to the propensities of the senders and receivers. Of one thing I am certain, of pitying the Queen; which was so generally felt here as soon as the reverse of her escape was known, that I was told that, if money could serve her, an hundred thousand p^ds^ would have been subscribed in a quarter of an hour at Loyd's Coffee-house. There is a wretch, a quondam Prince du Sang, who has snapped at this moment for making himself more ridiculously contemptible than ever, by protesting he does not wish for the Regency, which, I suppose, would as soon be offered to me. I remember an old French refugee here, a Marquise de Montandre (the Mademoiselle Spanheim of the 'Spectator'), who, on the strength of her pinchbeck marquisat, pretended to precede our sterling countesses; but being sure of it's not being allowed, she thus entered her claim: when at a visit tea was brought in; before the groom of the chambers could offer it to anybody,

she called out, 'I would not have any tea;' and then, when she had thus saved her dignity, she said to him, after others had been served, 'I have betought myself; I tink I will have one cup.'

Berkeley Square, Thursday evening, 7th.

I might as well write of French affairs, as I have nothing else to write. Apropos, we have had such violent west winds, that I have no letter from you this week. A disagreeable affair, with which I will not tire you long, brought me to town on Tuesday. My disordered ward, whom I mentioned to you, was to come to me on Tuesday from Chichester; I was to bring her to town yesterday, and send her with Kirgate and his daughter to-day into Kent, where I had found a private lodging for her with excellent people, who had a poor gentleman, in the same way, with them, and had treated him with the utmost tenderness. She had consented and promised to come, with a worthy lawyer, employed by the D. of Richmond, and his daughter, who had submitted to attend her; but on Monday night she changed her mind and would not stir. I sat till eleven at night expecting her every minute, and starting up at the rattle of every chaise that past. The same next morning till the post came in, when a letter from the lawyer acquainted me she was so disordered, that he had called in the apothecary, who declared compulsion must be used. To that I have positively refused my consent, unless to prevent her from destroying herself; and have ordered all the gentlest methods to be used as long as possible, and to offer her to settle herself wherever she likes best—for she is not constantly out of her mind. It is a most unfortunate history, and I find will give one great trouble. I was forced to come to consult Mr. Churchill, joint trustee with me.

Last night I supped at Mrs. Damer's (who goes to Park Place to-morrow for three weeks), with Madame D'Albany, the D. and Dss. of Richmond, the men Mt. Edgcumbes, Mrs. Buller, and 'the charming man,' and to-morrow return to Strawberry.

The Gunnings are not only resettled in St. James's Street as boldly as ever, but constantly with old Bedford, who exults in having regained them; but their place in the town-talk is occupied by Lady Mary Duncan, who, on receiving tickets for

his benefit from Badini, at the Pantheon, where Pacchierotti does *not* sing, she returned them with a most abusive letter, calling him impudent monster and wretched poet. This has given somebody an opportunity of returning an answer (in his name) ten times more scurrilous, and which is cried up as full of humour; but by what has been repeated to me out of it, I only found it exceedingly coarse and indelicate. However, she cannot be pitied, having committed herself by being the aggressor towards such a fellow. Adieu! I have exhausted my small sack of gatherings.

[Strawberry Hill, Tuesday night, July 12, 1791.

I had had no letter from you for ten days, I suppose from west winds, but did receive one this morning, which had been three weeks on the road—and a charming one it was. Mr. Batt, who dined with me yesterday, and stayed till after breakfast to-day, being here, I redde part of it to him, and he was as much delighted as I was with y^r^ happy quotation of *Incedit Regina*. If I could spare so much room, I might fill this paper with all he said of you both, and with all the friendly kind things he begged me to say to both from him. Last night I redde to him certain reminiscences, and this morning he slipped from me and walked over to Cliveden—and hopes to see it again much more agreeably. I hope so too and that I shall be with him.] Now to answer you.

The Duke of Argyll and Lady Charlotte are at Inverary, and he, they say, is very low, and not at all well. Lady Derby is at Richmond—I hear, much as usual. Mrs. D. is at Park-place for three weeks, has been here as I told you in my last, is perfectly well, and looks better than ever I saw her. Mrs. Hervey is gone thither to-day from Hampton, where she has been two or three days with the Johnstones (I did not know of such intimacy); they all and Mrs. Anderson were here yesterday morning, and I dined with all but Mrs. Hervey at Mrs. Garrick's last Saturday. Mr. Batt and Clackmannan were there too.

[I wish there were not so many fêtes at Florence; they are worse for you both than Italian sultriness; but if you do go to them, I am glad you have more northern weather.

News I have none, but that Calonne arrived in London on Sunday—you may be sure I do not know for what—in a

word, I have no more opinion of his judgment, than of his integrity.

Now I must say a syllable about myself—but don't be alarmed! it is not the gout; it is worse, it is the rheumatism, which I have had in my shoulder ever since it attended the gout last December. It was almost gone till last Sunday, when the Bishop of London [Porteous] preaching a charity sermon in our church, whither I very, very seldom venture to hobble, I would go to hear him, both out of civility, and as I am very intimate with him. The church was crammed, and tho' it rained, every window was open. However, at night I went to bed and to sleep; but waked with such exquisite pain in my rheumatic right shoulder, that I think I scarce ever felt greater torture from the gout.]

It was so grievous, that I considered whether I should not get out of bed—but the thought that I might kill myself, and consequently not live to Cliveden-tide, checked me—upon my honour this is true—I lay—not still, but writhing about, till about five o'clock, when I fell asleep. I have had but very moderate pain since. I own I did tremble at night, but I had my usual comfortable night composed of one whole dose of sleep, and could not be very bad yesterday, as I could read to Mr. Batt for two hours and half without reposing, nor worse to-day, when I have been writing this prolix syllable to you, in my lap indeed, without deputing Kirgate. Tho' the gout could never subdue my courage, nor make me take any precaution against catching cold, the rheumatism and Cliveden have made a coward of me. I now draw up my coach glasses, button my breast, and put a hat on the back of my head, for I cannot yet bear it to touch my forehead, when I go into the garden. You charged me to be particular when I am not well—I think I have been circumstantial enough! If I am in love with your nose and long to see it, quite recovered, take root at Cliveden, at least your Corydon does not forget that he is seventy-four, nor conceal one particle of his rheumatism. His dread of being gone before November does not look as if he thought himself immortal—and yet as a true knight, no Orondates ever suffered more for his mistress, than I did heroically on Sunday night in not getting out of bed.

Thursday evening.

I cannot finish this with my own hand, for yesterday morning

I had a good deal of pain, the incorporated society of rheumatism and gout have got down to my elbow and wrist, and I cannot move my arm at all—however, as the pain is locomotive, I trust it will soon go quite away. I will write again on Tuesday, tho' a *hors-d'œuvre*; and I could have wished to write more myself to-day, for this morning I received another charming letter from you, with a most picturesque description of the Great Duke's Inthronization in the Pan-Athenion in the Piazza del Gran Duca —there, there are as many long words as Dr. Johnson's! and you may roll them out to the bottom of the page, since I cannot give it its usual complement, for tho' the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. Adieu!

Mr. Walpole continued too much disabled to write, but dictated the two following letters to Kirgate:—

Strawberry Hill, Sunday night, July 17, 1791.

Next to being better I am rather a little glad I am worse, i. e., the gout is come to assert his priority of right to me, and when he has expelled the usurper, I trust he will retire quietly too; in the meanwhile, my case is party per pale good and bad: I slept last night without waking, but if I want still more gout, I think I can draw upon my right knee, where there seems to be a little in store for me. In good earnest, the rapid shifting of my complaint makes me flatter myself that it will not be permanent.

I have not said a word to you of the apprehensions that had been conceived of some mischief to happen on Thursday last, the second intended celebration of the French Revolution. I thought you might be alarmed, and remain anxious for a fortnight; now I can tell you that it totally miscarried. The Revolution Club wished to hold their Jubilee at the Opera-house or Ranelagh, both were refused; they had intended to have exhibited flags and National cockades sent from France, but those sent thence were stopt at the Custom House; and tho' some cockades were exhibited in a shop or two, nobody wore one. Numbers of Paine's pamphlet were distributed, but equally without success. At last the meeting was fixed at the Crown and Anchor, and circular letters of invitation were sent to all sorts of persons, and at most did not produce a thousand head: Mr. Fox was sounded, but declined; then, even

their solitary peer, Lord Stanhope, withdrew. Mr. Sheridan was persuaded not to go, and they had not one man of consequence but Mr. Pigot the Prince's Solicitor, who has not made his court by it. In short, it ended with contempt and ridicule, and without any disturbance, except that at eleven at night some glaziers and tallow-chandlers broke a few windows in the Strand and Cheapside, to force people to put out lights, but all was immediately suppressed by the magistrates.

There has been a much worse tumult at Birmingham on the same day. The Faction had stuck up most treasonable papers with long extracts from Dr. Price's sermon, but as soon as the people perceived the drift of them, they arose with indignation and demolished two or three meeting-houses, and the evening papers of last night said, Dr. Priestly's* house too, but I was told before dinner that the last is not true.

A remarkable circumstance has happened: somebody has found and reprinted a sermon by Dr. Price, preached some years ago, in which he displays at length the superior happiness of this country to all others, particularly by the increase of liberty from taking off general warrants, &c.

I am tired, and will say no more now; but will reserve the rest of my paper till to-morrow, when I hope to give you a better account of myself, and as good of the public.

Monday evening.

I have had another good night. I have nothing to do but to recover as fast as any tortoise in Christendom. News I have none to send you, nor desire to have, of home manufacture. In France, I believe, they will have enough to do to consume their own, without seeing their fashions adopted, as they used to be, by other countries. Adieu! my good Friend.

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday evening, July 20th, 1791.

Tho' a supernumerary letter set out for you from London but yesterday evening, yet I will not lose my ordinary Friday's post, and begin this now for two reasons; first, I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am much better, tho' an accident that hap-

* Dr. Priestly, a distinguished dissenting divine, born 1733; died 1804. He wrote 'A Discourse on the Death of Dr. Price,' and 'An Appeal to the Public on the Subject of the Riot at Birmingham,' &c. &c.

pened to me on Monday night might have had ugly consequences. Having had a good deal of fever, I take saline draughts: a fresh parcel came on Sunday night, with a bottle in a separate paper, which I concluded was hartshorn, which I had wanted. They were laid on the window, and next morning I bade James give me one of the draughts: he thinking it one of the former parcel, gave me the separate draught, and I swallowed it directly, but instantly found it was something very different, and sent for the apothecary to know what I had taken; yet before he could arrive, I found upon enquiry, and by the effects, that it was a vomit designed for one of the maids—to be sure, in pain and immoveable all down my right side, it was not a pleasant adventure, but it had not the least bad effect, and I dictated the conclusion of my letter to you that very night, tho' I would not then mention the accident, lest you might suspect me poisoned before this could arrive to convince you of the contrary. I was very well all yesterday, and so I am to-day, and should have walk'd about the house but have had company the whole of the day. Before I arose Gen. Conway came to breakfast with me from London, on his way back to Park Place: then came Lady Charlotte North and Mrs. G. Cholmondeley, from Bushy; Mrs. Grenville from Hampton Court, and the Mount Edgecumbes from Richmond, whilst three different companies were seeing the house by a confusion I had made during my pain in giving out three tickets for the same day——all this is a trumpery story, but at least will show you that I am very well now.

My second reason for writing now is, that I received yesterday a most kind letter from your father, for which I give him a thousand thanks; particularly for the good account he gives me of your nose; and, as he desires, I blend my answer with this to you too: he also hints at what I expected, and do not dislike, that he finds Florence not more delightful than England, and shall not be sorry, for which I again thank him, to set up his staff at Cliveden.

Gen. Conway told me that the latest accounts last night in Town from Birmingham were, that all was quieted there on the arrival of the military, but that the populace were gone into Worcestershire, some said in pursuit of Dr. Priestly; and that they had threatened Ragley, Lord Beauchamp's Seat, in their

own county, for his having been for taking off the Test Act; but as the Edgecumbes were here at three o'clock and had heard nothing new, I conclude and hope all is over. Great mischief has been done at Birmingham, and indeed the provocations there and in London, and in other places, have been grievous. Vast numbers of Paine's pamphlet were distributed both to regiments and ships, but were given up voluntarily to the officers, and even money was tried on the guards, but to no purpose: the most seditious hand-bills were stuck up in London and Birmingham, and Dr. Priestly is said to have boasted that at the latter, he could raise 20,000 men; and so indeed he has, but against himself.

As not the least spirit of dissatisfaction has appeared anywhere, I trust the French Revolutionists will not hazard any more attempts: nor is France at all likely to emerge out of its own dreadful calamities, which will now tempt no other nations to imitate them. I inclose the best printed account, I have seen, of the riots at Birmingham from yesterday's paper.

Thursday evening.

The moment I had finished dictating this last night, I received yours with the continuation of y^r^ fêtes; the conflagration of the ball-room at the Cascines, and y^r^ first news of the flight of the poor French Majesties, to all which I have left myself no paper to answer: but I have written these three lines with my own hand, which I am vain enough to think will satisfy you more. *Thrice,* Adieu!

The letter of July 26th is again in his own handwriting, and was followed by those of August 3rd, 8th, and 10th.

[Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1791.

Lady Cecilia tells me that her nephew, Mr. West,* who was with you at Pisa, declares he is in love with you both—so I am not singular. You two may like to hear this, tho' no novelty to you, but it will not satisfy Mr. Berry, who will be impatient for news from Birmingham, but there are no more, nor any whence else. There has not been another riot in any of the three kingdoms. The villain Paine came over for the Crown

* The Hon. Septimus West, uncle to the present Lord De la Warre. He died the year after.

and Anchor, but finding that his pamphlet had not set a straw on fire, and that the 14th of July was as little in fashion as the ancient Gunpowder Plot, he dined at another tavern with a few quaking conspirators, and probably is returned to Paris, where he is engaged in a controversy with the Abbé Sieyes about the plus or minus of rebellion. The rioters in Worcestershire, whom I mentioned in my last, were not a detachment from Birmingham, but volunteer incendiaries from the capital, who went, *according to the rights of men*, with the meer view of plunder, and threatened gentlemen to burn their houses, if not ransomed. Eleven of these disciples of Paine are in custody; and Mr. Merry, Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Helen Williams will probably have subjects for elegies. Deborah and Jael, I believe, were invited to the Crown and Anchor, and had let their nails grow accordingly; but some how or other no Poissonnieres were there, and the two prophetesses had no opportunity that day of exercising their talents or talons. Their French allies, cock and hen, have a fairer field open, and the Jacobins, I think, will soon drive the National Assembly to be better Royalists than ever they were, in self-defence.]

I know nothing else, but it is early in the week. Yes, Mrs. Keppel has let her house at Isleworth to Sheridan, for 400*l.* a year—an immense rate—and yet far from a wise bargain. He has been just forced out of his house in Bruton-street by his landlord, who could get no rent from him: almost the night he came to Isleworth, he gave a ball there, which will not precipitate Mrs. K.'s receipts.

Wednesday evening, 27th.

This morning I received yours of the 12th, so it was but a fortnight on its journey—I wish all journeys from Florence could be as rapid. I am now beginning my fears about roads, bad inns, accidents and winds at sea; and they will increase from the first of September.

[You have indeed surprised me by y^r account of the strange credulity on poor King Louis's escape *in safety*! In these villages, we heard of his flight* late in the evening, and the very next morning of his being retaken. Much as he—at least the Queen—has suffered, I am persuaded the adventure has hastened general confusion, and will increase the Royal party;

* To Varennes.

tho' perhaps their Majesties, for their personal safeties, had better have awaited the natural progress of anarchy. The enormous deficiency of money, and the total insubordination of the army, both apparent and uncontradicted from the reports made to the National Assembly, show what is coming. Into what such a chaos will subside, it woud be silly to attempt to guess. Perhaps it is not wiser in the exiles to expect to live to see a resettlement in their favour. One thing I have for these two years thought probable to arrive—a division, at least a dismemberment, of France. Despotism could no longer govern so unwieldy a machine; a republic would be still less likely to hold it together. If Foreign Powers should interfere, they will take care to pay themselves with what is *à leur bienséance*, and that in reality would be serving France too. So much for my speculations, and they have never varied.

We are so far from intending to new model our Government, and dismiss the Royal Family, annihilate the Peerage, cashier the Hierarchy, and lay open the land to the first occupier, as Dr. Priestly and Tom Paine, and the Revolution Club humbly proposed, that we are even encouraging the breed of Princes. It is generally believed that the Duke of York is going to marry the Princess of Prussia, the King's daughter by his first wife, and his favourite child. I do not affirm it, but many others do.]

You will be sorry for Mr. Batt: when he left me, he was going to Ld. Frederic Campbell's, but was sent for to Oxford, where his only brother, a clergyman, was dying, and is dead, of a putrid fever. He was fifteen years younger than Mr. Batt, and much beloved by him. Mrs. Garrick came and told me of it in tears. Another person has told me that in point of circumstances it may enrich Mr. Batt; they have a very rich old uncle, whose partiality was for the younger.

Thank you for remembering the Cardinal of York's medal; how welcome it will be, for from what hand am I to receive it! There is another dear hand from which I wish I sometimes saw a line! I can and do write to both at once, and think to and of both at once; but methinks letters all from one hand are not the same thing. I shall not think I am as equally dear to both as they are to me, if I never hear but from one. Mary is constant, but I shall fear Martha is busy about many other things! Mr. Berry is so good as to write to me. I say no more.

Thursday night, late.

I heard nothing at my dinner, but I have since been at Richmond, and heard that Lady Valetort is brought to bed of a daughter, so this time Lady Mount will cry with but one eye. [But Lady Di has told me an extraordinary fact. Catherine Slayczar* sent for Mr. Fawkener, and desired he will order for her a bust of Charles Fox, and she will place it between Demosthenes and Cicero (pedantry she learnt from her French authors, and which our schoolboys would be above using), for his eloquence has saved two great nations from a war, by his opposition to it: *s'entend*—so the peace is no doubt made. She could not have addressed her compliment worse than to Mr. Fawkener, sent by Mr. Pitt, and therefore so addressed, and who of all men does not love Mr. Fox—and Mr. Fox, who has no vain glory, will not care a straw for the flattery, and will understand it too. Good night.]

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 3, 1791.

How cruel to know you ill at such a distance! how shocking to must have patience, when one has none! I do hope I shall have another line this week, and yet the wind is westwardly! Your fever, I am persuaded, was no slight one. Your fêtes and balls and the heat have occasioned your illness; you both left England in search of health, and yet have done as much as you could have performed in London, where at least the cold can tolerate crowds and fatigue. Nor have you been temperate even since your fever; you have aired too long, and why see four or five persons so soon, and sit up with them till eleven? All this kind Agnes has owned, tho' she says she is perfectly easy about you—can I be so, who may be a week without knowing whether you have had no return? I longed to see Agnes's writing, and she never could have sent it more apropos, since there was occasion for it—you yourself were both kind and unkind to write so much—but burn the French! why write so much about them? For heaven's sake be more careful; you are both of you delicate and far from strong. You bid me take care of myself—to what purpose do I cocker myself against November, if you two fling away your healths—nay, I will now not look so early as to

* The Empress Catherine II.

November. Do not, I implore you, set out in great heats. Fatigue and hot bad inns may lay you up where there is no assistance. Oh! I now feel again all the aversion I felt last year to y^r^ journey! Travel slowly, I beseech you; I had rather wait months for you, than have you run any risk. Surely you will keep very quiet till you begin y^r^ journey, and perfectly recruit your health. Dear Mr. Berry, exert your authority, and do not suffer them to be giddy and rash, nor plunge into any more diversions.

I cannot write about the French, nor think about them now, tho' I heard of nothing else all yesterday, for Petty France dined here yesterday, and I went back with them to Richmond. They firmly believed that all Europe in arms will march to Paris by Tuesday se'nnight, drive the Assembly and the Jacobins into the Red Sea, and borrow our fleet to replace the exiles here in their own hotels *sur le quai*. I forget why they believe all this, nor shall I recollect why till I have another letter from you. I believe too that I have not heard a tittle of news, but that you have had a fever at Florence, and that y^r^ bedchamber is very noisy—oh! how quiet you would have been at Cliveden—and that Mr. and Mrs. Legge have been divinely kind, and lent you one more tranquil; what charming people they must be!

Mrs. Damer passed Sunday with me; her leg is not well again; she goes to Goodwood on Friday, and thence to the sea.

Thursday, noon.

I am not at all more easy, tho' I have slept since I heard of your fever. Your journey haunts me; you will not be strong enough to undertake it so soon as you intended; you w^d^ begin it when the weather is too hot, and finish it when too cold. No, I had rather you did not set out till March—tho' I might never see you more; it had better be prevented by my exit than by yours. Everything terrifies me for you; tho' I have little faith in a speedy invasion of France, yet I believe it when you may be to pass thro' armies and camps. My dear, dear wives, be cautious! no risks by land or sea! in short, I am unquiet to the greatest degree. I had almost forgot to thank you about the medals: bring me but yourselves safe and in

good health, and I care about nothing else—yes, I do, for another letter. I ought, when you desire it and are not well, to try to amuse you; but seriously, if I have heard any news, I have forgot it—but I think I have heard nothing, but that Lord Henry Fitzgerald and Miss Boyle are to be married to-day; and that Miss Ogilvie's match with the rich Irish heir apparent is off; her brother Lord Edward carried her dismission of him, and did not deliver it in dulcet words.

If I receive good accounts from Florence, my next letter shall tell you anything I learn; if I persisted in adding to this, I could only specify a million more of apprehensions and execrations of your journey, from the 10th of October to the 16th of March, when you had y^r^ fall, and then to y^r^ fetes and fever in July. *St. James's* day has been my only holiday in ten months—do not give him a post-vigil that may destroy his festival. Adieu! adieu! what would I not give for another letter this moment!

P.S.—My dearest Agnes, tho' you have no fever, yet as you have undergone the same heats and fatigues with Mary, I entreat you to take four or five grains of St. James', that if you have any lurking disorder, it may remove it before you set out, and prevent y^r^ falling on the road, which I dread—tho' I wish y^r^ journey to be delayed. If you are quite well, the powder will have no effect at all. I hope you will all three observe a very strict regimen before you set out for at least ten days; I have not forgotten Italian inns, and how totally void they are of comforts and assistance. This fever has frightened me horridly.

Monday night, Aug. 8, 1791.

I have received no second letter, but Mrs. Damer had one on Saturday, which says you go on as well as possible. Perhaps I may have one to-morrow. I have been in twenty minds whether I should write again before my usual Friday, for I feel I shall only tire you with an anxiety about a fever that I hope will have been quite gone a fortnight at least before you receive my letter: yet write I must. I am sure you have been very ill, and now I dread your setting out too soon, as much as I was afraid of your not coming at the time you had fixed;

and I was tolerably uneasy about the last. To know you in bad inns, and not even know where! fearful of not receiving y^r^ letters regularly—uncertain whether you will get mine. Well, only determine on the most prudent and safe measures that can be taken, and I shall forget all when I see you return well, how long soever it be first. I give up, I disclaim, I protest against all promises, that could make you think of setting out one instant before you are fit for it. I have been too selfish already; I have not an atom of self-love when your health is in question.

My poor letters that you say are not so barren as I foretold they would be in summer, will now I doubt have the additional *désagrément* of being teazing and full of repetitions. Can one attend to or inquire after news, when one's mind is occupied about one family and anxious about every step they take? Can one relate with interest what does not interest one? Will it amuse you to be told daily that I went to Boyle-farm this morning to visit Lord Henry Fitzgerald and his bride, and carried in my coach an old Lady *Clifden* (oh! not a *Cliveden*). her aunt, who is at Mr. Ellis's, and told me a whole chronicle, about which I did not care a straw, of the no-match of Miss Ogilvie? Then I went and dined at Mrs. Garrick's with Les Boufflers, Madame de Cambis and the Johnstones, and Mrs. Anderson,—and the French being afraid of the highwaymen, would not return over the common, and desired me to convoy them through Bushy-park, which I did. They wished me to return with them to Richmond, but I chose to alight here, and write to you, tho' I had nothing better to send you than this dull day's work.

Mr. Lenox has got a son. There is to be a ball at Windsor on Friday for the Prince's birthday, which has not lately been noticed there. Lord Lorn and seven other young men of fashion were invited to it. It seems they now crop their hair short and wear no powder, which not being the etiquette yet, the youths, instead of representing that they are not fit to appear so docked, sent excuses that they were going out of town, or were unavoidably engaged,—a message one w^d^ think dictated by Old Prynne or Tom Paine, and certainly unparalleled in all the books in the Ld Chamberlain's office.

This being the sum total of my gazette's knowledge, I will not

trust my pen with the rest of my paper, which you may guess how it would fill if I gave a loose to it. I will suffer it to ask but one question—Shall you not recollect Charing-cross before you set out? It would give me a pleasure that would balance my not seeing you so soon as I expected, and you owe me a particular mark of friendship for the uneasiness y^r^ fever has given me. Adieu! adieu!

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 10, 1791.

Your letter of the 25th of last month, which I received yesterday, assures me that you are completely recovered—nay, better than before y^r^ fever. I do my utmost to believe so; but belief is not like faith, one cannot swallow it whole at a gulp without proof, and alas! I am at too great a distance to receive them! I am persuaded you have been very ill; and *by the better than before,* that your fever was generating. Your good nature induces you to make me as easy as you can; but how can I be easy, when you are so far off, have been very weak, have such a journey to take, and while I am uncertain when I shall see you again—or, if ever! I do not recant a word in my two last. I wish you to decide on your return from the state of your health, strength, and inclination. The great blow to me was your going abroad at all, and I interested myself in it much more than I had any right to do. It has been followed by all kind of disquiets, which I will not recapitulate. Your last gives me a new alarm: I had flattered myself with your coming directly to Cliveden. I now see a hitch even in that! I must be obstinate and foolish indeed if I nurse any more visions, and attempt to harmonise ages so dissonant as yours and mine, and attempt to make their purposes coincide: yet I declare, tho' my own happiness has a great share in my plan, its ultimate object is to make you two a little more comfortable when I shall be out of the question. If you have any speculations more rational, I relinquish mine with pleasure. One point I can by no means abandon: set not your feet on French ground; I hear daily of insults and violence offered to English travelling to or through that frantic country: a Lady Webster was lately illused on the frontiers of Swisserland, and her pockets would have been ransacked, had not her husband interposed roughly. You cannot have a lower opinion of that whole nation than I have: the residents are barbarians, the exiles

have wanted spirit, and neither have any sense. Impatience I have none for Lally's book; like Necker, he imagines Europe occupied about him, or would make it so. Miss Gunning acted fainting t'other night at the play on Lord Lorn entering the next box; but momentary meteors have no second benefit.

The Emperor, by rejecting Noailles now, will have acted sillily, if he does not do more. Had he refused to receive him at first, very well; it would have been condemning rebellion, and would have called for no more, if he did not chuse to make war; but now, when the King is not a whit more a prisoner than he was two years ago, it will be the anger of a tame eagle. Still I think the distresses and calamities of France will present more favourable moments than even the present,—tho' I believe the National Assembly frightened almost—into their senses.

The Duke of York's marriage is certain; the Duke of Clarence told me so himself yesterday. He graciously came hither yesterday, tho' I had not been to pay my court: indeed I concluded he had forgotten me, as at his age was very natural. Not having cropt my hair, I went to-day to thank him. He could not see me, but sent to desire I would call on him to-morrow. I asked the page at what hour it would be proper; he answered, 'between ten and eleven.' Mercy on me! to be dressed and at Petersham before eleven! I am not got down to modern hours; but neither am I reverted to those of Queen Elizabeth, nor to those of Louis Douze, who is said to have hastened his death by condescending, in complaisance to his young Queen Mary Tudor, to dine at so late an hour as eleven in the morning. I at least, before I am so rakish, will wait the arrival of my own Queen *Mary*.

Mrs. Buller a month ago told me she should pass a fortnight here at Twickenham in her sister Lady Basset's house—yonder, you know. Her son was ill, and she came not till last Sunday, and then only for a night with him and Miss Wilkes. They came and drank tea here.

As I wrote to you but three nights ago, I will make no excuse for the brevity of this, which is only to acknowledge yours, and to fall in with my own Friday. If you are really quite well, and set out nearly to the time you intended, I expect that our correspondence will be much deranged. News you will not lose of consequence—September is most inactive but against

poor partridges, and in horseraces, neither of which have places in my gazettes. Adieu!

Mr. Walpole's letter of August 17th has only been published in part, and without the verses to which he alludes, and which are here included.

[Strawberry Hill, Aug. 17, 1791.

No letter from Florence this post, tho' I am wishing for one every day! The illness of a friend is bad, but is augmented by distance. I dont write with any view to hastening that, which I trust will entirely depend on the state of y^r^ health and strength — nay, I depend on Mr. Berry's not leaving it to your own discretion—but I am impatient to know y^r^ intentions: in short, I feel that from this time to y^r^ arrival my letters will grow very tiresome. I can think of nothing but y^r^ journey, which fills me with fears. I have heard to-day that Lord* and Lady Sheffield, who went to visit Mr. Gibbon at Lausanne, met with great trouble and impertinence at almost every post in France. In Swisserland there is a furious spirit of democracy or demonocracy; they made great rejoicings on the re-capture of the King of France. Oh! when will you sit down on the quiet banks of the Thames?

Wednesday night.

Since I began my letter, I have received yours of the 2^d^—two days later than usual, and a most comfortable one it is! My belief and my faith are now of the same religion—I do believe you quite recovered.

The stocks are transported with the pacification with Russia, and do not care for what it has cost to bully the Empress to no purpose, and say we can afford it; nor can Paine and Priestly persuade them, that France is much happier than we are by having ruined itself. The poor French here are in hourly expectation of as rapid a counter revolution, as what happened two years ago. Have you seen the King of Sweden's letter to his minister, enjoining him to look dismal, and to take care not to be knocked on the head for so doing? It deserves to be framed with M. de Bouillé's bravado.]

Mr. Gilpin was here on Saturday, and desired me to say a

* The father of the present Earl Sheffield.

thousand civil things from him. Lord Derby and the Farrens were to dine here to-morrow, but the Earl has got the gout, and the party is put off. Our weather for this week has been worthy of Florence, with large showers, very reputable lightening, and a decent proportion of thunder, and yet the warmth has stood the shock bravely. I wish it may keep up its courage till next Monday, when Lord Rob. Spencer is to give a cup for a sailing match at Richmond in honour of the Duke of Clarence's birth-day. I beg y^r^ pardons, but I dont think Lord Dysart's and Cambridge's meadows* on such an occasion, will yield the apple to the Cascines.

[You say you will write me longer letters when you know I am well: your recovery has quite the contrary effect on me; I could scarce restrain my pen while I had apprehensions about you—now you are well, the goose-quill has not a word to say—one would think it had belonged to a physician.

I shall fill my vacuum with some lines that General Conway has sent me, written by I know not whom, on Mrs. Harte, Sir W. Hamilton's pantomime mistress or wife, who acts all the antique statues in an Indian shawl. I have not seen her yet, so am no judge, but people are mad about her wonderful expression, which I do not conceive, so few antique statues having any expression at all—nor being designed to have it.] Here are the verses:—

ATTITUDES—A SKETCH.

To charm the sense, the taste to guide,
Sculpture and Painting long had tried:
Both call'd ideal beauty forth;
Both claim'd a disputable worth:
When Nature, looking down on Art,
Made a new claim, and show'd us Harte;
All of Correggio's faultless line;
Of Guido's air and look divine;
All that arose to mental view
When Raphael his best angels drew:
The artist's spell, the poet's thought,
By her to beauteous life is brought.
The gazer sees each feature move,
Each grace awake and breathing love;
From parts distinct a matchless whole:
She finds the form, and gives the soul.

* The meadows on each side of the Thames immediately above Richmond Bridge.

Altogether it is a pretty little poem enough, tho' not very poetically expressed, but Dr. Darwin has destroyed my admiration for any poetry but his own—do you recollect how he has described some antique statues? That Canto is not yet published.

The letter of the 23rd* of August was an account of his having been to the Duke of Queensbury's, and met Sir William Hamilton and Mrs. Harte (afterwards Lady Hamilton), of whose grace and singing he writes in raptures. He had also been in company there with Madame du Barry, and he recounts the visit to England of the *soi-disante* Margravine of Anspach, and of his Highness the Margrave having informed her brother, Lord Berkeley,† that they have an usage in his country of taking a wife with the left hand, that he had espoused his lordship's sister in that manner, and that when she became a widow he would marry her with the right hand also.

Thus end the letters addressed to the Miss Berrys by Mr. Walpole during their residence at Florence and at Pisa. Unfortunately the letters from the Miss Berrys to Mr. Walpole have been sought for in vain, and were probably destroyed by themselves after his death.

Miss Berry's Journal must now be resumed from February 8th, at Pisa.

JOURNAL.

February, 8th.—The Duomo at Pisa was built in the beginning of the eleventh century by Breschetto da Dulichio, as most people think a Greek by birth, and about a century or more afterwards the Battisterio, built by Dioti Salvi de

* Published.

† Lord Craven died September 1791; and his widow, the *soi-disante* Margravine, married the Margrave at Lisbon, on the 30th October of the same year. She died in 1828.

Petroni; both of them astonishing buildings for the time of day, and unrivalled for above two centuries afterwards.

In the outside wall of the Duomo are inserted many pieces of ornaments of ancient sculpture, having evidently belonged to some magnificent buildings, probably at the time when Pisa was a flourishing Roman colony.

Epitaph upon the monument of the famous Marie Mancini, in the church of the S. Sepulcro in Pisa. It is upon a marble in the pavement above her arms, D. O. M.

'Marie Mancini Columnia,
Pulvis et Cinis.'

Below the arms it says that her son, the Cardinal Colonna, put this humble epitaph by his mother's express desire. She died in the year 1715.

Monday, April 18th.—Left Pisa this morning; stopped at Lucca: the town has altogether the air of a capital, though the streets in themselves are neither wide nor long. The Duomo is in the same style of architecture as that of Pisa, though I do not know its date. It has a fine modern mosaic pavement. The walls which surround the town are planted with trees, and the bastions at certain distances are little groves. The view is charming from hence of a small, well cultivated plain, surrounded by mountains.

From Lucca we took six horses to Borgo à Buggiano, for the road is hilly, rough, and stony, but the country uniformly beautiful.

At Borgo à Buggiano we were obliged to rest our horses, all those at the post having been sent for upon the road to Rome to forward the Queen of Naples.

Pistoia is a handsome town, with very fine, wide, long streets. They say it is not half peopled (from want of manufactures, I suppose): of this I could be no judge. At Prato, a large Borgo, the post-house is in a square, or what we should call a green. When we passed a little before sunset, all the people were out amusing themselves, and the scene was gay and beautiful.

We arrived at Florence by the finest moonlight that ever was, which I should have enjoyed much, had it not been for a cruel head-ache which made me the more regret to find the Porta del Prato shut, as is the custom, about half an hour after sunset, and we were obliged to go round to another gate, making a difference of not less than a couple of miles.

From Pisa to Florence, including delays, about thirteen hours. In a light carriage, it might be done in much less.

Wednesday, 27th.—Florence.—Went to see the Laurentian Medicean Library. It is in a long gallery, built by Michael Angelo, for the reception of these valuable manuscripts: the vestibule is likewise of his architecture, and though the upper part is unfinished, it is admirable. Though small (it is only 30 feet English by 30 or 32), from being divided into large parts and not overcharged with ornaments, it has an air of grandeur. The ornaments are all executed in a dark-coloured stone, and the masonry admirable. In the Library, everything, even to the ornaments of the desks where the books are kept, and the design which is executed in the brick floor, are by Michael Angelo; the ceiling, too, is fine, carved wood, but being of its natural brown colour and not arched, has to me a heavy effect. The books are all manuscripts, of which there are* placed upon and under desks, like pews in a church going up each side of the long gallery, at which one can sit to read.

The librarian, a very civil Canonico Bandini, showed us the Virgil of the fourth century, which they call the oldest existing; it is very fairly written, but less easy to read than the one in the Vatican. We saw, too, the Horace that belonged to Petrarch, with some notes in it by his own hand. It is in large quarto, and not a beautiful manuscript from the number of notes and scholiastes interrupting and confusing the text. The librarian is

* 9,000.—*Murray's Handbook.*

educating a little boy, an orphan, who now, at twelve years old, reads and understands Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, from which last language he explained to us a part of the Bible.

In this library is the famous original copy of Justinian's Pandects, which we are to see another day.

From the Laurentian we went to the Marucelliana Library, another public collection of books left to the public by Marucellia, a lawyer, in the year* . It contains a very considerable collection of prints, a complete collection of the works of M. Antonio, chiefly, I fancy, of use to artists.

August.—Memoranda: Florence.—In the palace of the Duke of Strozzi, one exquisite picture, a portrait by Titian of a child of the family about five or six years old, leaning against a table and feeding a dog with a biscuit, dressed in white with curling hair: the colouring and composure of the infantine expression charming.

In the Palazzo Attorite, a portrait of Raffael by himself—an undoubted original, as he was known to be protected by the family, and to have given them his picture. It is a head and shoulders in his last and most finished manner; it most resembles the portrait of himself which he has put into his School of Athens, but is much handsomer than that or any of the other pictures of him. It is a countenance of much genius and expression.

The outside of the Palazzo Attorite is adorned with marble thermes en pilaster with heads in profile; they have a very ugly effect, but curious from being all portraits of the family—one of the oldest of the republic.

In the Palazzo Gerardi a most numerous collection of pictures. Those that struck me most were the Vulture preying upon Prometheus, by Salvator Rosa, a wonderful picture for expression, but the attitude ungraceful—at a little distance the figure looks like the Duke of Atholl's

* Died in 1703. Library opened in 1752.

arms;* and The Crucifying St. Andrea, a group in small whole-length, by Carlo Dolce, of which Mr. Duncomb has either a copy or a duplicate.

In the cloisters of the convent of Sante Croce, a beautiful portico by Brunelleschi,† which has many faults in detail, but altogether an air of grandeur which will stamp a character of excellence upon any architecture to which it belongs.

The Royal Academy consists of seven schools—of painting, sculpture, architecture, ornament, design, &c. &c.

With these memoranda of Florence the journal of their residence alternately at Florence and at Pisa terminates.

Mr. Walpole's were not the only letters of interest addressed to the Miss Berrys at this time, which have been preserved. The following extracts from Mrs. Damer's letters give a lively and interesting description of her life at Lisbon, and of her journey home; and a letter from Mr. Brand, whose name appears in Miss Berry's journal of 1784, must also have been received just before they left Florence.

Lisbon, Jan. 20, 1791.

. . . Though there are not many things to see at Lisbon, there are some—some respectable Gothic churches in particular—which will bear seeing more than once. One of the most ancient it is horrid to look at—almost totally destroyed by the earthquake, little else but the outward walls standing. This church they are slowly attempting to rebuild in the Gothic style, but I doubt the success. The Castle, formerly a Moorish palace, was nearly made a ruin. You see here and there a bit of column &c. stuck in little better than a mud wall, but this her Majesty does *not* think of rebuilding. She has at immense expense built a church, called the Convento Nuovo or the Coracão de Jesu (the heart of Jesus), in the worst taste, adorned by many colossal statues in the style of Bernini exaggerated. The works

* Miss Berry must allude to the Manx Arms of the three legs quartered by the Duke of Atholl.

† Philip Brunelleschi, born 1377; died 1446.

of a Portuguese artist in this church, the great altar-piece, and several others, are painted by Pompeo. One, by the Princesses ——. In this convent is the Queen's great favourite, a nun recommended to her by her late confessor as a santa; they say really a shrewd, sensible woman, and spoken well of. There were, they say, many fine pictures by the best masters, most of them swallowed up or destroyed, some stolen and sold. At the Marquis Pamela's there is one called a Raphael, which it may be; it is very fine, but has been miserably painted over, which I gained much credit by finding out, though it is as plain as the nose in one's face. For to-day, farewell!

Lisbon, Jan. 31, 1791.

I returned from the morning party as much fatigued and no more amused than I expected. It was to see armouries and founderies, all of which I have seen and re-seen at other places. I could not avoid going, as among other things I was to be shown the model of the statue in the Great Place here. The statue is colossal, of bronze, of Joseph I., the late King. It was modelled and cast at Lisbon, and though heavy, really is not without merit.

Monday morning.

Yesterday I got some letters by one packet, the other, as they say, is coming. None from Mr. Walpole, and what Jerningham writes to me quite sinks my spirits. The letter is of the 18th Jan. He says that Mr. W. was detained at Strawberry by the gout; that he does not suffer, but that his hands are numbed, and that he has no use of them. What his *not* suffering is often, I know, and the rest is a sad uncomfortable account. Why would he not let Kirgate write me a line from himself? This is the last date I can have now, and I may not hear again before I leave Lisbon. I do hope to God that you will go to him in the autumn. The thoughts of that will support him. If you can, I know that you will. . . . It will not now be long before I leave this place, and all the first part of my journey I hope even to find the climate better than this. I mean to set out the 21st; to go to Seville and Granada, see Cordova and Toledo, the Escurial and Il de Fonse. These are my chief objects in this journey.

I rejoice that you follow your Latin so closely, and for your

stupidity I shall say nothing. Even two months, with what you already know, will do much. How very few ever read the books most worth reading except at an age when they are not capable of receiving any real satisfaction from them. Many *construe* Homer, Virgil, Plato, and Cicero, but few read them. With your taste, this will be a constant source to you even of something more than amusement.

Lisbon, Feb. 17, 1791.

. . . My mules are on the road, and will be ready on Monday next, and that evening or Tuesday I shall probably cross the water, and begin my journey, and from the time I leave Lisbon till I arrive at Madrid, I shall not have a single letter.

. . . I will not talk of Mr. W.'s silence—I cannot; certain it is I pity him from my soul. He must have suffered much. The letter you say you wrote to him he must have got soon after I heard last from England. That will comfort him, for I think that he will not pay much attention to your reasons for staying in Italy, and though there is eight months of absence to come, the hope of seeing you six months sooner, and not passing another melancholy winter without you, will quite revive his spirits. I am certain, whatever may be the event of this miserable illness, that you will feel infinite satisfaction in the marks of affection and friendship that you have shown him. . . One suffers here so much unnecessarily from cold that it is quite provoking; for even now there are often hours in the day when walking in the shelter, with the heat of the sun it is pleasant, could one come home or *go out* to a good fire, but the houses are insufferably cold. Every one complains, and no one attempts a remedy. It is difficult to give an idea how much behindhand we are here with the rest of Europe. You ask me in what their luxuries consist. In sitting wrapped up in their cloaks almost the whole day, *playing* with their maids and attendants, many of whom are of a something better sort, like retainers bred in the families from father to son, not forgetting dwarfs, foundlings, and natural children. Such tribes! there are many in the great houses, eating *comfortably* many times in the day, *ex gratiâ* cold fowls and hams in the morning, not forgetting the mirenda in the evening, which, with the addition of dinner and supper, helps to make the day pass; growing fat of course, which all the

young women do at four or five and twenty. . . . In general, there is, I believe, no harm in them. They seem very good-natured, and *would* be civil if they knew how; but, as I have before said, they leave their own national manners, and attempt, most awkwardly, those of other nations. I like to see them, as I have, sitting cross-legged in numbers in the churches, with their nets, and their fine hair combed partly over their faces, and the men, with their cloaks thrown gracefully over their shoulders, leaning against the walls, or standing by them. Coming to Portugal is really instructive to one who sees things with the eye of an artist or an observer.

Vendas Novas, Feb. 25, 1791.

. . . Yesterday, I passed the water in the evening, as the tide served at that time, and arrived at a small place called Aldega Galega, on the coast, at sunset. The inn being bad, I was recommended to a *private* house. No house ever deserved the epithet less, for my room was full, from the moment I came till I got away, of the whole family, the padrone (a little shop-keeper), the padrona de casa, all the children, and all the maids, talking to me, staring at me, or kissing my hand. As I turned them out of their room, and that everything they wanted was in that room, even when they would consent to leave me, there was every instant something to be fetched out of a drawer, or a closet. To-day, drawn by seven mules, I have been composedly travelling along an immense sandy plain—sometimes through woods of the most beautiful pines, always shrubs and plants, that only *really grow* in fine climates. I am now settled in a room where (to be sure) there is not *much* furniture; but I think rather upon the whole better than one often finds in Italy.

Badajoz, Tuesday evening, March 1st.

I write to you from the first Spanish town—and a dismal place it is—with neglected walls, from whence there is a distant view, and ruined towers and castles of the Moors. Within these walls, considerable remains at the top of the hill, that seem to have been left and never repaired. To make up for this, there is a beautiful bridge of twenty-nine arches over the Guadiana. It is simple and noble, built by the Romans. Elvas, the last town in Portugal, is in perfect repair, to appearance, and a remarkably pretty town. I wonder this does not make the Spaniards a little

ashamed of this place, for these two towns are *looking* at each other, and not above eight or nine miles distant. I arrived here this morning without accident or difficulty, or any serious distress. My calessiere I like of all things; he drives with Spanish dexterity, and as to the carriage, with English care. I can just keep up with my mules for an hour or so on foot.

Seville, Sunday morning, March 6.

I have been wishing for these two days to write to you, but I have felt so fatigued with my journey through the Sierra Morena that I could not take out my letter. I feel ashamed when I complain, because this being a mere voluntary journey, the answer must be, 'Tu l'a voulu, George Dandin.' However, the real truth is, that I did not know the roads were *impassable* for a carriage with four wheels. Nobody told me that there was any real difficulty, otherwise, for a journey of mere amusement, I would not have undertaken it; but now it is over, I am glad. My carriage has escaped, I hope, any very essential mischief that may stop my progress, and I have seen some of the most beautiful wild scenes that can be imagined, which, *con rispetto*, are of all scenes those that delight me most. If there are moments in my life when I breathe freely, without the oppression of painful reflections—when the world seems nothing to me, and the idea of those I love everything—it is in walks when I can undisturbed enjoy what is grand, beautiful, and awful in nature.

For near twelve miles before coming to a poor small village, called Santa Oleio, was the Sierra Morena. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the mountains. They are not very high, but rocky, covered with shrubs, heaths, plants, and flowers, growing to a wonderful height and size, and numbers of clear streams rolling among the rocks and stones. It gives one the idea of an eternal spring. You then come to an open forest of neglected cork trees and Ilex, with such rocks, and such picturesque masses! formed evidently of the sand worn into a thousand shapes by the streams of water and torrents, in a course of ages far, far beyond our pitiful annals. The evening was delightful, and I walked till I could walk no longer. The inn was a miserable place. That I should not have minded, but so troublesome were the people, and so noisy, that I got little repose till towards morning, when it was nearly time to set out, for a sad day, most of which I was obliged to walk, and not paid for the trouble, as

there is no beauty in the views. Such roads I really never saw. Men, mules, everything were ready to die, and the expectation of seeing the carriage broken to pieces, in an actual desert as to assistance, was really quite disagreeable. However, owing to the skill of the best driver, without exception, I ever saw, we arrived last night safely at another small village, called Castello Blanco, and this evening at Seville, all the bad road over. The town, the dresses, the look of the people—all—is as completely different from anything I have ever seen, as I can wish, and as diverting.

Granada, March 19, 1791.

I stayed one day longer at Seville than I intended, left it on the 10th, and got here last night—this, partly wishing to recover my fatigues of the Sierra Morena, and partly from being charmed with the town, and the softness of the climate. Its known antiquity is interesting. The cathedral I think very fine; it is gloomy, and the Gothic architecture simple; full of the most beautiful windows of painted glass. I happened by chance to hear some good music there, which as it was *by chance* was the more striking—for, if I am to be dressed, stuck up, and stuffed up to hear or see anything—adieu all effect for me!

I was much pleased also with the Alcayas or Palace: the Moorish part is admirable, and I feel myself at open war with Mr. Swinburne,* whom I now think a very inaccurate writer, at least as to his descriptions; his *history* may be right for what I know. Granada and the Alhambra by no means answer to his account,—I mean merely according to matter of fact, taste out of the question. What the Alhambra *has* been it is easy still to see, and it still *is* admirable, but miserably ruined, out of all repair, and neglected. By his account I imagined that I was to have seen great part of it as if the Moorish kings and their queens had, hand in hand, just walked out of their palace. There cannot be a greater admirer of Moorish style for the inside of houses than I am. Were I a great king in a fine climate I should copy it for my palace—in the summer. However, though Granada is not now all it has been, it is well worth the sacrifice of a week to see, which is about the difference of time it makes to me.

* Henry Swinburne, Esq., a traveller, wrote 'Travels through Spain' in 1775, illustrated by drawings on the spot: died 1803.

I shall only stay to-morrow, but must return for two days by the same road I came. I am in the greatest admiration of many parts of Andalusia, and have found no difficulties since Seville. The road really may be called good, except here and there where it is rocky, and where torrents are quicker in their operations than the king's officers in their reparations—you know how that is in many parts of Italy. I have had many charming *solitary* walks, I may almost call them; for when I can walk away from the carriage, I forget it. Of the minor evils, want of rest is the only serious complaint. The inns are often very noisy. After being up ages before daylight, tired and jumbled, one comes into an inn that *looks* uninhabited: four white walls, a chair or two at most, and a deal table, on which they set a *lamp*. One thinks it hard, by the time one's bed is set up, one's things ready, that the house should grow *lively*, voices and noises of various sorts continue till within a few hours of the time to set out the next day. Yet this is really the case, and whatever travellers may say, the roads and inns are much frequented. I have found it to my cost. One night, when I thought I was to sleep quietly, arrived, after I was in bed, the Corrigedor de Granada, his wife, I know not how many signoras, and a dozen servants, as many little dogs with bells, four or five carriages: their supper was to be prepared. The talking, screaming, and scolding was beyond imagination; and then the next morning, as I went down to my carriage, there was the Corrigedor and his wife waiting at the door to see me, and expecting that I should make them a compliment—hope that they had slept well, and wish them a good journey, which, as well as I could, I did not omit. Everything, high and low in Spain, expects to be spoken to; they are not satisfied with a bow if you are near them. No matter what one says, which for me is lucky in Spanish, though indeed, with Italian and a little Portuguese, one is sure to be understood. I confess that there is a cordiality in this that I think pleasing, and there is something so dignified and fine in the look of the common people, that I like to hear them say to me, Condeos, which I translate, God bless you; and then they seem so pleased with the same attention. When I say that the people are good looking, I mean the men; they are uncommonly genteel, and I admire their dress. In Andalusia, they wear Montero cap and cloaks, and the same in Granada.

The women a black or white piece of silk or stuff over their heads, much as they do at Venice. I find a great difference of climate between this place and Seville, a sharpness in the air to which I am always sensible, and this must be the case, for the town is almost close to that immense chain of mountains, the Sierra Nevada, the tops of which are always covered with snow. . . .

Herrera, March 19th.

I left Granada, as I proposed, the day before yesterday. Having in a second visit passed some hours in the Alhambra, and examined everything over and over, I do not change my opinion: it is curious and beautiful in its way, must have been in its glory delightful, but is miserably ruined and neglected; the only very evident *repair* is whitewashing, which without the least mercy they have done in many and many parts, wherever the gilding and colours were less fresh. If the governors take to this mode much oftener, those who wish to judge of Moorish plaister-work and carving must make haste and take their journey to Granada. . . . I saw not a creature at Granada, except a Spanish banker for five minutes. I have had letters for all the places I was to stop at, but have avoided as much as possible giving them; the Portuguese and Spanish are so *very civil* on these occasions I find, that it is to me of all things the most embarrassing. However, I must, for the sake of truth, say that, at Seville, I saw a gentleman who was very little trouble, and gave me much real information; but this cannot happen often. I did not tell you what gave me a more than common horror of being *shown civilities*. Elvas being the frontier town in Portugal, I was told to ask for a letter to the Governor, that my baggage might not be stopped. This happened to be a brother of old Mello's, who was in England many years, and much at my father's house before you were born. Besides giving me a letter, he chose by way of a fine thing to write to the Governor his brother, who chose to order that I should be received with the *honours of war*. Some miles from the town I met a guard of thirty horsemen who escorted me, and I came into the town, drums beating, trumpets sounding, and cannon firing (it is literally true); was dragged to the Governor's house instead of going quietly to my inn, and sat down almost instantaneously to a great dinner with a dozen or fourteen officers; they carried me all over the town, and with the greatest diffi-

culty I got rid of the company in the evening by saying, what was too true, that I was so much fatigued I must go to my bed.

Aranjuez, March 30, 1791.

I have since I last wrote crossed the Sierra Morena, but by a most magnificent winding road, began and made (they say) within these ten years: it is cut in the solid rock, and I think the finest thing of the sort that I have seen: how long it may remain in this state of perfection, or rather how short a time, I will not answer, for when rocks and torrents are concerned you know how it is; and in *Spain* they *make* a road and then leave it, which ill agrees with the mutable state of this world. I have, in general, dragged along a road sometimes, indeed, sandy and sometimes stony, but of which there is nothing to complain, since Cordova, and not much to admire; at Anducar, however, where I arrived early in the evening, I saw a fine ancient bridge of sixteen arches, over the Guadalquiver, of which I had never heard a single word, and some very curious remains of Moorish towns, and walls round the towns. For four days I travelled through La Mancha, which is, without exception, the most odious, frightful country I ever yet saw; a nasty, dusty, sandy plain, without tree or shrub, with bare mountains that scarcely deserve the name. Here I arrived last night, within a day's journey of Madrid.

I have seen some charming antique statues in the garden of this palace, treasures unnoticed and neglected here. There is no expressing the fool I am when I see anything very fine quite by surprise, which is much the case in Spain, for you are *shown* nothing, nor can you get the least degree of information where the arts are concerned. It has been the *fashion* in this garden to make everything or anything serve as the ornament of a fountain, and to my astonishment, sitting in the middle of a large marble bason of water, did I see the most beautiful little Etruscan bronze figure: it is one of those often repeated, which I am sure you recollect, the boy taking a thorn out of his foot, but far superior to any I have seen. In another there was a Venus, which they call *Diana*; another, the fountain of *Apollo*, *because* all the figures and relievos represent the labours of Hercules (this is modern); and so they go on.

Madrid, April 1, Friday morning.

I was interrupted by L^d St. Helen's,* our Minister, and then the Consul: the first is an agreeable man; I have seen him formerly at different times and places; he is civil and obliging and not in a troublesome way. Thank Heaven! I have had a letter from Mr. W., in his own hand, and I do believe that he is recovering. I hear of him from all, and satisfactory accounts. Poor dear man! he says, 'I am afraid to flatter myself again about October;' and then that he shall say no more about it, and would not interrupt your content; but he does flatter himself, whether he knows it or not, by the indication of his spirits—*flatter*, it is not, I am well assured. I am glad you like the Andrea so much, I always thought it one of the most delicate and most elegant of compositions, and therefore one of the most touching. When you have leisure, read some of Cicero's letters to Atticus, his friend: they are very curious, from being, at least in my opinion, so clearly written without an idea of ever being made public; and so natural, there you see him with all his weaknesses and without disguise.

Escurial, April 10, 1791.

Waiting for a permission from Court to see this monastery, and settling with my muleteers, delayed me till to-day.

. . . Such a detestable climate as Madrid, from what I saw, and from what I heard, I believe would be difficult to find. I must say that the *ton* of the society to which I found myself admitted at Madrid was very grateful to my ears: this, perhaps, struck me the more as (to you I may say it) there was scarcely anything where I passed the winter that had not a tinge of vulgarity or barbarism.

Valladolid, 16th.

I have been walking about the town, and by dint of civil *looks* I suppose, for my *speeches* are, as you may think, *très-bornés* in Spanish, making my way into the cloister of a monastery of Dominican Friars, where I saw some fine Gothic architecture and other curious things, at the Escurial some divine pictures, and at St. Ildefons some first-rate statues, besides the place itself,

* Alleyne FitzHerbert, created Baron St. Helen's, in Ireland, 1791; and Baron St. Helen's, in England, 1801; was employed in many diplomatic situations of high importance in several of the European Courts.

which I think delightful—like an enchanted castle. Had you crossed Spain in my carriage, you would have been pleased, and I do believe have thought little of inconveniences: I think I could *venture* a journey with you. The elements have been making such a pother over my head, such a storm of thunder—but it seems over—the weather has been for some days soft and charming. I am really now tired of *seeing*, which I cannot help doing with attention, and should to the last, and tired of travelling: I wish for quiet. Yet I am diverted with the idea of passing through France, and curious to see it in its new state (tecum loquor): I shall be just as careful not to run my head into any scrape, should the possibility occur, as if I was frightened out of my senses.

Vittoria in Biscay, Wednesday, April 20, 1791.

. . . I have not found the roads by any means what they were represented: the magnificent road they talk of is only made, that is finished here and there, for a few leagues, and then you come plump down, and are dragged through sands, or jumbled over stones, for I know not how many miles more. The inns are infinitely better, some really good, and the one I now write from particularly so. A good room, a good fire, and a good bed, and I shall for the first time quit my *pallet* since I left Lisbon. I have now, I think, done with *seeing* in Spain, at least buildings. The cathedral at Burgos is famous, as you probably know. Wishing to see it thoroughly, and particularly the cloister, and not being sure of the same indulgence I met with from my Dominican Friars at Valladolid, I went in L^y^ Spencer's fashion, but did *not* write my name: this dress, with the large cloak and boots, is what, in point of decency, the bench of bishops could not object to, and the next thing, comparatively, to the ring of Gyges which, if I mistake not, made the wearer invisible, for you pass unnoticed; but an unfortunate *Lady* is persecuted to death. I believe I never told you how I have been tormented, because I often sit down to tell you one thing and a thousand others crowd in upon my mind . . . At Seville, the first day, I went out dressed like a Portuguese, exactly as the women there walk: they called me Francese, ran after me, and put me in no small passion. The next day I met, as I told you, with my ephemerid friend, who carried me all about in the Intendant's coach. Since that I have commonly gone about in one of their vile mantillo's, a piece of

silk or linen thrown over the head and then crossed and twisted round the waist, and let to hang down; without this no woman, in Spain, can go into a church, or indeed walk about a town. What provokes me is, that putting on this odious thing, that you can scarcely see or turn your head with, does not always do: the moment you examine anything with the least attention, or look higher than your head, which I suppose Spanish women never do, you are discovered to be foreign, and a foreign *Lady* is so great a wonder, that, from that instant, they follow you, get before you, pursue and persecute you in a manner that far exceeds anything of the sort that I have ever seen in any other country. The people in Spain do not seem to gain by *civilization*; for away from great towns, their manner is quite engaging. I must return to my cathedral at Burgos, and tell you that there are the finest remains of Gothic architecture I believe in the world, at least of Gothic sculpture; there is stone worked, and that particularly in the cloister, in a manner and with a sharpness and spirit that I did not think the material admitted of, and two heads that are really fine; foliage, without end, that is quite admirable. I think I took a sort of lesson. Many things in the carvings in wood, and in stone, that one sees is all old Gothic, incomprehensibly strange and impossible to describe.

Bayonne, Sunday, April 24th.

I was interrupted by the most ridiculous *personage* that can be imagined, a sort of Ragotin in figure, round, fat, with the tightest silk dress, not a tooth, a mouth that went every way, and the voice of a frog. 'Madame, je suis le Banquier, je m'appelle de Broc, Maire de la ville.' *Maire* de la ville, and Ipse Rex, for without this creature I could neither have money, passeport, horses, nor permission to go out of the town. I saw how it was, from his manner of announcing himself, and immediately *knew beforehand* all his power and consequence. Before the visit was over we were such friends that he gave me some of his *verses* on *C. Fox*, and if there is a corner in this letter, I must send them to you, for I was *delighted* and desired to have them. He is gone, he says, pour se mettre *en quatre* (which I think he can well afford) for my service, and if possible I shall be furnished with the means of setting out to-morrow morning early. I am much fatigued with the last days passed of my

journey. The roads in Biscay, so much praised, are dreadfully jumbling, almost entirely a sort of pavement; and a pavement is not only particularly disagreeable when rough, but really affects me; and what made this worse was the weather being cold with an incessant rain; it seemed as if for these two months it had saved itself and been collecting to pour deluges with greater violence. This made it impossible for me to walk at all. . . . Seven or eight days will bring me to Paris, where I shall hear from you, and know if your horrid accident has had no further consequence. I had no letter here from Mr. W., but a confirmation of his good health from his sister, with whom he had dined. I really think that he tries to persuade himself and you that he can bear a longer absence in order to leave you at liberty—indeed he said what is to that effect in one of his last letters. You understand that I mean by *leaving you at liberty*, that he wishes not to take advantage of your kindness and good nature, which he thinks may make you for his sake do what you dislike. What is in my power you know that you may depend on. I will *endeavour* to make him enjoy, by anticipation, the satisfaction you prepare for him.

Bordeaux, Thursday morning, April 28th.

. . . I only got here last night, owing still to the roads. Everything seems perfectly quiet. Some bustle there has been at Paris, but nothing to affect an insignificant traveller . . . .

P.S. A L'ORATEUR FOX.

Tel qu'un aërostat occupant l'horizon,
Fox occupe au Sénat le barre de Polymnée;
L'un captive le feu, dans le char d'Uranie,
Et l'autre le reprend dans la belle oraison.

My little Ragotin I cannot think of without an inclination to laugh. Among other things, he told me that he had some very fine tea, some of which he should send me; then looking up, and considering a moment, quite gravely added, 'Mais du ponche je n'en ai pas, j'ai peur, je ne sais pas comment nous ferons.' I assured him that I never drank punch, and was remarkably fond of tea, which, however, luckily he never sent, nor a national cockade which he offered. In the evening he returned, and brought one of his clerks to read the gazette to

me, who read through his nose in the most ridiculous manner, and he kept screaming to him, 'Plus haut, monsieur—plus haut.' Quite a mistake I thought.

Paris, Tuesday night, May 3, 1791.

I tried to persuade myself that I was less alarmed about your fall, because I so plainly saw the care and pains you took to prevent my anxiety; but your image, pale and bleeding, has been continually before my eyes. I calculate the time when it happened, and exactly believe that you think yourself no worse than you say, and from thence derive much comfort. My *reason* trusts that the danger of the accident is over . . . . When I talked of being here by the 2nd, I had, I know not how, given April 31 days. I have made all the diligence I could; indeed I scarcely *dare* tell you that, for these five days, I have been thirteen and fifteen hours de suite in my carriage, after your kind injunction not to travel too fast, even when I could, clattering and tearing along to the sound of words *nobody* understands, instead of Jesu Maria, and the Santa Virgine, with a bow to St. Antonio upon a pinch.

Wednesday morning.

I this moment received your two letters. I wish that I could express to you the satisfaction they give me. I do *now* feel easy about your accident; your health is better; and everything you say is calculated to please and comfort me . . . . . I rejoice that you have a letter so pleasing, from dear Mr. W. You say most truly of friendship when the *vas est sincerus, nil acescit*, and all comes right, when explained, because all is meant right. I too have had a charming letter from him, mostly on your subject. He says of your fall, 'I am persuaded all danger is over of any bad consequence, and that even the scar on the sweetest of all earthly noses (I never saw the houris) will scarce be discernible by the *first of November*, by which day they have vowed their return.' You see that *you* have convinced him; that difficulty is taken off my hands, and you see the effect of that conviction by the return of his own lively style . . . My telling you a foolish story of my *Ragotin* at Bayonne was at that time a little like *les enfants qui chantent la nuit quand ils ont peur*; but if you could laugh at my other stories, I think you will at that. I am quite pleased that any

of them should have diverted you *both* (when you learn Greek you will know a certain dual number that would here be most elegant) . . . . . I made more visits yesterday evening than I thought I had to make. Found for a long time only an old grumpy man, who did not talk—*ce n'était pas mon affaire.* At last I went to Mad^me^ de Balbi, who I found *à sa toilette,* surrounded by I know not how many people—l'Abbé Mauri among others—and talking of everything just as I could wish. Things are essentially quiet at present; little *local* disturbances—as, for example, the Pope was *burned* two days ago, *dans toute les formes,* and the Spanish ambassador, who happened to pass, *desired* to contribute to the bonfire, which he *generously* did, and passed on. Many supposed the Nonce will leave Paris on this; others that he will not; others that he need not, as it was only *le peuple.*

M. Le La Fayette, as you probably know, after that disturbance which was about the King's going to St. Cloud, when they imagined he meant to make *ses pâques* in his own way with the non-jurant priests, has again accepted. All these things pass, and I am told nobody minds them. They go about Paris, walk the streets, return at all hours, and no harm happens; indeed I see nothing for strangers to apprehend. Paris is much as usual, I think more entertaining, though many certainly have left it, and are leaving it. I do not pretend to say what it *will* or *may* be, but, for some time I fancy, much as it now is. I shall go and look at the Champ de la Fédération from your descriptions, and to-morrow Mad^me^ de Balbi has offered to carry me to the Assemblée Nationale, which, you may guess, I have not refused. I was determined to see that somehow or other.

Calais, Tuesday morning, May 10, 1791.

I will finish my Paris history. Soon after I sent you my letter from thence, I received a visit I little expected, and for which I was quite unprepared. I had not even had time to dress myself on account of my letters; in this state I heard a violent noise in the ante-room of strange, vociferous sounds, and a prodigious bustle. The *Poissardes,* my maid, who looked not a little alarmed, told me were there and insisted on coming in; they had brought me a bouquet and see me they would, and there they were at the door. I guessed that a *return* for the bouquet

was the object, which my hair-dresser confirmed, and out I went to them. Of the two evils the least, so I thought I had a better chance of retreating than getting them out of my room. I confess, as I have a horror of these *illustrious personages*, that *intérieurement* I felt much discomposed, however I thought, I must put on a good face upon the occasion. I gave them six f^us^, which they desired to have doubled, and then I hoped I was off; but my *amabilité* I suppose was so great, that one of them proposed to embrace me, and I really did not dare refuse, and thanked my stars when it was over, that I was not to run the gauntlet, for there were six or seven there, and I know not how many in the court below. It seems that these *ladies* now make a practice of going about where or to whom they please, *toutes les fois que cela leur passe par la tête*, and neither porters nor servants dare stop them, for reasons I need not enumerate. They go, and I suppose will go, to travellers in this way to get money. The other day there being a report that Monsieur was going away, they went to him in a body, in number forty, to know if this was true; he was obliged to come out to them and assured them, *foi de Prince*, that it was no such thing: with this they were so much pleased that they all embraced him, and insisted on seeing Madame and performing the same ceremony, which was granted. I was assured of the truth of this; and a French lady I cannot doubt, told me that they often came to her, and she gave them something more to be excused; that I would willingly have done, you may believe, but my thoughts were not so bright.

I went to the Champ de Mars; but all is destroyed, and a new altar, &c., for the annual ceremony just beginning. In the evening I went to the Théâtre de Monsieur. Pray, if you have not already, see it; I mean for the *coup d'œil*; it is remarkably elegant, and out of the common way, and some of the figures, though I believe executed in paper, finely modelled. The next day, thanks to Mad^me^ de Balbi, who has been so uncommonly civil to me without my having the least right or title to expect it, I saw the Assemblée Nationale without trouble or fatigue, on which to you I need make no comments. Most extremely glad I am to have seen it, for it is, as you observed, what one cannot form any idea of. She had invited me to dinner, and afterwards a friend of hers came

in, whom I had not seen since the first time I was at Paris. He remembered that I had seen him and where, a sort of memory that I believe belongs to that station; his manner is obliging and gentle, and he seems not to be without information: all this together made me feel a great degree of pity. Her house or *appartements* is of that degree of perfection, for taste and convenience, that you have seen at Paris, but never elsewhere so completely. Afterwards in a drive, which I took by myself to the ruins of the Bastile, I made many reflections on all that had passed before my eyes that day; returned to my hôtel, and the next day set out. If I did not tell you, you will see by my account, that I found all those I knew at all particularly, gone. They say that Paris in point of *numbers* is not much diminished, but it is much changed in that of *names*. I began to think yesterday that my *adventures* were not over, for on the road and at Boulogne they told me that there was a quarrel here between the English and French captains of the packets, and that none of ours were suffered to take passengers; others, that none were there; and, in short, a thousand things, that there was no making head or tail of. . . . . .

London, Friday morning, May 13.

Waiting a day at Calais, and a long passage the next, prevented my getting here till last night. I got to town between ten and eleven, stayed at my father's, where I had been figuring to myself that I should find them either at home, or expected to supper. Perhaps dear Mr. Walpole alone, sitting by the fire, as I often have, waiting their arrival. I drove up to the door; out came my mother's maid, saying, 'Nobody at home!' they were gone to my uncle Frederick's to pass the evening, and the carriage not ordered there till twelve. This was not what I wished; but still I could not give up seeing them, and go composedly home to bed. I was in a state when no fatigue is felt. Away I drove to Arlington Street. How many coaches I saw there I cannot tell, but so many that I began to be doubtful what I should do: half vexed, half angry, that things went so little to my fancy, to consider if I should go up stairs, or not, among so many people. A loud knock, which my servant gave at the door, without my order, brought Lady Frederick down stairs: in an instant out I flew, my mother and father followed her, and at

the top I saw Mr. Walpole. He seemed and is as well as ever; *I* perceive no difference, not thinner, less lively, or less all that you left him, or all that you can wish,—so at least he appeared to me last night. If I see any reason to change my opinions I will tell you with sincerity; you never shall have a sort of *ménagement* from me, that I dislike so much myself from those and about those I love.

From Mr. Brand:—

Mentz, Mayence, Magonza, August 19, 1791.

It is true that I began to be very impatient at not hearing from you, and was actually stepping into the carriage on leaving Carlsruhe when I receiv'd your letter. I was very much concern'd to find you had been so ill. Heav'n avert relapses!

I need not assure you how happy your letter made me. I prefer such *insipid stuff*, as you modestly call it, to all the accuracy and elegance of *your* Cicero to his Atticus. The least vibration of the heart is worth the completest gratification of the understanding. Before I venture upon anything that may seduce me into long descriptions and digressions, I shall give you an account of our probable motions, in hopes that we may be able to fix our rendezvous. We leave this place to-morrow, and shall get to Munich about the 31st. We shall stay there a fortnight, and after that at Saltzburg, which will bring us to Inspruck about the 22d of September. We can either wait there till your arrival, or meet you at Verona. Verona will be the most likely place to meet you. Indeed, I should prefer it. The country of Catullus and Paolo Cagliari, and Romeo and Lance is infinitely better suited to our elegant minds than a vile German town, which can never have produc'd anything beyond an abbess or a commentator, a juris-consult, or a music-master to a piping bullfinch. Yet dare not I promise too much for my young lordling, who will perhaps be impatient to run away from Munich as he was from Carlsruhe, from his unfortunate anxiety to try whether a new place can dispel his constant ennui. We are now at the most northern point of our tour. I feel a powerful attraction towards England, but alas! *Diis aliter visum.*

Frankfort, 21st.

We have here found letters which will probably oblige us to

stay a few days at Ratisbon, but this will make very little difference in our plan, as it may perhaps abridge our stay at Munich.

After I wrote to you from Zuric or Lucerne, we had most wretched weather, which not only made the remainder of our scheme uncomfortable, but even prevented a material part of it,—the passage of the Monte Aquila from Feldkirch to Inspruck. We were therefore oblig'd to take the direct road of Augsburg, where we found the little Baron, who was most active in showing us civility, gave us sour krout and chevreuil, and introduc'd us, not only to his own chapter, but to a chapter of Chanoinesses. On these chapters I could write a curious chapter, but it would perhaps be as well suppress'd. We stopp'd a day at Stutgard, where we saw a regiment of meagre ill-made giants, none less than 7 feet high, and vast repositories of horses, carriages, and *Traineaux*. The last are worthy of curiosity. They are made in every sort of whimsical form, and the caparisons of the horses of heavy embroidery, surrounded with thousands of little silver bells, put you in mind of the pomp of Amadis and Esplandion, or the dreams of Comte Hamilton. We were unlucky at Carlsruhe. The Margrave and all the family were on the point of leaving it for some time, but we had two dinners and a supper before they went. Much as I detest Courts, I regretted their departure. The Margrave speaks English as well as you or I, and with the language seems to have imbib'd the steady sense and simplicity of the nation, not but that he has had his *travers*, and had I not seen and conversed with him, I should have been tempted to insert his name in the registers of *Moria*, for he was once tinctured with magnetism and Lavaterism, but good sense prevail'd, and he now blushes at the name of Mesmer, and perhaps still more at that of *Gablia-dorè*. Perhaps you are unacquainted with this gentleman or lady, for I know not of which sex *it* is, or whether of any. But it is the name of Mr. Lavater's familiar, his sylph, the regulator of his sympathetic correspondence with the true 'Illuminés,' &c. &c.! I felt great attraction towards the Hereditary Princess, not from her beauty, but from her ease, affability, and good sense. You would take her daughters for charming Englishwomen,—they might be *your* sisters; and the young Julius is as fine a curl'd-pated wild *nankin* boy as ever you saw

roll on an English carpet or frisk upon a lawn. We found there two English families, a Col. and Mrs. Gibbs and two Miss Gibbs, good unaffected people, and a Mrs. Philips and her daughters, who are collecting flames in Germany to set *Bath* in a future blaze! But the most valuable acquaintance I made was a Prussian lady, whom I admire much, and for whom I have conceiv'd that delicious sentiment which is more moderate than love and warmer than friendship, the same which I have long felt for other worthy personages in a still greater degree, tho' they *neither* of them speak so well the language of music, that language so persuasive to my frame, as Madame de Madeweis. . . . *Ainsi soit-il*! Carlsruhe and its environs are very pleasant, but horribly infested with gnats, not that they are the worst plagues which torment the Margrave and his firstborn. A swarm of more offensive insects have beset him, and tho' I dare say, like the Pharaoh of Egypt, he would part with his jewels of silver and jewels of gold to drive them into the wilderness, it is impossible. Need I say that these are the *Refugiés aristocrats*? All we had seen in Italy, compared to those of Carlsruhe, are *Platos* in reasoning and *Socrateses* in moderation! The whole country from thence to Mayence is full of white cockades, but they are all officers, and there is not even a shadow of that *army* which sounds so formidable on the other side of the Alps. They seem to me to *wait* for the *contre-révolution* as Jews for the coming of the Messiah! We spent three days very pleasantly at Mayence, where we were recommended to Comte Stadion, a Chanoine of the metropole, by his brother the Imperial Minister in England. Were all canons like this, my chapter would be worth reading!

Tho' there is little faith to be put in the accounts we hear, yet I believe you had better not venture thro' France. The article of money is very troublesome; you can get none, and you can carry none away. My paper fails me, or I could tell you of the great Tun at Heidelburg, of an English youth who made a German commit suicide from jealousy, &c. &c. . . . As we did not go to Inspruck, I could not execute Gianfigliazzi's commission there. I will beg you to tell him that the innkeeper at Coire will take care to procure L[d] Clive some seeds of the pine he mentioned, but they will not be ripe time enough to send them by you. . . . .

I must put this in a cover. I believe it will not cost a baiocco more; if it does, I will give you a choice anecdote of the K. of Naples richly worth it. The Duc of Wurtemberg, among his other treasures at Stutgard and the neighbourhood, has a remarkably fine breed of cattle in one of his parks. They had the honour of a visit from their Neapolitan Majesties, with a vast suite of hommes and dames d'honneur of Naples and Wurtemberg. *Lo Ré* was in extasy! 'Dio benedetto!' says he, and in the enthusiasm of admiration, ran to a very beautiful cow, seiz'd her dug with rapture, and whilst the Queen was blushing with shame and indignation, and the Wurtembergers were ready to die of stifled laughter . . . the cow was most *royally milk'd*!! What a pendant for Cincinnatus with a plough in his hands!

My best comp[ts] to M[r] Berry. . . . Adieu, my dear friends! Accept my thanks for your correspondence, and my sincerest wishes for your happiness. Yours most faithfully,

T. B.

Miss Berry's journal of their return home from Florence is little more than travelling notes, which show the facilities and difficulties of travelling on the Continent at that time.

JOURNAL.

Saturday, September 17th.—Left Florence with a voiturier. The view from Maschiere beautiful. The voiturier engaged to carry us to Bologna in two days.

Sunday, 18th.—About a mile and a half from Loiana the perch of our carriage broke almost in two; luckily the body only fell forward upon the box, and we all got out without being either frightened or hurt; luckily, also, there was a sort of blacksmith's shop—a solitary cottage—in a valley just below where the accident happened, and from thence the people came running up with wood and cord, and they and the voiturier, and some occasional passengers upon the road, helped to get

it tied up together, so as to be able to drag it along. This operation lasted nearly three hours, during which time we were sitting guarding the trunks and luggage by the wayside. When at last it was *en état de marche*, we walked on before to Loiana, and, finding it was impossible it could bear our weight within, we took at the post two little sort of calèches, such as the peasants use to go to market, and, after a thousand delays, got post-horses to these conveyances, leaving one servant to come on slowly with the coach, my father and I, with Joseph, in one, and my sister and the maid in the other. We proceeded to Pianora, and from thence to Bologna, where we arrived about eleven o'clock at night.

We were kept near an hour at the gates, till the keys were sent for to the vice-legate—a ceremony which seems to mean nothing more than giving five pauls to the corporal upon guard, which I should think might be contrived in a manner less troublesome to travellers.

Monday, 19*th*.—Our carriage came up at eight o'clock in the morning, and not more broken, which was all we could expect. In the evening arrived Mr. and Mrs. Legge and Mr. Gianfigliazzi, to comfort us in our misfortunes. Sent to the Chevalier Poggelini, whom we had seen at Florence, to recommend a coachmaker to us. Came himself, and offered us his services. The man he recommended was out of town, and did not return till the next day (Tuesday), and the day after (Wednesday) being a fête, it could not be touched till Thursday; he promised, however, to let us have it on Saturday evening, and, contrary to my expectations, on Saturday evening it came, finished, to the inn. We made no bargain beforehand, as our friend the chevalier promised to settle that matter for us. The man's bill was thirty-two sequins—we paid twenty-seven; for this country it was tolerably reasonable.

Monday, 26*th*.—Left Bologna for Ferrara; the roads,

after the twenty-four hours' rain, heavy stiff mud, in a country as flat as Leicestershire. At Cento we were obliged to wait till the horses were refreshed, as there were none others, and the poor tired beasts could hardly even make a trot, the road worse and worse near Ferrara.

Tuesday, 27*th*.—Reached Padua. After crossing the river, the clay was half-way up to the axles of the wheels; the six horses never went out of a walk. We were six hours and a quarter coming eighteen miles.

Thursday, 29*th*.—Left Padua. Arrived at Venice in a barge, drawn by a horse on the bank, till we came to Fusina, when another lighter bark, with four rowers, took us in tow. Much time lost on the canal at the different locks, of which there are five or six.

Thursday, *October* 6*th*.—The road from Padua to Vicenza good. The inn at Vicenza very good; paid for the apartment fifteen pauls. Inn at Verona very good.

Sunday, 9*th*.—Left Verona. Between Volargone and Peri ascended a very steep hill, the Clusi, with an old ruined fort at the bottom, which in fact shuts up the valley. Between Peri and Ala twice stopped by the custom-house. The Venetians have no right to demand anything on going out of their dominions; on entering those of the emperor, they give a bulletin for four or five pauls, and search nothing. Arrived at Trent.*

Monday, 10*th*.—Left Trent about 7 A.M. No horses to be had at Botzen;† obliged to stay there all night.

Tuesday, 11*th*.—From Botzen to Sterzing‡ the road so excellent, that with anything but German postilions one might go eighty or ninety miles a day. The road from

* One of the most important cities in the Tyrol—the Tridentum of the Romans. The chief products around it are wine and silk.

† Now one of the most flourishing commercial towns in the Tyrol.

‡ A very ancient town, on the site of the Roman station Vipetenum.

Botzen beautifully romantic, always winding round the bottom of a highly-cultivated and much-peopled valley, with a river, sometimes narrow, sometimes broad, running through.

Wednesday, 12*th*.—Left Sterzing. Arrived at Inspruck. The country, the whole way from Botzen, becomes at every step more strikingly beautiful; the road good, and no great ascent till Sterzing. From thence to Brenner is a continual steep ascent, for which we were obliged to take six horses. The situation of Inspruck, in a large and richly-cultivated valley, as seen from the mountain we descended, very beautiful. The town itself has a sort of air of German magnificence—wide streets and large uncouth palaces.

Saturday, 15*th*.—Left Inspruck. Arrived, in twelve hours, at Leermoos. Detained at Nassereit for want of horses. The country from Inspruck more beautiful and romantic than any other part of the Tyrol that I have seen.

Left Leermoos. Arrived at Kaufbeeren in eleven hours. At Füssen a large convent.* On the other side of Füssen we passed a gateway and sort of fortification which shuts up the pass of the mountains. The mountains here begin gradually to diminish, and after Stettin the country is open and only gently waved. We set out with four horses, but between Füssen and Stettin took two more from a village.

Sunday, 16*th*.—Arrived at Augsburg about midday. The road, the whole way, through a beautifully-cultivated and much-peopled country; the villages frequent, all clean, well built, and with an appearance of perfect comfort; and in each village is to be seen one or more large good-looking inns.

* The most remarkable building in the town is the sequestered Abbey of St. Magnus, now the property of Prince Wallenstein.—Vide *Murray's Handbook*.

The whole Tyrol, indeed, is most justly celebrated as well for the beauty of the country as for the comfortable appearance of the inhabitants. If its mountains are less sublime than those of Savoy, they are more cheerful and better cultivated. There is a ruined castle upon the top of a little island in a small lake, surrounded by high wooded mountains, between Nassereit and Leermoos, that is fit for the residence of an enchanted princess in a romance. As the road winds round, one sees it in a thousand different and picturesque points of view.

There is another castle,* upon a hill between Füssen and Stettin, less ruinous but fully as romantic. The cultivation in the Tyrol is so neat, and the turf so beautifully fine, that the road for many miles between Inspruck to Augsburg looks like a drive through the best-kept park one ever saw. No vines after leaving Sterzing.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—Left Augsburg.† Arrived at Ulm in ten hours; the road excellent, through a finely-waved, open, well-cultivated, and much-inhabited country; the pavement of all the little towns abominable. Baron d'Hornstein had left Augsburg, and got to the first post in time to have breakfast prepared for us.

Ulm is a considerable old town, most of the houses what is called in England post and pan; the streets wide, but very irregular and horridly paved. The cathedral, which is a Lutheran church, is in the inside very pretty Gothic, and imposing from its great length;‡ the spiral sort of ornament over the pulpit beautiful.

Wednesday, 19*th*.—Left Ulm. Arrived at Moeskirch

* The Castle of the Bishops of Augsburg stands on a rocky height; it is still tolerably perfect, retaining much of the splendour of a baronial residence of the 14th century. It now belongs to the king.—*Murray's Handbook.*

† A city now of upwards of 31,000 inhabitants: above 18,000 Roman Catholics, and above 11,000 Protestants.

‡ Considered one of the six finest Gothic cathedrals in Germany; begun in 1377, and continued down to 1488.—*Murray's Handbook.*

in twelve hours; the road very rough, and through a flat uninteresting country; the posts, too, are badly served.

Thursday, 20*th*.—Arrived at Schaffhausen. The road from Moeskirch to Stockach* very rough and bad, and through an ugly country; we did not go three miles an hour. Stockach is a clean-looking town; the road better, and the country finely wooded. Vines again cultivated; great vineyards about Schaffhausen.

Friday, 21*st*.—Left Schaffhausen at 8 A.M.; arrived at Waldshut† about 4 P.M. The situation of Schaffhausen is romantic and beautiful; the ground rises round it on every side. About half a mile from the town, turned out of the road to go to the famous fall of the Rhine. Being in our own loaded carriage, we did not carry it farther than the village, about half a mile out of the road. A calèche, or any light carriage, may go down quite to the water's edge. We walked, and looked at it first from above and then from below; and then walked round the sort of bay that it makes to the spot where there are two or three strange uncouth coggling sort of boats to ferry over to the other side. Here one mounts a very steep bank to a château situated directly over the fall, and which, indeed, greatly adds to the beauty of the scene. From the summer-house of this château is seen a view of the fall from above; but the really striking, the truly magnificent, view is from a little sort of rédout under the high bank on which the château stands, and from which the water is precipitated. One is here in a manner under the fall, and sees it passing with a degree of violence and rapidity which at first almost turns one's head; but it is by far the most splendid view—the only one, indeed, where one has a just idea of the whole, and the only one where one has a just idea of the prodigious body and

* A town of 1,300 inhabitants, three miles distant from the Lake of Constance.

† A walled town on the outskirts of the Black Forest.

force of water. It is, I think, certainly less beautiful, less picturesque, than that of Terni or even of Tivoli, and certainly gave me less pleasure; but from this point more sublime and more magnificent. The water, they said, was uncommonly low, which of course makes a considerable difference.

Saturday, 22*nd*.—Arrived at Basle.

Monday, 24*th*.—Left Basle. About a league from Basle we were stopped and asked if we had no contraband; and on answering in the negative, and giving the man half-a-crown, were allowed to proceed; no passport or permission asked for anywhere, nor who nor what we were. The posts well served, and the road, though hilly, good. Belfort is a small ville de guerre,* at which we saw all sorts of uniforms. Reached Lure.

Tuesday, 25*th*.—Arrived at Fayl Billot in eleven hours and a half. The roads from Lure to Pont-sur-Soane abominable, with great holes and large pieces of rock laying in them; it is wonderful how any carriage escapes breaking.

Vesoul, the only town we passed to-day, a neatish-looking small place. All the villages particularly ragged and wretched-looking, and the country open and uninteresting.†

Wednesday, 26*th*.—From Fayl Billot to Bar-sur-Aube in twelve hours and a half. They have the best materials for making roads upon the whole route; and if they had not been much neglected for these two years past, would be some of the finest in France. Langres is a considerable town, mean, and badly built.‡ The country this whole day bare and uninteresting, the cottages and villages very thinly scattered and very miserable.

* Fortified by Vauban.

† Vesoul is now a town of more than 6,000 inhabitants.

‡ Langres is an ancient town, mentioned by Cæsar. It is now a sort of French Sheffield, and produces the best French cutlery.

Thursday, 27*th*.—From Bar-sur-Aube to Nogent in eleven hours and a half; the roads admirable. At Granges the pavé begins. Troyes is a large old-fashioned ill-built town, with a finely-ornamented front to the Gothic cathedral.* Between Pont-sur-Seine and Nogent are two fine châteaux, and these, with another shabby one we passed yesterday, are the only châteaux within sight on the whole road from Basle.

Friday, 28*th*.—Left Nogent at half-past 4 A.M., and we should have arrived at Paris by 2 P.M., for the roads were good, the posts short, and the driving quick; but at Guignes the fore-axle was discovered to be broken nearly through; it was vilely patched together with two iron hoops, which broke before we had gone two miles, and we were then obliged to get out to relieve the coach of our weight; the weak part was bound up with straps and ropes, and sent on slowly to the next post (Brie-Cte-Robert), whilst we walked to Coubert, the first village, above a league distant. There we waited in a little auberge till a cabriolet from the post was sent, and into this we all four crammed ourselves, and arrived at Brie about four o'clock. Finding our coach had got on so far without breaking more, we agreed with the post-mistress for four horses to carry it on slowly into Paris with one servant, and taking her cabriolet for ourselves, with the other servant on horseback. We arrived in this conveyance at half-past seven at the door of the Hôtel d'Orléans at Paris. Here I thought all our troubles would end, and that we were sure of an apartment—*point du tout*. It was all full. I then bethought me of the Hôtel de Bourbon close by, in the Rue Jacob: thither we drove, and got a comfortable enough apartment *au premier*, consisting of three *pièces* and an ante-chamber, at the rate of three and a half louis a week.

* In this cathedral, May 20, 1420, our King Henry V. was affianced to the Princess Catharine; and on the following day was signed the Treaty of Troyes.—*Murray's Handbook*.

On the 17th of September, according to Miss Berry's Journal, they had left Florence. The first letter addressed to them by Mr. Walpole on their homeward journey was dated September 5th, and directed to Venice.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 5, at night, 1791.

I write on my intermediate post-day, both to overtake you, and to apologize for the lamentations in my last, tho' I had not even imputed the cause of them to you. That letter perhaps you will not receive.* On Friday *the* 2d, the morning on which my letter had gone to town, I received y^rs^ of the 7th and 9th of August, with the very order for changing my direction, but it was too late to recall mine; I am less surprised at y^rs^ being so long as 23 or 24 days on the road, for I believe it had been opened, the seal being quite flat, and scarce any mark of impression left. Another proof of its having been delayed, is, that on Saturday I received a second of the 15th of August, and they certainly ought to have arrived at once.

The last contains a charming letter from my Agnes, and both this and the former contain deserved encomiums on Mr. Lock,† to which I totally agree. He has as much modesty as genius, which is saying that he is the most modest genius in the world; and his virtues are as uncommon as both. I am overjoyed you have met him; and now I shall be impatient to have him see the copy of his Wolsey, which I am sure will surprise and strike him, as much as the original did us. He little thinks that his new scholar is worthy of being his rival. In y^r^ letter of the 9th there was a word which I could not read, or at least not understand. You say Mr. Lock coloured a drawing in black lead with a *stump*, or, a *thump*, and advised Miss Agnes to use the same method — either nostrum applied to the *black* lead, I suppose, had the effect of *Prussian* blue, and made the drawing black and blue, which may assist connoisseurs in knowing *hands*; but I own I do not wish to have y^r^ sister practice that mode of sketching; nor should like to be told, 'I am sure this was done by your wife's *fist*.' It would not be of a piece with her or Mr. Lock's indolence. Hers I certainly would not have

* The letter alluded to, and numbered by Mr. Walpole 50, was perhaps never received, as it is neither in the printed nor in the MS. collection.

† Mr. Lock of Norbury.

her conquer at the price of a headache; nor would have you both venture travelling too soon in the great heats. Great as my impatience to see you both, you surely know that my impatience is doubled by my alarms about y^r^ journey.

Lally s'est ravisé prudently in suppressing his pamphlet; it would not be popular here, where the Demonocratic Stock is wofully fallen. The sober Presbytyrants are ashamed of Priestly and his imps; and tho' they would burn the houses of others, they would not like to venture their own; nor is the distress of France inviting. Barnave and Lameth may have tried to negotiate with the Princes, but having miscarried, if they did attempt it, their being desperate will produce more violence. I should think they had tried, as I see Lameth has lately been outrageous —yet I am told that when the Chevalier de Coigny presented himself (on that errand) to the Comte de Provence, whom he found in a circle of exiles, and desired a private audience, Monsieur said, 'Tous ces Messieurs sont mes amis, et je leur dirois d'abord tout ce que vous me diriez.'

Madame de Staël is returned to Paris; her husband announced his King's commands of *affiching tristesse:* elle s'en est moquée and sees everybody. Her father is said to be following her with a new plan of Constitution and Finance, both which no doubt he can more easily settle now that both are fifty times more difficult than he could at first when he had all the power of the Crown, or the second time when he was the idol of the people. Everybody has seen his incapacity but himself, and his restless vanity and ambition of a name will make his name a proverb of ridicule. He always puts me in mind of the Gunnings. The D^ss^ of B. is having her house new-painted, and retired to her niece Mad. de Kutzleben. The Gunnings went and took her away, and have carried her to their lodging in St. James's Street; yet cannot make even the newspapers talk of them.

As this departs on Tuesday, it is not likely I shall have anything to add on Friday; therefore my next you will probably find at Basle; as you had better wait a few days and find one arrived before you, than wait longer for one to recall, or to be sent after you. I fear we must mutually prepare for disappointments while you are on the road, and I will remember, if I can, to be prepared; but I think impatience about you two is the

quality on which 74 has had the least effect! I wonder you had not heard of y^r^ tenant's retreat, for your housekeeper told Philip ten days ago that y^r^ house was ready for you—and so will Cliveden be.

I assure you the provocations given by the Revolutionists were so far from being exaggerated by the newspapers on the Court's side, that much worse was suppressed than has been ever told, nor was any other care taken by the Government till the approach of the 14th of July had made every precaution necessary, and had even kept away from the Crown and Anchor every man of any consequence, even of the Opposition. All the country newspapers and evening posts had been hired by the Faction. Remember, I never warrant my news, unless I speak very positively: I have told you that Truth died a virgin, and left no children; and often when she herself is said to be here or there, it is as untrue as that King Arthur is still alive, or St. John in the Isle of Patmos. I did I think everything but prove that Perkin Warbeck was the true Duke of York, and had not been murdered in the Tower; but as he was beheaded afterwards as publickly as the Duke of Monmouth, I do not believe he is still living, tho' Monsr de Saintfoix chose the latter should have been the Masque de fer, but forgot the best argument in defence of that hypothesis, which was, that the Masque de fer was to conceal the loss of the Duke's real head. Adieu!

The next, dated September 11th,* is directed to Basle, and full of anxiety as to their journey:—'Accidents, inns, roads, mountains, and the sea are all in my map; but I hope no slopes to be run down, nor fêtes for a grand duke.'

Those of September 16th and 25th, also directed to Basle, have only been published in part.

[Strawberry Hill, Friday night late, Sept. 16, 1791.

Yesterday was red-lettered in the almanacks of Strawberry and Cliveden, supposing you set out towards them as you intended. The sun shone all day, and the moon all night, and all nature for three miles round looked gay. Indeed, we have had nine or

* Published in 1840.

ten days of such warmth and serenity (here called *heat*), as I scarce remember when the year begins to have grey, or rather yellow, hairs. . . . . The setting sun and long autumnal shades enriched the landscape to a Claude Lorrain. Guess whether I hoped to see such a scene next year. If I do not, may you!—at least, it will make you talk of me!]

The Johnstonehood dined here on Wednesday, and Lady Clack, and some Richmondians. The first family depart for Bath tomorrow: the good general is not at all well, and falls away much. The Marchioness of Abercorn is dead, and the Marquis of Blandford literally married,* malgrè the duchess. The papers of to-day say Monsr de la Luzerne is dead, but Madame de Boufflers did not know it last night. I have heard nothing, nor probably shall learn more in town on Monday, whither I shall go for two nights on business.

The gorgeous season and poor partridges I hear have emptied London entirely, and yet Drury-lane is removed to the Opera-house. Do you know that Mrs. Jordan is acknowledged to be Mrs. Ford, and Miss Brunton to be Mrs. Merry, but neither quits the stage. The latter's captain, I think, might quit his poetic profession without loss to the public. My gazettes will have kept you so much *au courant*, that you will be as ready for any conversation at y^r return, as if you had only been at a watering-place—in short, *à votre intention*, and to make my letters as welcome as I can, I listen to and bring home a thousand things, which otherwise I should not know I heard. . . .

Sunday, noon.

I this moment receive y^rs of Aug. 29th, in which you justly reprove my jealousies and suspicions of y^r delaying y^r return, at the moment you are preparing to make such a sacrifice to me, as I am sensible it is. I do not defend or excuse myself; but alas! is it possible not to have doubts sometimes, when I am not only on the very verge of 75, but, if I have a grain of sense left, must know how very precariously I retain this shattered frame? Nay, my dragging you from the country you prefer, would be inexcusable were self my only motive. No, beloved friends, I am neither in

* George Marquis of Blandford, afterwards 4th Duke of Marlborough, married September 15, 1791, to Susan, daughter of John Earl of Galloway.

love with either of you, nor, tho' doating on y^r^ society, so personal as to consult my own transitory felicity to y^r^ amusement. The scope of all I think and do is, to make y^r^ lives more comfortable when I shall be no more; and if I do suffer the selfish wish of seeing you take possession, to enter into my plan, forgive it! Mr. Berry does not as a father meditate y^r^ happiness more than I do, nor has purer affection for you both; nor, tho' a much younger man, has he less of that weakness that often exposes old men. I am vain of my attachment to two such understandings and hearts; and the cruel injustice of fortune makes me proud of trying to smooth one of her least-rugged frowns; but even this theme I must drop, as you have raised a still more cruel fear! You talk uncertainly of y^r^ route thro' France or its borders, and you bid me not be alarmed! Oh! can you conjure down that apprehension! I have scarce a grain of belief in German armies marching against the French, yet what can I advise who know nothing but from the loosest reports. Oh! I shall abhor myself—yes, abhor myself—if I have drawn you from the security of Florence to the smallest risk, or even inconvenience. My dearest friends, return thither, stay there, stop in Swisserland, do anything but hazard y^r^selves. I beseech you, I implore you, do not venture thro' France, for tho' you may come from Italy, and have no connection of any sort on the whole Continent, you may meet with incivilities and trouble, which even pretty women, that are no politicians, may be exposed to in a country so unsettled as France is at present. If there is truth in my soul, it is that I w^d^ give up all my hopes of seeing you again, rather than have you venture on the least danger of any sort. When a storm could terrify me out of my senses last year, do you think, dearest souls, that I can have any peace till I am sure of y^r^ safety? and to risk it for me! Oh! horrible! I cannot bear the idea!

[Berkeley Square, Monday night, 19th.

I have been making all the inquiries I could amongst the foreign Ministers at Richmond and here in town, and I cannot find any belief of the march of armies towards France. Nay, the Comte d'Artois is said to be gone to Petersburgh, and he must bring back forces in a balloon, if he can be in time enough to interrupt your passage thro' Flanders. One thing I must

premise, if, which I deprecate, you should set foot in France, I beg you to burn and not bring a scrap of paper with you. Mere travelling ladies, as young as you, I know have been stopped, and rifled and detained in France to have their papers examined, and one was rudely treated, because the name of a French lady of her acquaintance was mentioned in a private letter to her, tho' in no political light. Calais is one of the worst places you can pass, for as they suspect money being remitted thro' that town to England, the search and delays there are extremely strict and rigorous. . .

Tuesday.

I am told that on the King's acceptance of the constitution, there is a general amnesty published, and passports taken off. If this is true, the passage thro' France for mere foreigners and strangers may be easier and safer; but be assured of all. I w^d not embarrass y^r journey unnecessarily, but, for heaven's sake, be well informed. I advise nothing. I dread everything where your safeties are in question, and I hope Mr. Berry is as timorous as I am. My very contradictions prove the anxiety of my mind, or I should not torment those I love so much; but how not love those who sacrifice so much for me, and who, I hope, forgive all my unreasonable inconsistencies. Adieu! adieu!]

[Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1791.

How I love to see my numeros increase! * I trust they will not reach 60! . . .

It is now, I think, certain that there will no attempt against France be made this year—still I trust that you will not decide till you are assured that you may come thro' France without trouble or molestation; and I still prefer Germany, tho' it will protract y^r absence.]

Pray write me nothing but notes on y^r journey, with 'We arrived here last night perfectly well; have caught no colds nor accidents; and set out to-morrow for our next stage.' Adventures, I hope, you will have none to relate; and you shall not be writing when you are fatigued, very hot, very cold, or very hungry. This civilly calls itself a prayer, but is a command—and if I open a letter, and see more than three lines, I shall be

* Mr. Walpole had numbered all his letters written to Miss Berry while abroad.

alarmed, and think some mischief has happened, and then I shall not know what I read, till I read the whole letter over again, which has been the case several times since you went, as after the storm, after y^r^ fall, after your fever—and I believe oftener—but those are the great epochs in my almanack.

Mrs. Damer came hither from Goodwood last Thursday, staid all Friday, went to town yesterday, returns hither next Friday, takes Madame de Cambis to Park-place on Saturday, and the next day I shall follow them thither. This is the sum total of my history, and I believe everybody's else—at least, to my knowledge. I have not a paragraph of politics for Mr. Berry—nay, I am sure there is none, for my neighbour at the foot of the bridge was here this morning, and had nothing to tell me, but that Mr. Stevens is just *coming out* with his Shakespear. I said 'S^r^, if he does not *come in*, it is perfectly indifferent to me when he *comes out*.'

[I am sorry you was disappointed of going to Valombroso. Milton has made everybody wish *to have seen it*; which is my wish; for though I was thirteen months at Florence (at twice), I never did see it—in fact I was so tired *of seeing* when I was abroad, that I have several of those pieces of repentance on my conscience when they come into my head—and yet I saw too much, for the quantity left such a confusion in my head, that I do not remember a quarter clearly. Pictures, statues, and buildings were always so much my passion, that for the time I surfeited myself; especially as one is carried to see a vast deal that is not worth seeing. . . .]

Monday, 26th.

I am alarmed again! I heard at Richmond last night that Ld. Binning has a relation just come thro' France, who was searched and very ill-treated, so I revert to y^r^ coming thro' Germany, whence I am persuaded there will be no movement, all the rodomontades issuing, I believe, from Calonne's brain, which can produce armed Minervas, but not one Mars. I repeat it, and you may be confident of it, that I had rather hear you was returned to Florence, than have you expose yourselves to any risk anywhere—and I do now heartily repent my soliciting y^r^ return. I wish I had prevailed as little there as I did against your journey!—but you have friends in Swisserland—why not remain with them for some time? France may grow tranquil

on the King's acceptance and the general amnesty; and as England is at perfect peace with them, and will certainly remain so, they will undoubtedly encourage, not discourage, English travellers. Well! may you be inspired with what is best for you! I shall only weary you with my anxiety. Adieu!

The next letter, of October 3rd, was addressed to Augsburg.

Park Place, Monday, Oct. 3, 1791.

I had exhausted Basle, was at the end of my map, and did not know a step of my way farther, when on Saturday I was so happy as to receive two letters at once, bidding my pen drive to Augsburg. Your dates were of the 11th and 16th September, and you was to leave Florence on the morrow. I do not wonder at Mrs. Legge* for liking to accompany you to Bologna; but tho' my justice can excuse her, I do not love her a bit the better for detaining you two days, for which I am sure of being out of pocket in November. With more days I shall part with pleasure, if, as you seem to intend, you prefer the road thro' Germany, provided Brussels is quite tranquil, which the newspapers, which I never believe but *quand il s'agit de vous*, represent as still growling. I hope Mr. Berry has no more courage than I have, but will listen, like a hare in its form, to every yelp even of a puppy.

I trust you have received my letter in which I explained that I never thought of your settling at Cliveden in November. When I proposed your landing at Strawberry, it was because I thought your house in Audley Street was let till Christmas; and I remembered your description (for what do I forget that you have told me?) of how uncomfortable you found yourselves at y^r^ last arrival from abroad. A house in which you would be as much at home as in your own, would be preferable to an hotel—*mais voilà qui est fini*. I did, and certainly do still hope, that when you shall have unpacked y^r^selves, shall have received and returned some dozen^r^ of double kisses from and to all that are delighted to see you again, or are not, you will give a couple of days at Strawberry, that on the morning of the second I may

* Wife of Heneage Legge, Esq., of Aston in Staffordshire. She, with her husband, had been spending all the summer at Florence and in its immediate neighbourhood.—*M.B.*

carry you to, and install and invest you with, Cliveden. To *that day* I own I look with an eagerness of impatience that no words would convey, unless they could paint the pulse of fifteen when it has been promised some untasted joy, for which it had long hoped and been denied, and which seldom answers half the expectation; and there I shall have the advantage, if I live to attain it—for my felicity cannot but be complete if that day arrives!

Here is nobody but Mrs. Damer and Madame de Cambis, and I am glad there is not. I shall return home on Wednesday, and at the end of the week shall hope to receive a direction farther, but scarce, I doubt, shall know so soon that your final determination on y^r^ route is fixed. The company is come in from walking, and I should not have time to write more if I had wherewithal, but the totality of my intelligence is bounded to the death of Lord Craven, who this morning's Reading paper says is dead, of which an express came last night, and it is probably credible, as his house is so near Reading. The moment the courier arrives at Lisbon, I suppose the new Margravine* will notify her marriage and accession to the devout Queen of Portugal, who will bless herself that she is made an honest woman—if a heretic can be so. Adieu! adieu!

In the last published letter of Mr. Walpole's to the Miss Berrys on their journey, dated October 9th,† and directed to Augsburg, he sums up his great anxieties; to which he adds:—

[It will be a year to-morrow since you set out. . . . I have still a month of apprehensions to come for both! All this mass of vexation and fears is to be compensated by the transport of your return, and by the complete satisfaction on your installation at Cliveden. But could I have believed that when my clock had struck 74, I could pass a year in such agitations!]

On the 28th of October Mr. Berry and his daughters reached Paris, and here, unfortunately, during their short

* Elizabeth Berkeley, Lady Craven.

† Published in 1846.

stay, the Journal ceases. The only entry made in one of Miss Berry's note-books, relating to Madame de Staël, betrays some little feelings of mortification at the change that had taken place in her former acquaintance's manner.

We returned from Italy to Paris the end of October 1791, and found her the Swedish Ambassadress in the Rue de Bac, in the height of her passion for Talleyrand. Sup at her house, invited by her husband, who sees us every day. She, too much occupied with her *passion* de s'apercevoir de mon existence.

The two following letters were directed to Brussels, and forwarded to Paris; the third and last was addressed to Paris.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, Oct. 16, 1791.

You had said you would write from Padua if you found a good opportunity; but I have not received a letter thence; I am not much disappointed, as I saw I had only a chance; and besides have prepared myself for miscarriages, while you are on the road, resting my consolation on the trust of seeing you soon, and knowing that from Venice every mile will bring you nearer. I call a month *soon*, but only with reference to the twelve that are gone. That *month* may be composed of five or six weeks—and my impatience is not apt to treat my Almanac with supernumerary days—but I will add a codicil of philosophy to the eagerness I have betrayed, in hopes of effacing some of it, and making a better impression against we meet!

Having no letter, and no direction beyond Augsburg, this will be an adventurer without credentials, and will take its chance for your finding it at Brussels. Having no other business than merely to welcome you so far, it shall be brief. News I have none, nor will you have missed any by being on the road.

The dowager Lady Effingham is dead and makes a vacancy in the Queen's bedchamber, which it is supposed will be filled by the younger Lady Ailesbury, Lady Cardigan, or Lady Howe.

Mrs. Jordan, whom Mr. Ford had declared his wife and presented as such to some ladies at Richmond, has resumed her former name, and is said to be much at a *principal* villa at

Petersham, which I do not affirm—far be it from me to vouch a quarter of what I hear. If I let my memory listen, it is that I may have some ingredients for my letters, and to which you are apprised not to give too much credit, tho', while absent, it is natural to like to hear the breath of the day, which at home you despise, as it commonly deserves.

Berkeley Square, Tuesday, 18th.

I am come to town suddenly and unexpectedly; my footman John had pawned a silver strainer and spoon, which not being found out till now, as it had been done here, he ran away in the night, and I have been forced to come and see if he had done no worse, which I do not find he has—and I want another footman in his room. I received yours from Padua and Venice last night, but with no further direction. I had begun this, and now cannot finish it, for the post is going out, and by coming so unexpected, I have neither ink nor pen to write with, as you perceive—but I will write again on Friday if I receive any direction.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 20, 1791.

I wrote to you a very bit of a letter, but two days ago, in a great hurry from being in fear of being too late for the post from various clashing circumstances. This therefore is but the second part of that letter, or rather an explanation of it. I think I did tell you that I was come to town on a sudden, one of my footmen having pawned a little of my plate and run away—This was very true, and a woful story, as you will hear—but I had other motives. I have had for some time a very troublesome erysipelas on my left arm. Mr. Gilchrist, my apothecary at Twickenham, is dangerously ill at Tunbridge. Dreading to be laid up where I had no assistance nor advice, I determined to come away—and did—which has proved fortunate. Mr. Watson, my oracle, attends my arm, and it is so much better that I passed the evening yesterday at Mrs. Damer's, with Lord and Lady Frederic Campbell, Mrs. and Miss Farren, Lord Derby, and Miss Jennings, and staid there till past twelve—but now comes the dreadful part of my story!

As I rose out of bed, Philip told me he would not disturb my rest last night, but before I came home, a messenger had arrived from Strawberry to say that at five yesterday in the evening one

of my gardener's men had in my wood-walk discovered my poor servant John's body hanged in a tree near the chapel and already putrified!—so he must have dispatched himself on the Friday morning on which he disappeared—I had then learnt to my astonishment that he had not even taken away his hat with him, and had dropped down from the library window, a dangerous height! All this it seems was occasioned by the housekeeper, as she always does, locking all the doors below as soon as she knows everybody is in bed—and thus he could not get his hat out of the servants' hall—if poor soul! he did look for it—probably not!

This remain of shame and principle goes to my heart!—happily for me, I had not even mentioned to him the discovery that had been made of his pawning my plate, and Philip and Kirgate had urged him in the kindest manner to confess it on Thursday evening, which he then would not—but a few hours afterwards owned it to the coachman, and told him he would go away. I since hear that he had contracted other debts, and probably feared all would be found out—and he should be arrested and thrown into prison—by me I am sure he would not, for I had not even thought of discharging him—but should rather have tried by pardoning to reclaim him, for I do not think he was more than eighteen!—nay, on Thursday evening, after I knew the story, I had let him go behind my coach to Richmond as he used to do, and had not spoken a harsh word to him.

I beg y^r^ pardon for dwelling on this melancholy detail, but you may imagine how much it has affected me. It is fortunate for me I was absent from Strawb: when the body was found. Kirgate is gone thither this evening to meet the coroner to-morrow; the corpse was carried into my chapel in the garden—I shall certainly not return thither before Monday at soonest. My greatest comfort is that I cannot on the strictest inquiry find that even an angry word had been used towards the poor young man. I may be blamed for taking his fault so calmly—but I know how my concern would be aggravated if a bitter syllable from me had contributed to his despair!

I have written all this, that you may know the exact situation of my mind, and because I conceal nothing from you, and lest from the abrupt conclusion of my last, you should suspect I was ill. The impression of the unhappy accident will wear off, as I neither contributed to it, nor could foresee it nor prevent it.

I talk of nothing else to you, because, except of you, as you see, and of y^r^ journey, I have for these five last days been occupied only by that adventure, and by my own arm. I write to Brussels still, as I compute that this must arrive there before you; but to-morrow or Saturday I shall hope for another letter; and amidst my distresses I am not insensible to the hope of November having a most happy æra in store for me! Adieu! Adieu!

P.S.—As I understand that you do not go to Basle, but have ordered the letters sent thither to meet you at Augsburg, here are my dates, that you may know whether you receive all. To Venice, Sept. 6; to Basle, Sept. 12, 20, 27; to Augsburg, Oct. 4, 11; to Brussels, 18, 20.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 27, 1791.

Nobody could be more astonished than I was last night! Mr. C. and Lady A. are in town for a few days, and I was to sup with them after the play at Mrs. D.'s, whither I went at nine, and found her reading a letter from you, saying that you should be at Paris to-day, the 27th. I did not know whether her eyes or my ears had lost their senses! I had had no letter from you after your first from Venice, and was reckoning that you would be at Brussels by the beginning of next week. To think you are so near me to-day gave me a burst of pleasure; but it was soon checked. I am not sure you are there! Can I be sure you have arrived there without any embarras?—can I be certain that while you stay there everything will remain as quiet as it has done lately? I have no reason, it is true, to apprehend the contrary; but Reason's logic is lost against Affection's assertions, and you may guess whether I can be overjoyed at y^r^ being at Paris—or anywhere that is not as tranquil as the Fortunate Islands!

My next surprise, tho' marvellously inferior, is, that tho' you have received all my letters, even the 5th, you should still ask Mrs. D. whether I wish you to land at Strawberry Hill first. I think I have over and over explained that I do *not* wish it;—nay, thought it would be very uncomfortable to you, till you had unpacked y^r^selves, seen some few persons, adjusted y^r^ family, &c.; nay, if your arrival were known, and that you are not in London, you would be tormented with letters, notes, questions, and after that be still to rest and settle y^r^selves. To-day I have

had the satisfaction of *three* letters at once from you, from Venice, Inspruck, Augsburg. Mr. Watson has consented to let me go to Strawberry for two or three days, where I have left my family, my bills unpaid, &c.; and if I did not settle those things before the moments of expecting you, I should be in a confusion very inconvenient and distressing. I shall now finish all my business, return to Mr. Watson, and be well and quiet, and fit to receive you, first here in town, and then at Strawberry, and have the installation. Be assured that this plan is the safest and best I can form; and as you know how earnest I am to be well at y^r^ return, you may be certain I would do nothing to counteract a plan that has been rooted in my head and heart for twelve months. Pray do not reprove me for it; your reproof would not be in time to stop me; and as I trust you will find me quite well, tho' much older than you would expect in a year, let all my faults and impatience be forgotten, that our meeting again, which I doubted might not happen, may be as cloudless, as to me, I am sure, it will be much greater happiness than I thought could fall to the lot of seventy-five!

I reserve all answer to y^r^ three last letters till we meet, when we may talk of them and of all you have seen and done. At present nothing occupies me but y^r^ actual residence and route home, and y^r^ passage from Calais to Dover: we have had tremendous storms lately! I shall grow very sea-sick towards the tenth of next month! Adieu! I hope this will be my last to the Continent, and that I shall not even reach to No. 60.

JOURNAL.

Monday, November 7th.—Left Paris at half-past 6 A.M. Reached Breteuil at 4 P.M.; the road the whole way very good. A number of handsome châteaux on every side between Clermont and Paris. Met three English carriages going to Paris.

Tuesday, 8th.—Left Breteuil. Reached Montreuil in thirteen hours; the roads excellent, and the posts well served

Wednesday, 9th.—Left Montreuil. Arrived at Boulogne

in four hours and a half. The master of the hotel there persuaded us that, both the wind and tide being fair for us, we should have a shorter passage thence than from Calais; we stopped, therefore, at his house, but we had missed the morning tide by about an hour, and must therefore wait till between ten and eleven o'clock at night, so we resolved to go on to Calais. Finding the wind tolerably fair, and it being full moon and a fine night, agreed to sail at eleven o'clock, when the tide served.

Left the Lion d'Argent at half-past nine, as one cannot get out of the gates, even on foot, after that hour. Sat about an hour in a little dirty house on the port. Entered our vessel a few minutes before eleven; got under way. The wind fell about midnight, and we were obliged to lay to for a considerable time. Landed at Dover pier at half-past nine o'clock on Thursday morning. Paid for the packet five guineas and one guinea for the carriage; gave two guineas to the captain (Sayer) and crew. Left Dover at 3 P.M.; arrived at Canterbury at six.

Friday, 11*th*.—Reached North Audley Street in about ten hours.

Mr. Walpole's anxiety for the return of his friends had induced them to alter their plans and give up their intention of remaining abroad during the winter. It was a kind sacrifice; and even if he had been a little unreasonable in his wish for their return, it was a very proper sacrifice for those in the flower of youth to make to the feelings of so warm a friend, on whom the infirmities of age and disease had sorely pressed during their absence.

Mr. Walpole had provided for their reception the former abode of his friend and neighbour Kitty Clive; and 'Cliveden,' as he calls it in his letters, though better known now by the name of Little Strawberry Hill, became from that time till long after his death the country residence of the Miss Berrys and their father.

On December 5th, the month following their return, Mr. Walpole's nephew George, third Earl of Orford, died, and the title, 'with a small estate loaded with debt,' devolved upon him. The inheritance was far from welcome. In a letter to a friend, he says he does not understand the management of such an estate, and is too old to learn.

[A source of lawsuits amongst my near relations, endless conversations with lawyers and packets of letters to read every day, and answers,—all this weight of new business is too much for the rag of life that yet hangs about me.]*

Mr. Walpole's (now Lord Orford) anxious wish for the return of his friends, and for their establishment at Cliveden, appears to have been made the subject of some offensive observations in a newspaper. The anonymous writer evidently inflicted much pain by this unprovoked attack on those whose lives and actions were as strictly private as they were blameless; and the correspondence to which these paragraphs gave rise are touching proofs of the deep and delicate affection entertained by Lord Orford for his young friends, and of the high-spirited indignation with which Miss Berry repudiated, for herself and family, such unworthy or interested motives as had apparently been attributed to their friendship for one to whom every grateful attention on their part was due.

From Lord Orford.

Oct.

You have hurt me excessively! We had passed a most agreeable evening, and then you poisoned all by one cruel word. I see you are too proud to like to be obliged by me, tho' you see that my greatest, and the only pleasure I have left, is to make you and y^r^ sister a little happier if I can; and *now*, when it is a little more in my power, you cross me *in trifles even*, that would compensate for the troubles that are fallen on me. I

* Vide Letter to John Pinkerton, Esq., Dec. 26, 1791.

thought my age would allow me to have a friendship that consisted in nothing but distinguishing merit—you allow the vilest of all tribunals, the newspapers, to decide how short a way friendship may go! Where is your good sense in this conduct? and will you punish me, because what you nor mortal being can prevent, a low anonymous scribler pertly takes a liberty with y^r^ name? I cannot help repeating that you have hurt me!

To Miss Mary Berry.

From Miss Berry.

Friday night, Oct. 12.

I did not like to show you, nor did I myself feel while with you, *how* much I was hurt by the newspaper. To be long honoured with your friendship and remain unnoticed, I knew was impossible, and laid my account with; but to have it imagined, implied, or even hinted, that the purest friendship that ever actuated human bosoms should have any possible foundation in, or view to interested motives; and that we, whose *hereditary neglect* of fortune has deprived us of what might, and ought to have been our own, that we should ever afterwards be supposed to have it in view, or be described in a situation, which must mislead the world both as to our sentiments and our conduct, while our principles they cannot know, and if they could, would not enter into. All this I confess I cannot bear; not even your society can make up to me for it.

Would to God we had remained abroad, where we might still have enjoyed as much of your confidence and friendship, as ignorance and impertinence seem likely to allow us here.

Even Cliveden, which sensible as I am to the compliment of settling us near you, I declare I consider as our least obligation to you, if it is always to be foremost in the eyes of the world, and considered as the cause of our affection for, and attentions to you. If our seeking your society is supposed by those ignorant of its value, to be with some view beyond its enjoyment, and our situation represented as one, which will aid the belief of this to a mean and interested world, I shall think we have perpetual reason to regret the only circumstance in our lives that could be called fortunate. Excuse the manner in which I write, and in which I feel. My sentiments on newspaper notice have long been known to you, with regard to all who have

not so honourably distinguished themselves, as to feel above such feeble, but venomed shafts.

Do not plague yourself by answering this. The only consolation I can have is in the knowledge of your sentiments, of which I need no conviction. I am relieved by writing, and shall sleep the sounder for having thus unburthened my heart. Good night.

From Lord Orford.

Dec. 13, 1791.

My dearest Angel,—I had two persons talking law to me, and was forced to give an immediate answer, so that I could not even read y^r^ note till I had done—and now I do read it, it breaks my heart! If my most pure affection has brought grief and mortification on you, I shall be the most miserable of men. My nephew's death has already brought a load upon me that I have not strength to bear, as I seriously told General Conway this morning. Vexation and fatigue have brought back the eruption in my arm, and I have been half an hour under Mr. Watson's hands since breakfast; my flying gout has fallen into my foot; I shall want but your uneasiness to finish me. You know I scarce wish to live but to carry you to Cliveden! But I talk of myself when I should speak to your mind. Is all your felicity to be in the power of a newspaper? who is not so? Are your virtue and purity, and my innocence about you; are our consciences no shield against anonymous folly or envy? Would you only condescend to be my friend if I were a beggar? The Duchess of Gloucester, when she heard my intention about Cliveden, came and commended me much for doing some little justice to injured merit. For your own sake, for poor mine, combat such extravagant delicacy, and do not poison the few days of a life, which you and *you* only can sweeten. I am too exhausted to write more; but let y^r^ heart and y^r^ strong understanding remove such chimeras. How could you say you wish you had not returned!

To Miss Mary Berry.

I am in the utmost anxiety to know how you do. I dread lest what I meant kindly should have made you ill. I saw the struggle of *both* y^r^ noble minds in submitting to oblige me, and therefore all the obligation is on my side. You both have

made the greatest sacrifice to me; I have made none to you—on the contrary, I relieve my own mind whenever I think I can ward off any future difficulty from you, tho' not a ten thousandth part of what I would do were it in my power. All I can say is, that you must know by your own minds how happy you have made mine, and sure you will not regret bestowing happiness on one so attached to you, and attached so reasonably; for where could I have made so just a choice, or found two such friends? What did I not feel for both! *Your* tears and Agnes's agitation, divided between the same nobleness, and her misery for your sufferings, which is ever awake, would attach me more to both, if that were possible. Dearest souls, do not regret obliging one so devoted to you—it is the only sincere satisfaction I have left; and be assured that till to-day, I have, tho' I said nothing, had nothing but anxiety since y^r^ father's illness, so impatient have I been for what I received but yesterday! Adieu!

To Miss Berry.

LETTERS.

1792.

Miss Berry's only entry for the years 1792 and 1793 is—'Remaining generally at Little Strawberry. Went in the summer for three months to Yorkshire to see my grandmother.'

In the month of May 1792, Lord Orford, writing to Lady Ossory, speaks thus of his favourites, Miss Berrys:—

[May 29, 1792.

I am indeed much obliged for the transcript of the letter on my 'wives.' Miss Agnes has a *finesse* in her eyes and countenance that does not propose itself to you, but is very engaging on observation, and has often made itself preferred to her sister, who has the most exactly fine features, and only wants colour to make her face as perfect as her graceful person: indeed, neither has good health, nor the air of it. Miss Mary's eyes are grave, but she is not so herself: and having much more application than her sister, she converses readily, and with great intelligence on all subjects. Agnes is more reserved, but her compact sense very striking and always to the purpose. In short, they are extraordinary beings, and I am proud of my partiality for them; and since the ridicule can only fall on me, and not on them, I care not a straw for its being said that I am in love with one of them—people shall choose which; it is as much with both as either, and I am infinitely too old to regard the *qu'en dit on*.]

The same fear of being supposed to have any intention of marrying gave rise to the following lines:—

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS, 1792.

An estate and an earldom at seventy-four!
Had I sought them or wish'd them, 'twould add one fear more—
That of making a Countess when almost fourscore.

But Fortune, who scatters her gifts out of season,
Though unkind to my limbs, has still left me my reason;
And whether she lowers or lifts me, I'll try
In the plain simple style I have liv'd in, to die:
For ambition too humble—for meanness too high.

Miss Berry warmly participated in the sentiments o horror and indignation, so vividly expressed on all occasions by Horace Walpole, at the atrocities of the French Revolution; and though the taste of parodying the Creed can only be excused by the general laxity of expression in those days on serious subjects, the point and justice of its well-merited satire cannot be denied.

[August, 1792.

I believe in the French, the makers of all fashions. I acknowledge their superiority in conversation, and their supremacy in dancing. I believe in their fanaticism for what is new, not in their enthusiasm for what is great, and I expect neither consistency in their plans nor constancy in their sentiments. I believe in the King, the weakest and most injured of mortals, and in the Queen, as equal to him in sufferings and surpassing him in understanding; and in the Dauphin, whose kingdom will never come. I believe equally in the folly of the Princes, the baseness of their counsellors, and the cruelty and madness of their enemies.

I expect neither the resurrection of order, nor the regeneration of morals, and I look neither for the coming of liberty, nor the permanence of their constitution. Amen!]

LETTERS.

1793.

Lord Orford's letters of this year to the Miss Berrys have been preserved, and, with the exception of the following, dated May 29th, were addressed to them during their visit of three months to their relatives in Yorkshire :—

Berkeley Square, April 1 (old style), May 29 (new style).

'Tenez, mon Enfant, il n'y a que Moi qui ai toujours raison.' Was not I in the right to take a fancy to Dumourier? He has declared himself Duke of Albemarle; and sent to the Regicides, that all the armies France can raise now, w^d^ not be able to resist the mighty powers coming against them; that there must be an end of folly, and kingly government must be restored. The Municipality got wind of his intentions, and stormed the National Assembly, demanding vengeance on Dumourier. They answered they were apprised of his treachery, and had actually named Commissioners to fetch him to justice, with many bloody resolutions. Those five Commissioners, of whom Bournonville was the chief, arrived, and were instantly clapped in chains by Moncke the second, and sent by him, with his compliments, to General Clairfait, only desiring a receipt for them, which he granted, and has sent them to Mons.

Dumourier harangued his army, whose pulses, to be sure, he had previously felt; and tearing his tricolor cockade out of his hat, took a white one from his pocket, and hoisted it above his damaged laurels, and was followed by the whole army, at least with bits of white paper; and he and they are on full trot to Paris, denouncing bitter revenge for any mischief that may ensue there. I hope this menace will not have the consequences that the Duke of Brunswick's had! The notorious chiefs will probably prefer the Dauphin for King to the Pinchbeck Regent, or carry him and the Queen away as hostages to the South; but what may one not fear from the brutal madness of the mob!

You may depend on what I have been relating. Gen. Conway heard the particulars from Sr Rob. Keith, who has seen Ld Auckland's letter, which cites Clairfait's dispatch to Metternich Governor of Brussels. Macbride has sent the same account from Ostend, and a like is come from Dunkirk.

As soon as I heard the news, I went to the Duc de Fleury, and to the Duchesse de la Tremouille, who was dressing, but her servant said the Duc de Choiseul had been before me, and I met Mad. de Gand going to her. I called on Mrs. Buller, too, but she and her bishop are gone to Windsor. On you, you may swear, I called, not expecting to find you, but as you are to come at six I shall come up to you soon after, but write this for you to find, that I may have the pleasure of being the first to acquaint you with such welcome news. Oh, it is not the smallest part of my joy that the *brave et loyale Noblesse Françoise* will now leave us. I hope *we* shall not be to help reinstate them; nor desire to have Aquitaine and Normandy again when the High Allies are paying themselves for their trouble and expense by dismembering that Monarchy, as I am persuaded and trust they will do, especially as the King of Prussia and Dantzig has declared he will not. A bauble or two, such as a Pitt's Diamond, might he accepted *here*, if they were not already gone the Lord knows whither. Adieu! for half an hour.

In spite of Lord Orford's frequent asseverations that his admiration and affection for the Miss Berrys never passed the boundaries of friendship, it was hardly to be expected that he should always make others view his devotion to their society in the same light. The following extracts of Miss Berry's letter at this time to a friend show how warmly she rejected the idea of ever acting against those high principles of honour and disinterestedness by which she had hitherto been guided; and in doing so she makes the first allusion to be found in any of her papers and journals, of that dangerous incense of flattery, which had been so freely offered on past occasions, and which, having failed to satisfy her judgment or gratify her heart, had left a taint of bitterness to succeed its ephemeral sweetness.

August 20, 1793.

My Dear Friend,—I was thinking of writing to you to-day when I received your letter of the 17th, which puts the pen immediately into my hand. Your saying that some circumstances you had heard from your mother and brother had made you 'very thoughtful' on my subject, leads me to suppose that you are not so well informed as I thought you were (as I thought I had myself informed you) of our situation. As good fortune is always exaggerated, so bad is often made worse, and ill nature is perhaps more frequently concerned in *this* exaggeration than the other, for which reason I will, when we meet, enter into every particular on the subject. At present, suffice it to say that when we lose my father, we lose with him the annuity of a thousand a year settled on him by that brother who has robbed him of everything but the peace of mind attendant on a guiltless conscience. There will then remain to us an income of 700*l.* a year, or to one of us remaining unmarried (which is the proper light for ME to consider the subject) of half that sum. Do not suppose that I have not considered, and accustomed myself to consider, aye, and exerted much philosophy in considering, how little can be done with such a sum, and to what insignificance it reduces. Be assured no mortification, no inconveniences arising from it,

> Nova mi facies aut inopinata surget.
> Omnia præcepi atque animo mecum ante peregi."

And yet after all, of how little will it deprive me! I shall still be welcome, and be dear to the warm hearts of one or two people who really know me, and neglected by all the world beside. And what have I ever been while feeling myself the (often envied) possessor of natural advantages, which wealth could not purchase, and rank sighed for in vain? I write proudly, for I feel so. You, my dear friend, have not followed me through life; you neither saw or knew me in brilliant scenes, made more dazzling by their novelty, receiving homage the more intoxicating as it was purely personal, surrounded and encouraged by worldly principles and worldly examples; in most seducing circumstances acting always up to those high-flown principles of honour and integrity, to that scrupulous delicacy of mind, of which others contented themselves with talking. . . . Forgive the burst of feeling, such

as can only be poured into the bosom of partial friendship, and which often overcharges my own. Do not think me romantic. Nobody is farther removed from it, nor do I now at all approve my *conduct*, whatever pride I may feel in my *principles*. It has led to nothing but mortification, neglect, and misunderstanding. . . . But alas! I fear were I now to abandon my principles I should only have the humiliating feeling of apostacy, without either the cleverness or the confidence to profit by it. You will easily see how all this applies. Besides, although I have no doubt that Lord Orford said to Lady D. every word that she repeated to your brother—for last winter, at the time the C.'s talked about the matter, he went about saying all this and more to everybody that would hear him,—but I always thought it rather to frighten and punish them than seriously wishing it himself. And why should he? when, without the ridicule or the trouble of a marriage, he enjoys almost as much of my society, and every comfort from it, that he could in the nearest connection? As the willing offering of a grateful and affectionate heart, the time and attentions I bestow upon him have hitherto given me pleasure. Were they to become a duty, and a duty to which the world would attribute interested motives, they would become irksome. Of the world, its meanness, its total indifference to everything but interest, in some shape or other, be assured you cannot think so badly nor so *truly* as I do. 'They best' believe 'it who have felt it most.'

In Lord Orford's letter to the Miss Berrys, dated September 17th, he thus affectionately alludes to the great addition to his happiness produced by his friendship with them, and also of his motives for allowing some to think that he had other views at heart towards them:—

[I have been threescore years and ten looking for a society that I perfectly like, and at last there dropped out of the clouds into Lady Herries' room two young gentlewomen, who I so little thought were sent thither on purpose for me, that when I was told they were the charming Miss Berrys I would not even go to the side of the chamber where they sat. But as Fortune never throws anything at one's head without hitting one, I soon found that the charming Berrys were precisely *ce qu'il me fallait*,

and that tho' young enough to be my great-granddaughters, lovely enough to turn the heads of all our youths, and sensible enough, if said youths have any brains, to set all their heads to rights again,—yes, sweet damsels, I have found that you can bear to pass half your time with an ante-diluvian without discovering any ennui or disgust, tho' his greatest merit towards you is that he is not one of those old fools who fancy they are in love in their dotage. I have no such vagary, tho' I am not sorry that some folks think I am so absurd, since it frets their selfishness.]

Lord Orford's correspondence with the Miss Berrys was very frequent during their absence in Yorkshire. The three following letters are amongst those addressed to them in September:—

Tuesday, 3 o'clock, Sept. 24, 1793.

You ordered me to write tomorrow, that you may receive this on Friday. I begin to obey you on St. Morrow's vigil—a good deal out of humour—not with you, more than I always am, but with that Hen-Belial, Mrs A——. As the busybody had told me that the Duchess of York talked of coming hither to-day, I could not help being prepared, tho' I did not trust to such authority, and had received no formal notice as I had been promised. In short, I was ready by noon, my fires lighted, and my whole house made as spruce as beer. You will scold me for having believed what I did not believe, for can any truth come out of Nazareth? But consider, I had a better motive for credulity than *young Nick's*. I had been told the visit should be made at the end of last week, or at the *beginning* of this. Now, pray ladies, when a week never yet contained more than seven days, by what almanack can its beginning last longer than Tuesday? Wednesday or Thursday may quarrel for the middle, but should it be given even for the former, y^r^ argument will not be a jot the better, for here at a good three of the clock, I have received no notice to expect her Royal Highness tomorrow, and which of the three last days are to be created the first, I do not pretend to guess. The sum total is, that I am extremely distressed and kept in suspense, and cannot go to town, as I want to do, and yet must wait till I am delivered of my princess.

The Gazette will reach you sooner than this, and will have told several welcome articles, as Elphinstone's noble preserva-

tion of Toulon, the reprisal of Menin, and the reveil of the Duke of Brunswick, whom the French were so silly as to awaken by a drum at his ear, and paid for disturbing him. To-day's *True Briton* says O'Hara is to command at Toulon. No mortal more fit, but I hope he will not be wanted. The honest men of the Convention, who speak truth as conscientiously as Mrs. A., have told the Parisians that Carteaux* was marching to the relief of Toulon with forty *thousand* men. Capt. Elphinstone, who had no very obvious reason for depreciating his own victory, reduces that beaten army to about eight hundred. One may presume that the Convention are a little nearer to the truth when they paint so deplorably the annihilation of their marine by the capture of their fleet at Toulon.

This is all I know or am likely to know before this sets out tomorrow. I do not mind its brevity; you will have long ones enough before two months are gone and over!

I am impatient for the account of your journey. It rained outrageously yesterday from two to four, and has not been dry this afternoon. How did Agnes bear travelling? Well, I long to hear. How did you find good grandmama?†

Well, I will add no more, when I have really nothing to say; but let it be a precedent, when you have anything better or else to do—as you must have—I have not; and when I take up so much of y^r^ time here, it would be most unjust and unfair to keep you employed, when in the midst of y^r^ family and old friends, of whom you see so little. Adieu!

Ditto, P.S. at night.

Just as I had begun my dinner, I received a note from General Budé to tell me the D^ss^ of York was but then returned from Windsor (whither, I suppose, she had been to see her Augustan and Adolphian brother-in-law), and, recollecting her engagement with me, would come tomorrow about noon, if not a very bad

* On August 30th the French republican General Carteaux appeared with a force of 800 men, some cavalry, and 10 pieces of cannon, at two places about six miles from Toulon. Captain Elphinstone, R.N., with a force of 600, dislodged them, capturing their cannon, ammunition, flags, &c. *Ann. Reg.*

† Mrs. Seton, Miss Berry's grandmother, then living with her daughter, Lady Cayley, of Brompton in Yorkshire, to whom the Miss Berrys had gone to make a visit.—*M.B.*

morning, and if not inconvenient to me. Padrona, but I shall pray for fair weather, for it will be sad to put off my going to London again. I tried at my dessert to have eaten y^r^ healths in your melon. I hope they are better than it, for it was as hard as a stone and as white. I did not attempt to save the seeds, for I believe they would thrive nowhere but in a quarry.

P.S. the I don't know how *manyth.*—I had a few lines to-day from your Philander, Mr. P——. He wants me to assist him in consulting Bishop Douglas about some point of Scottish history.

> There, thank my stars, my whole commission ends;
> Salisbury and I are luckily no friends!

He does not notify his marriage to me, nor begs my interest with any wife of mine.

Should tomorrow be ever so brilliant, I shall scarce have time before the post goes out, to give you an account of the Royal visit. It has rained again all the evening, I hope instead of tomorrow. I am sitting at home comfortably, writing post-scripts to Yorkshire without end.

Pray, grandmama, pray to God to bless me and make me a good boy! and pray keep my wives as long as you please, and pray send them directly.

On the 25th of September he writes them an account of a visit to Strawberry Hill from the Duchess of York; on the 27th and 29th, the following accounts of all he has seen and heard:—

Sept. 27, Thursday evening.

Dont be frightened; I am not going to send this away this evening, having already sent one to you this morning; but I find I cannot reconcile myself to y^r^ absence, unless I am always talking to you, and that is not so comfortable as your talking to me.

I have been at Oatlands this morning, but the Duchess was gone to the Drawing-room at St. James's, as in truth I hoped she would be, unless prevented by her foot; yet as fairy as it is, it is well again. On the lawn before the palace I found Budé and *young Nick* just going to mount their horses. I suppose she had come to learn the particulars of yesterday, that she may

pretend at the Pavilions to have been of the party, as she did about Jerningham. I am sorry for Budé; she probably will hook him into some scrape by lies that she will tell him, or say that he told her.

Just as I was setting out I received a note from the Princesse d'Hennin desiring to come to me with a niece of hers just arrived from Paris, who had brought something for me that the Prince de Beauvau had ordered by his will to be delivered to me. Surprised and impatient as I was to know what, I was forced to beg to be excused till I should have made my court, but went the moment I got back to Twickenham.

What! thought I to myself, has he been seized with a penitent pang, and restored the papers of which he defrauded me on Madame du Deffand's death? I beg pardon of a Frenchman for suspecting him of conscience, or of doing justice to an Englishman. I never knew one of the nation but that dear old woman who thought there was any more justice due to us than—at last, they have shown they think they owe to one-another.

So you have been guessing at my legacy—never were two young ladies wider from the mark. The Princess and the Prince de Poix, putting on funeral faces for the loss of so worthy a relation as the Maréchal, for whose death you know they have not been sorry this month, delivered me a transcript of the article of the will and—a picture. It is an indifferent copy of the washed drawing that I have of Madame du Deffand (but which copy the judicious testator calls a print), but instead of the figure of the Duchess of Choiseul in the original, there is a servant in livery presenting to my dear old friend a portrait of the Maréchal de Beauvau, not a whit the better, as she was stone blind, for its being very like—but in short it was a present to himself of his own resemblance, and now one to me, who value it no more than if I were blind too. Here are the words of the curious bequest:—

'J'ai à cœur que l'on fasse tenir par la première occasion à Monsr Valpol une estampe représentant Madame du Deffand qui est à côté de la cheminée de ma chambre: on mandera à Monsr Valpole, que cette dame nous ayant aimés tous deux, et ayant été aimée de nous, j'ai pensé que son image devoit appartenir au survivant.' I loved her writings too, and she

left them all to me; the Prince, it seems, loved them better, detained several, and did not think that the survivor ought to have them even after him.

Sept. 27, 1793, at night.

In my disconsolate widowhood I have been this evening with the Cambridges, and I am glad I have, for I have transacted important business with them. George was at home, and he as well as the farrier are decidedly of opinion that Agnes's mare, which is worse for going to London, will infallibly relapse if she sets out for Yorkshire before next Wednesday; and then all riding would be lost during your journey, from which I hope so much benefit to your sister. I, as lord and master in my own domestic, have authorised Mr. George to lay an embargo on the mare's progress till further orders and advice of the faculty; and I think this order of council of so much consequence, that I shall send this away to-morrow, tho' I had intended to reserve it till I had collected some news for you in town, whither I go to-morrow.

I have heard no more of Besançon, and therefore doubt of its revolt; but Miss Cambridge told me news, for which I am truly concerned. That loveliest and perfectest of all ancient mansions Cowdry was on Monday night last totally burnt to the ground in six hours! The Dowager Lady Montagu was at Brighthelmstone, the young lord abroad, and probably only a few unintelligent servants in the house. It is a grievous loss to us Goths!

This summer, the sweetest-tempered ever born in England, has quite recovered its good humour, and to-day been enchanting with primæval verdure. I hope it has accompanied you to Brompton. I long to hear of y^r being arrived there. Good-night. I finish without any douceurs; my letters par cy, par là, have enough of them, I believe.

Friday morning, half-past ten.

P.S.—Oh, thank you, thank you! I this moment receive y^r note from Ferrybridge; y^r half delights me, the other half afflicts me, to find my sweet Agnes is not better, but worse for travelling. How I wish her under the wing of grandmama! who I hope will send her back to me quite well again.

The post-office, I believe, will think it our honeymoon still: you have been gone but five days, and I have written to you on

three of them running. As you know I am not partial to the *moon*, I shall desire to christen the æra of my double marriage our *honey sun*; but then you must both be in good health, and that alas! both of you seldom are for two days together! As y^r^ last night's letter will arrive here to-morrow when I shall be in town, I leave orders for it to be sent after me by the coach.

Sunday Night, Sept. 29, 1793.

Having written to the bone all I had to say, I have let my pen rest for three days—aye, but why? Not from a fit of idleness, but I have not received your second letter, and which now I cannot get before Tuesday. I expected it yesterday, and your servant expected one too, but neither arrived. He may bear his disappointment as stoically as he pleases, I have no such apathy. You know how apt I am to be alarmed when I do not hear from you at the moment I intend; I imagine that one of you is ill, or that both have been overturned. I can no more persuade myself out of all fears than any one else could persuade me out of them, nobody's reason being half so eloquent as one's own feelings; for words only go into the ear, die of their own sound, and never sink to the heart. The post never miscarries, but when it has nothing to carry, tho' persons pretend to have written when they have not. As you promised to write again as soon as you arrived at Brompton, I can only suppose that something (the Lord knows what) detained you, and that you did not get thither till Friday, too late to save the post; or that it is too far from the post-town; or that a Yorkshire Sunday is as prudish as Mrs. Cambridge, and will let nobody move hand or foot, tho' the tongue may gallop as fast as it lists, and fetch and carry scandal all over the parish. My chief dread is lest Agnes should have been forced to stop on the road: the moment your letter comes my eye will hurry over it to look for her name; and as usual, till I read it a second time, I shall scarce know what it contains.

I went to town on Friday to give orders about new papering and distempering my dining room, and it would be finished in ten days, if there were one tradesman in London that ever spoke truth. In half an hour after my landing, walked into my room General Conway, come only for a single day. In the evening we went together to Miss Farren's, and besides her

duenna-mother, found her at piquet with her unalterable Earl (of Derby).—Apropos, I have observed of late years, that when *Earls* take strong attachments, they are more steady than other men.

The next evening I sat with Mrs. Buller above two hours; there was her Unique,* who soon went down to his violin, and Mr. Cocks, a banker. Mr. Churchill called on me before dinner; but from none did I gather one tittle of news, military or naval. Rumours there have been for some days, and still are, of overtures having been made from Brest to Lord Howe—but his lordship is not rapid; he moves like a king at chess at the end of a game, one square inch from Torbay, and the next back again. I do not love to censure men of a profession I do not at all understand, and therefore suppose there are good reasons for his stationary inactivity. Our friend O'Hara is certainly made Governor of Toulon. Good night for to-night—I hope some of the most unimportant of my guesses at having no letter may be the true one!

Monday night.

Y^r^ man James has been here—how I thank him! and has relieved my mind, and will send me tranquil to bed. He had been in town this morning, and before seven this evening brought me y^r^ letter to him, which mentioning no mishap, I trust none happened; and now I am confident of receiving a letter myself tomorrow, and will reserve the rest of my paper for answering that.

Tuesday morning, 10 o'clock, Oct. 1.

The letter is come, and tells me all I wished to hear, except of Agnes's cold; however, as she carried it with her, I hope the country will soon cure it, and do everything else it possibly can for you both. Dont purloin much of y^r^ time from y^r^ good family for me. My numerous letters to you are my chief amusement, and rob nobody of anything that is at their service. You can have few events to relate that I am curious to hear, but what regards yrselves, and those are of consequence to me to know. All Europe is engaged to furnish *me* with articles—it has not presented me with one to-day yet. The changes you wot of were of the town's making, not the King's. Nobody is

* Her only child.

gone out or in, but Sr Gilbert Elliot, and he is made commissioner at Toulon.

I am glad you approve of our transactions about the mare. James thought last night that she will be able to set out on Wednesday, but he is to call on me after seeing the Cambridge Junto, and then I shall know more, which shall be in the post-script. Adieu! *mes belles voyageuses*!

Y^r^ devoted,
Le survivant de M. le Maréchal de Beauvau—
His principality I outlived four years ago.*

P.S.—James is come, and the *Savii* hold that the mare may safely go to London on Wednesday, and set out for Brompton on Thursday; but *the Infallible* is to be at Twickenham to-night, and to decide on the soundity or risk of the journey—but all that you will learn fully from Miss Cambridge's letter to y^r^ sister, which she has sent me to frank, as I have.

In the month of October the correspondence is still more full.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 2, 1793.

James brought me most favorable testimonials of the mare this morning, and Mr. George Infallible came afterwards and confirmed the report, and gave very prudent directions, and it was settled that she should go gingerly to London this evening, and proceed to you by easy stages, which may take up about ten days. All this I determined to notify to you to-day. It was as fine a morning for writing as heart could wish; but trifling away the time in reading the newspaper, and finding nothing to-day to tell you from it, the neat old Lady Murrays came, and brought their friend, Lady Charlotte Wentworth, with whom I was acquainted vicesimo sexto Georgii Secundi, to show her my house; but before I could begin my tale, hark! a most violent clap of thunder came out of an extempore dark cloud, intended, no doubt, for the sultry weather in July, or that should have fallen on the French Convention, and such swinging hail and rain, that we could scarce see one another. However, according to the unexampled good humour of this singular year, it grew fine again, and they saw the house. By that time the post was gone, and luckily,

* He means by the abolition of nobility in France.—*M.B.*

for behold, I have not a word more to say, and my letter must wait till some good Christian tells me some truth or lie, which you shall have faithfully without addition or diminution.

Thursday night, 3rd.

Your letter of the 30th, and not of this month, for a certain reason that shall be nameless, arrived this morning in statutable time; yet I could not continue this. First came my steward from Crostwick with accounts and a lease to be signed. Then the good Whelers from Richmond, where they are to stay about a week, and then she goes to the sea-side; and last the Duchess of Gloucester and Lady Mary Mordaunt. The former told me she had sent to invite you two to the Pavilions about a week ago, but found you were gone to Yorkshire, whither I think I remember you talked of going. By the time I became alone again, the post must have been got half way to London, and there did not seem anything so important in this letter, or likely to be in it, as to create a necessity of sending a messenger to town with it, notwithstanding my alacrity at sending one; but I should have been ashamed now, when I had so heroically conquered that inclination, last week, on being disappointed for two days of your first letter from Yorkshire. You have accounted for that delay pretty much as I did; and therefore, having discovered that I have a little sense of reasoning when I allow myself time, I will try my hand at it another time—tho' I had rather have no occasion for it.

How very happy I am that you think my dear Agnes a little mended already, and that even your kind grandmother, who is too fond not to have keen eyes, found her much less altered than you expected—but you are like me, and too easily alarmed for those you love so much. Mrs. Seton is like me too (in short, there is a sort of family likeness amongst us) in consenting so readily to parting with you to Scarborough. I hope it will answer to her, and am persuaded it will. I have experienced such benefit, and so astonishingly sudden, from sea-air, that I have great trust in it being salutary to y^r^ sister.

Dont talk of sending me letters not worth a farthing. What are any letters worth but according to the person from whom they come? Do you think that if I had expected last week one of the best letters that Madame de Sevigné ever wrote, and

that I had never seen, but had heard it was coming, I should have been wretched for two days because it was not arrived?—pho! dont tell me of letters not worth a farthing—let me but have those I desire, and leave it to me to see the value of them.

If the want of matter and news, and everything foreign to the writer and receiver, constitutes a trumpery letter, behold one that John Nichols would not print in the 'London Magazine,' where he has condescended to preserve even Dr. Johnson's notes to his printer, with a number of others equally illustrating nothing. It is certain that from the different persons that I have seen for these two days I have not learnt a single new fact, either from London or the Continent; but from their own papers I have seen articles proposed in the Convention that stiffen one with horror. Would you have believed, even three months ago, that that ripaire of two-legged hyænas could have invented new atrocities to add to their mass of crimes? Oh! but they could, they have! have proposed to thrust all *suspected* persons —that is, all against whom they have no proofs—into large buildings, undermined on purpose for blowing them up if a counter-revolution happens! I hope this Pandæmoniac proposal was suggested by the last sob of despair!

How mankind is improved in the manufacture of malice and mischief since the Greeks, inspired by the Goddess of Wisdom herself, contrived so silly and untoward a project as to present to a besieged town of their enemies a Brobdignag mare full of armed men!

Well, to-morrow is a new day, and *the True Briton* may help me to something more to say; if not, dixi.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1793.

As far as I can foresee, this will be a dwarf letter in proportion to its predecessors, for I do not know a *haputh* of news, and only begin mine to tell you I have just received yours of Sunday last from Scarborough, and it gives me vast pleasure to hear y^r^ sister continues to mend, tho' her mare be not arrived. I calculate that she will have it by Saturday at farthest, and I hope, in good rideability. In consideration of their zeal about her, I went again last night to the Cambridges, but found him alone. His wife was confined above, in her own cherry tree, with her rheumatism and an additional fever.

To my home-gazette I have but one article to add: while it lasted it was vexatious. The panic or blunder Master-general had asked me for a ticket for some French, tho' it is a fortnight past my exhibitory season, but said, with a petitioning face, 'I think you allow only four at a time.' 'Why,' said I, 'my lord, to tell you the truth, I am not so strict about foreigners; they may have but a day or two, and may not know our rules' —in short, I allowed him to add to four—give him an inch, and guess how many ells he will take—five, six, seven—and when you have counted seventeen you will not have exceeded the number! Nanny's cap stood on end! I thought the invasion of 100,000, that the Convention have decreed, were come over in balloons, as they formerly intended. The little parlour would not hold them, the green closet less, the star-chamber still less—and the poor cabinet! I trembled, and so had Nanny; for the moment they were gone, she came running to me, and said, 'Well, they have broke nothing!' Recollect that these seventeen dozen have passed the whole summer at Richmond, and might have come in detail.

Ah! your good grandmother! I shall be jealous, and think she loves you both better than I do—but come, I will be noble too, and think you ought to stay longer in the North, and repay her the fortnight you have filched from her.

Pray was not your sea monster like the Duke of Orleans, or one of the Convention?

At night.

I have been at Lady Betty Mackinsy's, where were both politicians and French, but I did not learn one new military event. The poor old Duc de Nivernois was ten days under arrest, but has been acquitted and released. The Duchesse de Grammont and Mad. du Chatelet, the latter in a bad state of health, are seized also. All these, it is supposed, it was only meant to squeeze. It is hoped they will soon squeeze the plunderers amongst themselves, and spare them no more than they do their own generals. You justly scoff at their re-baptising the days of the week; but in everything they do is there not a layer of horror and a layer of folly? I hope they have opened the eyes of mankind, and that it will be remarked at last that the nation never did possess sound sense. Their egregious vanity was the consequence of their extreme ignorance. They

would not condescend to know what was out of their own country, scarce what was out of Paris; and each Frenchman, master of their own usages, thought himself qualified to dictate to the rest of the world. They sent dolls dressed in their own fashions to other countries, and imagined they were communicating universal knowledge; and indeed there was little difference between the jointed baby and the prototype. The mémoires of Monsr de Maurepas, so veteran a minister, show of what shreds, and patches, and trifles, like a harlequin's jacket, a French statesman's head is composed. Their women, who had sense, found out the futility of the men, and governed them universally; but they were French women, and le pais s'enressentoit.

Saturday.

My letter shall set out, for probably it has got its complement. The Prince of Cobourg is endeavouring to hem in the French army at Maubeuge, and the King of Prussia is returned to Berlin. I hope he has not *taken* or given the Duke of Brunswick another sleeping draught!

John St. John is dead. I expect Stumpety Stump to dine with me to-day and stay till to-morow, and the Churchills on Sunday—are not these very important pieces of intelligence to send to the North of England? It is making bricks *with* straws. Adieu!

P.S.—My sweet Agnes, Mrs. Seton is not happier than I am that you took this journey, since Scarborough agrees so well with you.

[Strawberry Hill, Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock, Oct. 15, 1793.

I called on the Princesse d'Hennin, who has been in town a week. I found her quite alone, and I thought she did not answer quite clearly about her two knights. The Prince de Poix has taken a lodging in town, and she talks of letting her house here—if she can—in short, I thought she had a little of an Ariadne air—but this was not what I was in such a hurry to tell you. She showed me several pieces of letters, I think from the *Duchesse de Bouillon*; one says, *the poor Duchesse de Biron** is again arrested and at the Jacobins, and with her une jeune

* The Duchess was guillotined the following year.

étourdie, qui ne fait que chanter toute la journée; and who think you may that be? only, our pretty little wicked Duchesse de Fleury! . . .

My poor old friend the D^ss de la Valière, past ninety and stone-deaf, has a guard set upon her, but in her own house; her daughter the D^ss de Chatillon, mother of the D^ss de la Tremouille, is arrested, and thus the last, with her attachment to the Queen, must be miserable indeed: but one would think I feel for nothing but duchesses; the crisis has crowded them together into my letter, and into prison; and to be prisoner among canibals is pitiable indeed!]

Wednesday morning, 11 o'clock.

As the summer improves every day this autumn, I have just been at Cliveden, lest it should grow so hot that I should be tanned if I staid till November. I went to see the second festoon over Agnes's door, and am glad I did, for it is much too small and too faint. Kirgate will carry both to the poor Painter at Richmond, and have them made to resemble. Cliveden never looked more like Paradise, and Mrs. Richardson,* with all her poultry about her, made a very matron-like Eve. I received y^r father's letter, and franked and forwarded it as you ordered.

The Nymph of the Cherry tree † continues ill, and I think her mate looks on her, as in a declining way.

I have had a letter from the Bishop of Dromore of seven sides of paper, the object of which was, to induce me to add to my Noble Authors some meditations by a foolish Countess of Northumberland, and to set me to inquire after a MS Tract of Earl Algernon; with neither of which I have complied or shall. The Bishop having created himself a Percy, is gone mad about that family, tho' the Percys are more remembered for having lost their heads, than for ever having had a head that was a loss to lose.

Thursday morning, 17th, past 10.

I assure my Twin Wives that much as I delight in their being and liking to be at *Cliveden*, I am much happier in having contributed to persuade their northern journey. What can please me so much as to see them return in health! The

* Miss Berry's housekeeper.

† Mrs. Cambridge, so called from a joke of society not worth recalling. —*M.B.*

safe arrival of the mare is a great codicil to my satisfaction, and with a longer stay at Scarborough, which I beg may be protracted as long as this miraculous season will please to last, I shall hope that you will both be fortified to support a winter campaign in London. Surely the good Grandam will come to you. I will send you to her no more, if she prefers any thing to re-establishing your healths.

You are very kind in being content with my letters uninteresting as they are, for here I learn nothing till it has been mangled in the newspapers, and commonly proved to have been false there. To-day's *True Briton* talks of prodigious success crowning the Royalists in Bretagne. Yesterday there seemed to be some stop put to the breaking up of our camps, but no reason assigned. The papers chuse to make the Prince de Saxe Coburg meditate an attack on the strong camp at Maubeuge; but I have been told, and think it more probable, that he will endeavour to starve them to a surrender. He did not approve of the last vivacity at Dunkirk; and as the French affairs become more desperate every day, some patience may be the wisest measure; but I will not reason upon what I do not understand, nor on what I do not know authentically. I see I mistake something or other every post. I thought the King of Prussia going off—to-day he has made a new treaty with us—if that is any security. Adieu!

To Miss Agnes Berry.

Thursday evening, Oct. 17, 1793.

My sweet Lamb,—I am not content with having only thanked you in my bigamy-letter which was almost finished when your postscript arrived, which made me so happy, and for which I am the more obliged, as you do not love writing. Your great amendment I fully believe, for y^r^ sister assures me of it too. She is more apt to be alarmed about you than anybody, and would not be satisfied with a trifling improvement. I rejoice in the arrival of your mare; yet I have still more confidence in the sea-air, and shall now be impatient to hear Mrs. Seton has joined you at Scarborough, where I hope she will keep you as long as the weather remains tolerable. You say kindly, you hope I am not better pleased with y^r^ absence than I was: indeed and in good deed but I am, since it has had such pros-

perous effect. Tho' it should last longer than I expected, as I now most seriously wish it may, I shall be amply repaid by seeing you both return looking perfectly well. Absence is charming to lament in ditties of *Lovers*, but when founded on the best reasons, it goes to none of *Friendship's* tunes. I can quote but one poetic line that suits my present mood, and to which I hope *you* will bring back the most satisfactory answer:—

Rose, what is become of your delicate hue?
REPLY: La voici.

Whether I am as comfortable as when you are at Cliveden, you may judge by my innumerable letters. Mary cites an authority, that I have not the assurance to adopt; that a man proves his affection to a woman that gives up his time to her. Ah! me! I doubt my being constantly writing to you both, entertains myself much more than it does you two. In short, I feel conversing with you, and prefer it to going to Richmond and Hampton Court, which used to be my resources formerly, when I was tired of sitting whole evenings alone. I now return to my letters of the common of Two Genders.

Miss Hotham has given warning to Mr. Pigou to quit the smaller and far more beautiful house at Marble Hill, intending to inhabit it herself. Poor Sir Charles does not come to town this winter, thinking himself too ill; but his staying where he is and leading the dismal life he does, is, I believe, his chief illness: but am not I sending you coals to Newcastle? I will excuse till I have better fuel.

Friday morning, after breakfast.

The coach has just brought me from Park-place a grove of tender plants for you, of which Mrs. Damer had given me notice. My gardener is gone to distribute them about Cliveden, which I hope next summer will be as odoriferous as Mount Carmel. They have brought to my recollection the tag of an old song that I learnt in my first babyhood, that I am sure has not been in my head these threescore years and ten, but suits incomparably with my second infancy:—

Rosemary's green, diddle diddle, lavender's blue;
If you'll love me, diddle diddle, I will love you.

Were Mrs. Stanhope to know what *pretty things* I say to my

wives, I believe she would not covet such a superannuated galant; but you will not expose our curtain-douceurs!

At noon.

I have had no letters to-day, and the newspaper tells nothing, but new distresses announced to the vile Convention, and which they only pretend to combat by new bravados, yet evidently tremble for Maubeuge. I trust their inhuman career approaches to its termination!

This is a hors-d'œuvre, and so shall go away. Adieu, Both!

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 19, 1793.

As I wrote to Agnes and you yesterday, and to you and Agnes the day before, I shall say but few words now, and only in answer to yours of Wednesday last about my health. Trifles seem serious at a distance, and one is receiving and writing letters about them after one has forgot them. I am quite vexed that Mrs. Damer sent you word of my disorder, having begged her not. I did go to Lady Betty Mackinsy's as soon as I was better, but surely that was very different from going to Park-place, naturally the coldest house in the world, and now unroofed and uncieled, and whither you know I had no mind to go this year, and which I hope I shall avoid, as they are gone to Nuneham to-day; and next week Mr. Conway must go and kiss hands for his idle Truncheon,* and by that time I conclude this immortal summer will go into winter quarters, and I shall have no inclination to commence a campaign in November. You will smile at my remedy; but I was cured by port wine, which is as nauseous to me as anything from the apothecary's, and therefore I suppose it succeeded.

I have just heard that Dr. Hunter† is dead suddenly at St. George's Hospital in a fit, to which he was subject. It is a great blow to his family, as he was in such repute. I am heartily concerned for her, who you know is a great favourite with me. You will not see me soon sitting between Lady Louisa‡ and Mrs. Carter!§

* He was appointed a Field Marshal.

† Dr. John Hunter.

‡ Lady Louisa Macdonald, sister to the first Duke of Sutherland, married to Sir Archibald Macdonald, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

§ The translator of Epictetus.

The Churchills dined here last Sunday, but could not stay, as they have bought a house at Lewisham, in Kent, and were to go to it next morning. Lady Mount Edgcumbe is to have a pap-party on Monday, as it will be my god-daughter's first birthday that can be kept.

Little edge,
Can I hedge
In a rhyme
By that time?
If you cry,
Granny and I
Will sing nought but Lullaby.

I know nothing else, as you may have perceived by all my late silly letters. I have a true regard for nonsense, on which I have lived man and boy for longer than I will say; but as you are worthy of better food, I had rather have something to tell you that you would care to read. The newspaper is just come, and brings not a tittle. Adieu!

Tuesday, Oct. 22, 1793.

I am glad for you sakes, since you would not complain of it yourselves, that I am grown tired of my own nonsense; for the future I will send you nothing but matters of fact,—that is, while they remain matters of fact, which indeed they seldom do longer than a rainbow. Last night, as I told you I should, I went to the birthday of the youngest *Edgïng*. I found dismal countenances! The panic master had just heard that the siege of Maubeuge was raised, and Lyons taken—neither entirely true nor false. Mackinsy came in, who had dined with Dundas, —'No, no, the siege is not raised; but part of the Austrian army has been attacked, and somewhat beaten.'

Of Lyons the story is strange indeed! not taken, but evacuated—by thirty thousand—whether men or persons I don't know, and with all their artillery, ammunition—and goods. They are marched to the Gevaudam—and then—I know nothing more—but this is called good news. When I can tell why, I will tell you.

A Don Ricardos, who sounds like a hero out of a comedy of Mrs. Behn, has slain 7000 French and taken ten pieces of canon. I hope he is an officer of the St. Hermandad, who pursue and hang the banditti—they may have fine sport at Paris.

There is again a potion of great anti-revolutionary disturbances at Brest. I have not settled my creed about all these articles, so believe them or not, as you please. Lord George Conway has galloped home with some success of General Wurmser, who is as punctual and circumstantial as an English member of parliament who sends his constituents a faithfull account of every step he takes.

I shall go to town to-morrow to see my room, the papering and painting of which is finished, and, as the weather has not frowned yet, I shall return hither on Friday.

As I was finishing the last line, the Princess and Lally came in; they know and comprehend the evacuation of Lyons no more than I do; nay, the convention stares as much as we do, for in the fact everybody agrees,—as if it was common for a whole large city to be turned inside outwards! How many hundred generals will be guillotined for it!

Lady Mount Edgcumbe had sent her coach this morning to Madame de Cambis to come to the Princesse d'Hennin; but sent for it back in great haste, having received an account of her Lord being very ill, and she is going to him at the Mount. I am alarmed for him; he has had some bad attacks of late.

Lally inquired with interest about you both. I had the satisfaction of telling him that one is quite well, and the other much better—I hope I spoke exact truth; I never wished less to deceive.

Wednesday, 3 o'clock, Berkeley Square.

I am just arrived. Nobody that can give me any certain *information* on anything, especially on what I am infinitely anxious to know, the fate of the Queen of France! The *True Briton*, before I came away, had told me she had been tried, acquitted, and massacred by the mob. My servants, whom I have sent about to learn what they could, bring me word that she was tried on the 15th, and executed on the 16th. I am so wretched for her, that it will be a kind of relief to know that she is dead, and at the period of her miseries—the most dreadful that ever human being suffered for so long a term!

I must send away my letter, or it will be too late for the post, but I will write again to-morrow, when I may be able to know better what I say.

There was a long gazette last night, making the most of

Wurmser's success—mumbling about Maubeuge, silent about Lyons, and assuring us about Toulon, which seems to have been in peril—but I have not time for details, and you will see the gazette in to-morrow's paper.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 24, 1793.

The horrible tragedy of the Queen of France is but too true! Our Royal Family put off going to the play last night, and the Queen has no drawing-room to-day as was appointed. I do not know any of the shocking circumstances. I saw nobody last night but Lady Bute, whom I found confined to her room with the gout, and old Mrs. Walkinshaw with her, and they knew no particulars—in truth, now the protracted martyrdom is compleated, I shall be curious to learn nothing of that bloody and atrocious nation but its punishment—indeed they seem to meditate it themselves, and to intend to lay it waste—it is fit for nothing but a desart inhabited by wild beasts—Lyons they have ordered to be destroyed—of that history I am as ignorant as I was yesterday. The siege of Maubeuge the *True Briton* owns is raised. I expect *Marshal* Conway in town to-day; he was to have kissed the Queen's hand presently, but will find himself disappointed. If he calls here before half an hour after four (when our letters go to the post) and has picked up anything material, I will keep this open to add it, and I will not go out before dinner lest I should miss him.

The Duchess of Ancaster died at Lausanne on the 7th of this month: her daughter and Lord Cholmondeley are on their road to England.

The Marshall has been here. He believes the convention's account of Lyons, and that the fugitives—far from being multitudes, were pursued, and cut to pieces—the siege of Maubeuge is—oh! no, not raised—see how big my pen is grown in a moment—before I could write *is raised*. Mr. Conway who had left me but while I wrote those two lines and a half, stepped back to tell me much better news—before he had got out of the square the Prince of Wales, whom with his blindness he did not know, but took for his nephew Lord George, stopped him, took him by the hand and wished him joy, telling him an officer is just arrived from the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg who has compleatly defeated the army of the French—The *True Briton* said so this

morning—but who dares believe anything under a Prince of Wales?—Oh! I should be transported if I could in a moment forget the Queen of France—but grief and joy cannot so soon mix, and her sufferings will long lie heavy at my heart. I will this evening go and inquire after the Duchesse de la Tremouille—who is almost the sole French person that I had almost rather never behold again—I have not a moment for more.

Berkeley Square, Oct. 25, 1793.

I have abjured nonsense, and now I think I shall renounce my senses. In this romancing age it is not safe to believe anything *under a King*; and when I believe one of *them*, it shall not be him of Prussia, who has sworn like an Irish evidence thro' *thick* and *Poland*, and perjured himself in every article. I observe it is the universal usage to say, *search for truth*, which implies that truth is, or was, a simple individual, extremely concealed, and who was either never found, or died a virgin and left no progeny. We do know who was the Adam to that Eve, the Father of Lies, but as the marriage was never solemnized, it must be his bastards who have stocked the globe. Those imps have misled me, who have been one of the fools *in search of truth*, to pester you with daily letters for this last week—not so much even for the sake of sending you events, as to contradict the falsehoods I had too impatiently dispatched, from eagerness to communicate with you any momentary pleasure I tasted. I must now lower your victorious sails, and recall the Prince of Cobourg's laurels. It is certain that they were most generally believed all yesterday, not only by the source of my information, but by very cool reasoners; and a brother of Lord Mornington was cited as the express—he was come, but was messenger of nothing, and early this morning the Flanders mail is arrived, and has not brought a leaf that would cover a silver penny.

Well, here I disclaim gazetteering. The worst news of all, the death of the Queen of France, is true,—the particular horrors I do not know—but as the execrable hyænas cannot staunch their thirst of innocent blood, they have offerred a large reward for discovering (with dispersing his likeness) Edgworth, the excellent confessor of the murdered king. Louis and Antoinette are butchered, Catherine Slayczar and Prussian Frederic live and triumph! It is a pity that they are not King

and Queen of France, then the sovereigns and nations would be properly adapted. Well! I will endeavour to remove these horrible images which haunt my imagination, and will talk only within my own little sphere.

Last night I supped with the first Marshal at my sister's—besides her and her husband, there were her daughter Sophia, Mr. Fawkener, Lady Englefield and Sr Harry. Her I am always glad to see, and was particularly so last night, as she has so lately left you two. She said she left you both very well, and as a proof, that she had seen you at a ball—the evidence did not entirely convince me, I have known you both go to balls when not remarkably in health—the proof grew still weaker when I came home at twelve and found your letter of the 21st, in which you do not speak so sanguinely of y^r^ sister's looks—but your constant anxiety about her is apt to make you think her worse than she is, and I trust to those who do not see her so constantly as you do. Still I wish Mrs. Seton had not been so impatient for your leaving Scarborough. I, who will not allow that she loves you better than I do, would gladly consent to her paying herself for your longer stay there, by deducting from y^r^ return as much time as you should stay more than you intended near the sea. I fear I am too late to propose this now, but I did hint it before.

I own I was exceedingly vexed at Mrs. D.'s acquainting you with my transient indisposition. She and you have both handsomely confessed that you had exacted the promise from her. Where could be the use or good of acquainting two persons, who were gone a long journey, partly for health, and who were very happy and gay, with the indisposition of one whom I am convinced they love—yes I am—and who was sure of being soon recovered from a temporary disorder.

I found my room quite finished, and clean and snug—but I have found the town so totally empty, that I shall return to Strawberry to-morrow; and nobody's bible oath shall make me believe any news again, till St. Thomas, who was no giddy credulous person, assures me he has had digital proof of the fact. Adieu!

Strawberry Hill, Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1793.

I have just received y^rs^ of the 26th, and begin to answer it directly, tho' not knowing when I shall dispatch it, as I cannot

satisfy you nor myself in half one wants to know about the most interesting of all events, and my greatest astonishment consists in the execrable monsters having let enough be known to consecrate Marie Antoinette to immortal glory, and to devote Paris and all its fiends to the horror and detestation of posterity.

You bid me go to the P^rne^ d'Hennin and learn what I can. No, indeed; I must be well convinced of the purity of sentiments of any French man or woman, before I would go to them. I would rather fly their sight!—yet mine is not grief *now*. No, it is all admiration and enthusiasm. The last days of that unparalleled princess were so superior to any death ever exhibited or recorded, that for the sake of her glory, I think, unless I could restore her to happiness, to her children, to her untainted friends, and could see her triumph over the murderous mobs that have massacred her, I would not revive her if I could. When did there ever exist such august simplicity! What mind was ever, I will not say so firm, but so perfectly mistress of its own thoughts and intentions, that could be attentive to every circumstance and distracted by none? Think of all that was comprehended in that question to the monsters called her counsellors, but certainly allotted to her as defamatory spies, 'Had she assumed too much dignity, as she passed to her trial, for she had noticed one of the juries, who s^d^, "How proud she is."' It proved her unaltered presence of mind, and that she was ready to condescend, if it would better become her. What philosopher or martyr had equal possession of himself in similar moments? None, none, not one! And then recollect the length of her sufferings, her education, exaltation to happiness, and supreme power, her sudden fall, the disappointments she had met, the ingratitude and treachery she had experienced, the mortifications and insults heaped upon her, and studiously, maliciously, aggravated for five years together; the murder of husband, the miseries of and terrors for her children: the total deprivation of all decent comforts, and, perhaps the greatest cruelty of all, not to have had one friend; but a thousand times worse, to have fear at every moment in the hands of the most unfeeling jailors. Sum up all this mass of woes, and perhaps thousands more of which we have never heard, and then see this phœnix rise superior to hosts of torturing spiteful fiends, and hear her pronounce the most sublime word that ever passed thro' human lips.

When *they* (I have no adequate epithet for them) had declared sentence and asked her what she had to say, she said, 'Rien.' Too calm, too sensible, too collected, and unshaken, she was above fear, indignation, and sollicitation, and accountable only to herself, she showed that such a host of miscreants was not worthy of knowing a syllable of what passed in perhaps the greatest mind that ever existed. Her invisible patience was all that appeared, and that was a negative, but as unvaried as all her illustrious virtues, and great qualities, on which rancour and persecution have not been able to fix a speck of stain—let history or legend produce a similar model!

These are the effusions of my heart, not dictated by the impulse of the moment, but the result of my cool reflections of three days. I trust them in perfect confidence to your honour, and exact from the fidelity of your friendship that you will not communicate nor read them to any mortal but your father and sister, nor let this paper pass out of your own hands, nor suffer a tittle of it to be transcribed. I like that you two should know my sentiments on all important topics, but I extend this confidence not a jot farther. I firmly believe every word I have asserted, because all the facts come from the barbarians themselves—but as I cannot be positively sure they are true I will not place my veracity on a possibility of having been misinformed—and therefore I depend on your not committing me by showing my letter—I repeat it earnestly, *to nobody but your father and sister*, and beg you will assure me that you have not. I do not mind your reading trifles out of my dispatches, though certainly calculated for nobody but you two—but this letter I do most seriously restrain from all other eyes.

Midnight.

Mrs. Damer came to me at dinner to-day, and goes to London to-morrow. I was engaged to Lady Betty Mackinsy, and she went thither with me in the most deplorable of all nights—as bad as that when the Conways and I were detained so late at Cliveden and I stepped over my shoes into the water. We heard nothing quite new: Nieuport is reckoned safe and Ostend safer, both which were reported taken. Mr. Batt, whom I met last night at Cambridge's, is as confident of the safety of Toulon. He, not Lord Hood, inquired much after you, Lord Mount Edgcumbe

is recovered. The *charming man* has actually a tragedy just coming forth at Covent garden.

I like your account of yourselves—but hope your grandam will not *sit too close*, but let you both have air and exercise enough. *In every thing else* I quite agree with her.

Lady Waldegrave and her daughter come to me to-day from the Pavilions, where they have been this week, and will stay till next morning. Good night.

P.S.—I fear you have lost y^r^ poor friend Mr. Sept. West.

Lord Orford's strict injunctions that his letter of the 29th should be confined only to the perusal of the Miss Berrys and their father, might have raised a question as to the propriety of including it amongst those that are now published upwards of seventy years after this was written; but as he gives as the reason for this injunction the fear lest his 'facts' should not be true, and that he will not place his veracity on a possibility of having been misinformed, the reason for its suppression has ceased; and though there may be some exaggeration in the tone of his enthusiastic eulogy of the unfortunate Queen of France, who would not sympathise with the feelings inspired at the time by her cruel and unmerited sufferings?

The letters from Lord Orford during the month of November were still addressed to the Miss Berrys in Yorkshire.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 5, 1793.

You can, I trust, guess how happy your letter of Friday last makes me, by telling me how much better you are. I am not *weaning* myself, but I do wish you to stay in Yorkshire as long as you continue to find any amendment. I will even call it a selfish wish, for it certainly is misery to me to see you both so perpetually indisposed. Can I love you so much, and so sincerely, and not be anxious in the very first place for your healths? I continually reproach myself with having drawn you from Italy sooner than you intended—I had indeed some strong reasons then—yet I shall not repeat that eagerness.

Enjoy the fine weather as long as it will meet you half way. Unless great rains or snow come, I shall remain here, where I am warm and comfortable. Tho' I pass three evenings in four quite alone, they are not at all irksome, which they would be in London, where I have neither acquaintance nor amusements.

Since the most deplorable of all tragedies, I have heard no great event. The wolves, in great droves, came out and attempted Nieuport and Ostend, but were driven back. The Convention pretends that the Royalists in La Vendée are utterly defeated, but I do not receive *assignats* at first sight. It is true that there was great slaughter of French noblesse under the Prince of Condé, when Wurmser stormed the lines of Weissemberg. This was more to their credit than haggling for rank. To-day's paper is not come in yet, so my intelligence is not very fresh—but I will wait for it before I send this to the post. The Convention have lost a good friend—Lord George Gordon.

Mrs. Damer passed Tuesday with me, and Lady Waldegrave and her daughter two days. General Johnstone is returned from camp; he and Lady Cecilia and Mrs. Johnstone were here on Monday. These lean articles are all I have to send.

What cousin of yours is wounded? is it Sr G. Caley's brother? —whichever, I hope he will do well.

You have had such a mass of my letters lately, that I hope you will not catch cold with receiving only this thin one. In truth, my mind is not at all in tune. The Queen of France is never for three minutes out of my head. Long as I have lived, I had not conceived that human nature was capable of such execrable barbarity and meditated wanton malice as the French have committed within these five years. As little, indeed, did I conceive that one human mind could rise to so exalted a pitch as that supernatural woman's! No legendary writer, no epic poet, could have dared to draw so perfect a character with such excellent sense! What propriety in her every answer! and how accurate a memory of every circumstance that was necessary for her to recollect, with no confusion even of dates. The monsters her murderers have made her some amends by deposing a thousand times more truth than could have been believed had it come only from her friends. I have no longer any doubt—what her bitterest foes report must be true. It

was their business to blacken her—they have made her immortal.

The paper is arrived. You will see several advantages gained by us and allies. The Duke of York has had good success, and our prospect is better than you thought. I have not time to say more, if I had wherewithal. Adieu!

[Strawberry Hill, Nov. 7, 1793.

I often lay the egg of my journals two or three days before they are hatched. This may make some of my articles a little stale before you get them; but then you know they are the more authentic if the echo has not told me to unsay them. And if a Prince of Wales drops a thumping victory at my door as he goes by, you have it hot out of the oven, tho', as happened lately, not half baked. . . .

Domestic news are scanty, but dismal; and you have seen them anticipated—as the loss of the young Lord Montague and Mr. Burdett,* drowned in a cataract in Swisserland, by their own obstinate folly.]

When you return to London, if you spy from Highgate a vast edifice peeping over the shoulder of St. Paul's, dont imagine that the Pope has sent St. Peter's over hither to secure it from French atheists. No, it is the new Temple of Venus in Drury-lane. I assure you that Lord *Derby* told me a fortnight ago that he had seen it that morning from Westminster-bridge towering above all the buildings but St. Paul's. They say the frontispiece of the scaffolding is a most beautifull sight.

[Nov. 10.

Victories do not come every tide like mackarell or prizes in the Irish Lottery. Yesterday's paper discounted a little of Neapolitan valour, but as even the Dutch sometimes fight upon recollection, and as there was no account yet of *O'Hara's* arrival at Toulon, I hope he will laugh or example *Loro Signori* into spirit.]

I do confirm my assent to y^r staying in Yorkshire as long as either of you is the better for it. As for the horse, I am not so fond of young ladies riding in the king's roads. Mr.

* Geo. S. Viscount Montague, b. 1769, only son of Anthony, 7th Viscount Chas. Sedley Burdett, brother of the late Sir Francis Burdett.

*Fitz*patrick, the uncle, was once, in a high chaise, near oversetting the Duchess of Queensberry, who was on horseback there, and she called out, 'Oh, pray, Mr. *Kill*patrick, dont ride over me.'

[I am not so consentful about going to town myself yet. What could I do with myself in London? All my playthings are here, and I have no playfellows left there! Lady Herries's and poor Mrs. Hunter's* are shut up. Even *the one game more at cribbage*† after supper is on table, and which is not my supreme felicity, tho' accompanied by the Tabor and Pipe,‡ is in the country—or, to say all in a word, North Audley Street is in Yorkshire. Reading composes little of my pastime either in town or country. A catalogue of books and prints, or a dull history of a county, amuse me sufficiently; for now I cannot open a French book, as it w^d keep alive ideas that I want to banish from my thoughts.]

Monday Morning, 11th.

L. says Sr Charles Blagdon is arrived, having been very ill, and looking so; the Palmerstons remain in Italy.

[Mrs. Piozzi is going to publish a book on English Synonymes. Methinks she had better have studied them before she stuffed her travels with so many vulgarisms!]

One o'clock.

No newspaper is come, whether a symptom of no news, or rather of some very fresh, how can I tell? whichever, you must wait another day, for this must go to the post; and if you receive no codicil to it the next morning, you will be sure I had nothing more recent to send. Adieu!

P.S.—By a symptom of no news, I mean that the newswriter was waiting for a mail, and that none was arrived; but it is not utterly impossible that the newspaper itself may have failed, a case that happened before to-day.

* Widow of Dr. John Hunter.

† A manner of designating the Countess of Ailesbury.—*Wright.*

‡ Two old ladies of his society whom he thus called.—*Wright.*

Strawb., Thursday, Nov. 14, 1793.

Were the time ever so fertile in entertaining events, still I had much rather talk them over with you than send them in journals. How irksome then must it be to interrupt y^r^ amusements by afflicting details! Not that I am now going to grieve you by any new specific horror, tho' some are apprehended; and the countenance of the age is so gloomy, that one can scarce expect to be the messenger of glad tidings. Nay, I am shocked at being forced to speak of butcheries as welcome news. Yet what but the French turning their massacres on themselves can put a period to their frenzy and abominations? Every day they invent and propose crimes so incredible, that nobody can believe they will be practised till it is known that they have been committed. When rage has mounted to that excess, who can be sorry to hear that the savage Convention has at once destroyed one-and-twenty of their own murderers? And how striking, that seventeen of those twenty-one beheaded had, not eleven months ago, voted for the death of the King! At the same time, who can comprehend their proceedings? Several of those sacrificed regicides died praying for the republic—so the woman who stabbed Marat seemed to be of the same faction, or near it. What does it show, but that the nation holds assassination due to the slightest variation in a neighbour's creed from the opinion of him who has a dagger in his pocket? In such a conflagration of all virtues, all feeling, all humanity, all justice, and of all religion, who can dare to flatter himself that the angelic Madame Elizabeth will escape? Oh! nothing but the monsters making their tyranny intolerable, even to one another, will extirpate the hydra. Poor Mad. de Biron is still in prison, and is not allowed even a maid servant. It has been proposed to force every single woman to accept any man who offers to marry her; and this diabolic project is supposed to be aimed at the violation of the innocent young Princess, sister of the young King. But I load you with too many horrors—but alas! you would read them in the papers!

At night.

I have been with the Cambridge's, and saw him and both sons;* the hens were at roost, and did not appear. George had

* Richard and George Cambridge. The latter became Archdeacon of Middlesex.

just heard that *Egalité* is actually beheaded; comfortable news for the doctors of his sect, who may see that no crimes are a protection. Well, there is another atonement to the King and the Princesse de Lamballe, and no cordial to Mad. de Sillery and Pamela Fitzgerald.* No bloodshed, however, allays the national frenzy: they have now declared war with the Genoese. Oh! the more enemies they create the better—but I was grieved this morning to read in the papers that poor Jardin and his family have been taken by a French privateer, as they were going to Corunna.

I wish I could revive y^r^ spirits by any gayer scenes, but where to seek them, or how to blend them with the daily tragedies, with some of which one is forced to pay one's self for those one laments! Oh yes, one tragedy will furnish an agreeable paragraph. George Cambridge was last night at the first representation of Jerningham's new play, and I was delighted to hear that it was received with great applause and complete success, being very interesting. The Baviad has been useful to it, for there is no love in it. Mr. Cambridge desired me to tell you that there was one deficiency in it, i. e., y^r^ cousin *Miss Seton* should have played in it, for a Governor *Seton*, and his wife and two sons, are the principal personages.†

You will perhaps ask why I am still here in the middle of November? because in any other year, such a day as this fourteenth of November would have been thought very fine and warm in the end of August. I remember that at Florence they used to boast of their Stagione di San Martino—well, to be sure, the mornings were very clear and bright, but as cold and sharp as Greenland. Apropos, I see Lord Hood has been lecturing the little great Duke—very proper—I wish he had not been complaisant to that dirty fellow Paoli. I would not send a man to the latter, unless it were his panegyrist Boswell, whose pigmies always are giants, as the geese of others are swans.

When your codicil of visits begins, I suppose you will prepare

* Widow of Lord Edw. Fitzgerald, married, secondly, to M. Piscaire, died 1831, better known as Madame de Genlis.

† It was called 'The Siege of Berwick,' founded on the story of a remarkable siege of that place in early Scottish history, when it was valiantly defended by an ancestor of the name and family of Seton.

me for altering my directions. If I have no letter tomorrow, as I have no particular reason for expecting one, I shall send this away on its old route.

Friday noon.

I must close my letter, for I have none from you, nor is even the newspaper come yet; but what signifies whether the *True Briton* or I confirm or postpone the execution of Orleans? Stay, the paper arrives and says he is dead—ah! and so is a happy beauty at the top of her prosperity, Lady Westmorland.* The Doylies told me of her danger two days ago. I am sorry for her; I knew her a little before she went to Ireland, by seeing her often with my niece Lady Waldegrave, and liked her good humour, as well as admired her great beauty; but there is no moralizing more on change of fortune, after the enormous excess of it in the case of the Queen of France. Adieu!

Tuesday morning, Nov. 19, 1793.

As fast as I hear events that are worth sending to you, I begin my next letter: that not having been the case since my last, I this moment receive yours of the 16th, which sets me to answering—I suppose you expected it would set me to crying, but I shall disappoint you. In short, without grimace or forced irony, I approve of your protracting your stay, and giving so much pleasure to y^r^ good family.

My own motions are undecided yet. I was to have gone to Hampton last Saturday evening, the Johnstones celebrating their second grandson's baptism—no great occasion of joy, I think; but it rained so hard, and was so foggy, that I did not chuse a voyage over the heath. Sunday was as bad, and I resolved to go to London on Thursday; but yesterday and to-day have fallen on their knees, and beseeched me to stay a week longer, promising to be as fine as it has been these six months, and so indeed they are—as soft, and of a rich golden colour over all the trees, that Golconda is not more magnificent: however, *Nolito Frondi credere*—I will determine nothing, I will wait and see, and the delay in your return does not increase my impatience to be in town.

* Sarah Child, the first wife of the grandfather of the present Earl of Westmorland.

I am very sorry the papers have been so spitefull to the house of *Seton*; I have seen none of those criticisms; at Richmond all the reports have been very favorable.

The story of the Frenchman murdered and drowned is not fact, tho' founded in fact; but you know that I maintain that three parts in four of the articles in our newspapers are lies; and if the writers do get hold of a truth, they are sure of mixing it up with a blunder. The case was this: a young Frenchman with a portmanteau came to Richmond (not to Cross-deep), and wanted to go to Kingston, but did not know the way; two or three blackguards offered to show him the road, but when out of the town, robbed him of his knapsack, which frighting him, and he being strong and active, ran away as hard as he could, and saved himself, if they did intend worse.

I have answered y^r^ letter, and Mr. Berry I see grows impatient for news, but as I said in the beginning, I know nothing specific: the *True Briton* is not come in, and I dread it, expecting nothing but new murders and massacres. There is a French gentleman at Richmond, who had remained quiet at Paris till just now, but perceiving the destroying angel abroad, applied to Barrere, with whom he had been intimate, for a passport; Barrere, surprised at seeing him still there, felt a drop of pity on his red-hot heart, gave him the pass, but added, 'Depart directly, for we have gone so far, that *now* we must go through.' How far that may be, Moloch himself cannot guess. Of Orleans's exit I know no particulars, nor am I curious about so foul a wretch. The beheaded Sillery* was husband of the too well known woman of that name; she is in Switzerland, and so is that monster Condorcet, one of the worst of all, if there are any shades left in the hue of infernals.

It is believed that the Royalists in La Vendée have gained considerable advantages, tho' Barrere lately pronounced them demolished; but the Convention never utters a sentence of truth but when they publish their own barbarities. Lord Moira is said to be going on a secret expedition, and it is supposed to be to the coast of France, in hopes of assisting the Avengers.

The aspect northward is not so propitious. The King of Prussia is much suspected of being cooled; Ld Malmsberry

* Marquis de Sillery, Comte de Genlis, was executed Oct. 31, 1793.

is going to him, but if he does not carry more weight than the French can send, I shall not expect much from his address. I shall be glad not to prove a true prophet, tho' I have apprehended these six months, that unless very *substantial* acquisitions were made that would compensate the expence, a grand alliance would not hold out another year. I shall lament any disunion, yet one must not judge immediately from events: how did we grieve last year for the Duke of Brunswick's pause, yet by the tedious difficulty we have had in taking Valenciennes and Condé, and in *not* taking Dunkirk and Maubeuge, is not it plain that if that Duke (whom still I do not admire) had attempted to march to Paris, he w^d^ either never have gotten thither, or never have gotten back; yet there is no excuse to be made for his sacrificing the Emperor—and so his highness seems to think himself, for he has made none.

O'Hara is arrived at Toulon; and if it can be preserved, he will keep it.

The *True Briton* is come in, but without an important article.

I have written to my last minute, and told you all I know. Lady Westmorland's vast, enormously vast fortune, goes to her eldest daughter,* and will make Miss Scott but a middling heiress. Adieu!

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, Nov. 23, 2 o'clock, 1793.

There has been some delay or neglect, I don't know where or in whom, that I doubt may have occasioned some confusion. I received *here* on Tuesday last yours of the 16th announcing your present of yourselves to y^r^ Gr. M. for a week longer; I answered it with my approbation that very day, and told you I should go to London the next day but one for a couple of days; so I did, and am this moment returned, when I find on my table yours of the 14th, dirty and a little tumbled—so what happened to it, poor dear thing, I cannot tell; but suppose the postman or some servant had kept it in his pocket and forgotten it for half a week. It would be vain to inquire; one never gets anything but lies on such accidents. I am glad at least that it has reached me at last! without it I should not have known that I am to direct

* Sarah Sophia, afterwards Countess of Jersey.

this to Bransby—and super all, I would not lose one of y^r^ letters. I want no news; what I contrive to learn is more than half for y^r^ sakes, and what I wish from you is to be told that you ride and are both better. My Agnes, I trust, continues improving, tho' I wish you had told me so oftener of late.

My jaunt to town seemed at first to have been barren indeed. I called at Mrs. Damer's. She was gone to the play with the Marshal her father—then to the Churchills; they were at their new purchase at Lewisham—then to Mrs. Buller, not at home—then to Miss Farren; found her and La Signora Madre only. From them to Lady Bute, and there only Lady Lonsdale and old Lady Clavering, and for a moment Lady Erskine and her daughter. With y^r^ leave I thought I might as well have staid here. Things mended at night. I had been told in Sackvill Street that Mrs. Damer would probably bring her parent home to supper—and she did. Soon after arrived—Oh no! I have jumbled the two evenings—on Thursday there were only father and daughter; it was last night that the latter had collected the rest for me, who were, my niece Sophia, Mrs. Buller and her son, 'Mistress Buller,' and the Charming Man; and we had a pleasant supper. I congratulated the Charming highly on the success of his tragedy, and on his prologue, which I had seen in the papers and like; the epilogue they say is still better. All this put him in great spirits, and once or twice, *à propos de rien*, he blurted out one or two of his gross *nauvetés*. I believe you read nothing in your Yorkshire but Jacobin papers, for I have not seen a word against the tragedy or the Story of y^r^ Ancestors, and Mrs. D. says it has been abused only in two papers of that dye; and because there are compliments in the play or epilogue to the Duke of York, so Fame's quota is handsome. The Substantial I fear will answer worse. Mrs. Pope's illness has interrupted the career. That is a disadvantage; and Harris the manager has behaved most shabbily, and allows the poet but the sixth night instead of the third and sixth, because forsooth there are but four acts! This is an unprecedented innovation, to which the Charming should not have yielded; but he certainly was not born to squabble with a Jew—and besides, I could swear, would have given his play for nothing rather than not have it represented. It is to be played again on Wednesday, and the

Marshall and I are to go to town on purpose; Mrs. Damer will have a box.

You will be happy, I am sure, to know—perhaps have seen in the papers already, unless you see none but Jacobin prints—that poor Jardin and his family were *retaken* by a Spanish privateer from the French one who had taken them, and have been carried to the spot of their destination, Corunna—*vulgariceè*, the Groyne.

Well! but do I say nothing of the war? What cares Mr. Berry how many visits I made and found nobody at home? he had rather I had gone to the coffee-house or to Lord Onslow—patience, my good S^r^. To-night is but the vigil of a great deal. It has been known for some days that, tho' the foul fiend Barrere proclaimed to the Pandemonium above a fortnight ago that the Royalists in La Vendée were totally demolished, they have a very large army and have taken some important places. Our Ministers probably know much more than I do, for to-morow Lord Moira is to sail with a great force for the coast of France. St. Maloes is supposed the object, but no doubt that has not been told. He certainly carries ten thousand men and 400 *emigrés* from Jersey; the French General Conway goes with him, I heard of no other of the refugees. What fleet, military stores, &c., the papers will tell you; I cannot, who neither love details, nor remember them. Most anxious I shall be, and most zealous I am for the event—yet I am not sanguine. The Ministers seem to have waited till the crisis was mature—the measure of iniquity was certainly full, and I would hope has shocked thousands and ten thousands. Some of the wretches in the Convention you see have said they think they have gone far enough—I do not think they have, while they suffer one another to breathe; however, they have made a good beginning with Orleans, Brissot, &c. &c. &c.

Lord Moira's behaviour is noble; he offered himself for this service some months ago, and he has not, since his father's death, less, with the estates of Huntingdon, than 18,000*l.* a y^r^. Oh! but it is a joke to talk of a great fortune—why Miss Scott's is sunk to be of the second rate. The whole property of the Childs vests now in Lord Westmorland's eldest daughter; and Dent, Child's partner, says before she is of age (and she is not above six) the savings will be above a million, tho' Osterley and the seat in Staffordshire are to be kept up at the great expence as

in Mr. Child's life—the shop pays 25,000*l.* a year. I am glad the expence will continue, as the money will circulate, but I hope Catherine and the King of Prussia will not attempt a partition of the property.

Madame D'Arblay has written a pamphlet for the French clergy. I sent for it in town, and then forgot to bring it with me. I shall wait with patience till I go back, for Mrs. D. says it is a meer nothing.

Sunday night, 10 o'clock.

It cannot rain, but it thunders. I have had *another* letter from you to-day, and there is strong presumption that Lord Howe has taken six or seven French men-of-war of the line. My heart takes joy on the first, and my head will on the second, if confirmed; for they are in different departments, my heart presiding over *home* affairs, and my head over foreign. *Voici* the marrow of the rumour. A Lieutenant arrived yesterday at the Admiralty from Ld Howe, who, learning that part of the Brest fleet had sailed to meet and convoy their West Indiamen, his lordship, 26 strong, had set out post, and had actually got between the French and their coast, and last night and this morning all London was expecting a second dispatch, at least this evening. All I can do *here* is to listen for ringing of bells —they do not ring yet.

Well, now for your letter, which, in compliment to your curiosity, I postponed answering till I had tapped Lord Howe.

Y^r^ dear good Grandam! I hope you have told her over and over how much I approved of your visit to her; how constantly I have recommended y^r^ staying longer. Y^r^ gratitude and affection for her have always charmed me; and it is very natural that I should admire how two young women can show and feel such kindness and attentions to antediluvians!

Our weather it seems still continues better than yours; yesterday was as mild as April ought always to be, and to-day is better than most English Junes. The leaves all went at once, but being of so rich a hue, the garden looks like the country of El Dorado. You seem to apprehend that it will not be found intrinsically resembling; but I find that in y^r^ *Riding* of Yorkshire they read nothing but Jacobin journals. I like the account of y^r^ horse much better than of your politics. I shall not be able to report his health to y^r^ friends near the ferry, whom I am not

likely to see again this season. I am still less likely to connect with y^r^ Mrs. Osbaldiston—mercy on us! why she has ten children —I would as soon visit a boarding dame at Eton School. Lady Poulet's house would not hold her and her brood, so she has hired Dr. Duval's parsonage, which is much less, so her progeny, I suppose, are to go to grass upon the glebe. She can have the house but for seven months, and pays extravagantly for it, 100 guineas.

Monday.

I have waited to the last minute of the post time for news or the newspaper, and neither come. Is this a good symptom or a bad one?

Berkeley Square, Nov. 30, 1793.

I will send you no more victories of Lord Howe till he sends them himself. In what a hubbub have we been kept—aye, and still are, ever since this day se'nnight, when we were told he was catching six of the Brest fleet. Every moment we expected to see him sailing into St. James's with six French men-of-war tied to his chariot's wheels, and dragging their West India fleet in tow. Then came an account from two of his own squadron that had left him actually boxing with two French ships, and then—and then—a dead silence. Not a cockboat as big as you can see from Dover Cliff has come in with a syllable for five days! All the town has been running about, asking, guessing, conjecturing, and spreading imaginary reports. 'Any news of Lord Howe? What! no news yet!' Well! this morning a Danish or Dutch ship has told somebody, who has told everybody, who have told the *True Briton*, who has just told me, that Lord Howe has taken five men-of-war, and will be here with them presently. If they come by here before this must go to the post, you shall know; if not, you must scold the east wind, they say, or learn what you can from y^r^ Jacobin newspapers, who will not tell you a word of truth as long as they can help it. I must go talk of something that interests me more than random rumours.

I have seen y^r^ servant John, who gives me an excellent account of you both, and last night I received y^r^ short letter of the 25th. I thank you most cordially for letting me hear so frequently. My Agnes I know does not love writing, yet methinks I should like now and then to see a line from her dear

hand, were it but in a postscript. The volumes I send you are my great occupation, yet I shall be most heartily glad when I shall have no longer occasion to dispatch them; besides the best cause of their cessation, my poor lame fingers have no great delight in the business. I supped at Mrs. Damer's last night with the D^ss^ of Richmond, Lord Derby, the Farrens, and y^r^ grandsire's historian,* and shall go to Lady Lucan's† this evening to meet Mr. Burke and Mr. Gibbon,—I will not indulge its unwillingness, tho' I plead it to any other occasional correspondent and employ Kirgate; but I really should be ashamed to dictate even to him all the trumpery that I write to you, because I write to you two just as I should talk—the only comfortable kind of letters.

Poor Lady Harriot Conyers is dead. Sr Charles Bladdon is returned alone, having been extremely ill. He looks ill, and is much emaciated, yet recovered. He inquired after you both with great zeal, which I liked.

The night before last I met at Lady Bute's the Pope's Nuncio, Mr. Erskine, who told us this story. The Roman mob last year, when threatened by the fiends at Paris, rose and murdered a Frenchman. His Holiness sent a monsignore in his coach to appease the tumult, but he could not prevail. The people insisted on the expulsion of all the Gauls, and a very sensible *tribune* leant on the window of the coach, and argued with the Legate, who at last said, 'But you should not confound all the French together; there are some good and some bad.' 'Very well,' said the plebeian orator, 'but you must tell our holy Father, that unless he sends away *all* the French, we *will* dispatch them, and send the good to heaven and the bad to the devil.'

As soon as we *find* Lord Howe, we shall transfer our anxiety and curiosity to Lord Moira. An English captain of a sloop, who was one of the 250 prisoners of ours that were transferred from Dinant to St. Maloes before they were sent away to Guernsey, has deposed before our Cabinet that, complaining of the badness of the bread with which they were fed while confined at the latter, the chief of the guard said, 'You are not worse treated than we ourselves,' and showed him a black loaf composed half of

* Meaning Mr. Jerningham, author of 'The Siege of Berwick.'
† Grandmother of the present Earl of Lucan.

Half an hour after Three.

I have this moment seen a person who has just been at the Secretary's Office, where they know no more of Lord Howe than the man in the moon, or perhaps not so much, for there they say all *lost* things are deposited. So I will go and be dressed, and you must satisfy yourself with being sure that you know as much as all London. Adieu!

[Berkeley Square, Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1793.

I begin my last letter to Bransby that I may have it ready to send away the moment I shall have anything worth telling. What is become of Lord Howe and Co. you may guess if you please, as everybody is doing.

I am weary of conjectures,

but shall not end them like Cato, because I take the fate of a whole fleet a little more likely to come to a solution than doubts in metaphysics; and if Lord Howe should at last bring home two or three French men-of-war, one would not be out of the way to receive them. In the mean time let us chat as if the destiny of half Europe were not at this moment in agitation.

On Sunday night I found the Comte de Coigni* at Lady *Lucan's*. He was to set out the next morning with Lord Moira's expedition as *a common soldier*. This sounded decent and well; but you may guess that he had squeezed a little Frenchism into his intention, and had asked for a vessel and some soldiers to attend him. I don't know whether he has condescended to go without them. I asked him about his daughter;† he said he did not believe she is in prison: others say it is the Duchess de *Fleury*, her mother-in-law. I have been surprised at not seeing or hearing anything of poor Fleury,‡ but I am told he has been forced to abscond, having narrowly escaped being arrested by a coachmaker to whom he owed 500*l.* for carriages, which, to be sure, he must have had, or bespoken at Paris before the Revolution.]

Just as I had written the above, a ridiculous accident happened. The postman brought me a letter, directed as he thought

* Younger brother to the Duc de Coigni, the Grand Ecuyer of Marie Antoinette, and great uncle to the present Duc de Coigni.—*M.B.*

† The Duchess de Fleury.

‡ The Duc de Fleury, the Comte de Coigni's son-in-law.

to me, the predominant feature on which was Berkeley Square, with my name not quite so distinct. I opened, and found another within *for Lady Orford*, so plain as I thought, that tho' my surprise made me look at it again, I still saw nothing but *to Lady Orford*. You know my extreme stupidity when I have taken anything into my head or my eyes. I had no more doubt of having seen *Lady Orford* than if I had written those words designedly myself. The next step was to conclude that this was some joke, and that *you* was the person meant. I tore it open, and tho' in the second line stood Lady *Oxford*, so strongly had my fancy taken possession of me, that tho' the letter consisting of four sides of congratulations on her ladyship's recent marriage, I could perceive nothing but a dull joke, as I still supposed it, till in the fourth page appeared *Lady Oxford* in still larger letters than all the rest. I have no excuse for my blunders, but that on both directions the *x* was so ill marked, or rather only half of it, that it looked on a reinspection more like an *r* than an *x*, and being coupled with Berkeley Square, where Ld Oxford does not reside, it appeared indubitably designed for me: nor indeed did Lord Oxford, whom I never saw, nor ever heard mentioned, and whose late marriage which I think I did see in the papers, but did not in the least recollect, come into my head; tho' above a year ago something of the same kind happened, when his steward sent me accounts of the races at Hereford: but I am not apt to recollect things and people about whom I don't care a straw; for *you* are sensible how much I care, or not at all. I bundled up my blunders with a million of humble excuses to their lordship and ladyship; but I wish the man would have a house in London, or I am very capable of being in the scrape again, as I seldom remember to read a direction, nor can treasure up in mind I don't know who's colts or weddings.

Sophia came to me just after I had sent my packet to the post. Had she arrived half an hour earlier, would it have been very unlike me to imagine that the letter to Lady *Orford* was wit of hers, and that she came to see what effect it had? I am very glad I did not make that mistake too; I fear I should not have been so indifferent about it.

[Thursday, noon.

Yesterday came a letter to the Admiralty from Penzance, notifying that Lord Howe has taken five of the Brest squadron.

3 o'clock.

Another account is come to Mrs. Nugent* from her husband, with the same story of the five captive French men-of-war, and so that reading is admitted; but for my part, I will admit nothing but under Lord Howe's own hand. It is tiresome to be like the scene in 'Amphitryon,' and cry one minute, 'Obvious, obvious,' and the next, 'Dubious, dubious.' Such fluctuability is fit only for a stockjobber. Adieu! I must dress and dine, or I shall not be ready to wait on y^r^ grandfather Seton.]

Wednesday, past 11 at night, Dec. 6, 1793.

That there may have been such persons as King Arthur, and the Wandering Jew, and Lord Howe and his fleet, I will not take on me to deny; yet as History is silent on what became of them, I will not easily credit their re-existence. I know I have been told late this evening that signals of a fleet have been seen off Plymouth, supposed to be Lord Howe's; but as it is also supposed that he had no French captures with him, I don't see why this should be imagined, unless more is known than has come to my knowledge; and there I must leave this mystery till to-morrow.

I hope to have a letter from you then with a new direction, for that to *Bransby*† I trust is obsolete. As no grandmother is any longer an obstacle, I unchain my impatience, which has behaved like an angel, and I shall begin to look for signals from Highgate Hill.

I went last night to the Charming's tragedy,‡ and most sincerely found it much superior to my expectation. The language is very good; there are pretty similes and allusions, no bombast, nothing low, and *the ordonnance* well contrived. It seldom languishes, and a scene of generous contention between *your* two uncles really fine. Mrs. Pope plays admirably, and was extremely applauded; the men do not shine, but the whole was well received, without a single murmur against any part. Y^r^ pretty friend Mrs. Stanhope was in our box, and supped with us afterwards at Mrs. Damer's, charging me to say much for her to you. Well! there have I been twice at the play

* The wife of Admiral Nugent.—*M.B.*

† The seat of Francis Cholmeley, Esq., in Yorkshire.—*M.B.*

‡ He means Mr. Jerningham's play, 'The Siege of Berwick.'—*M.B.*

this week! I confess I felt very comfortably this morning, knowing I was not to go to the play again to-night. I had not the least difficulty in getting in or out at either theatre, nor was fatigued; but I do not like exhibiting my antiquity in public: it looks as if I forgot it.

Monday morning.

I had no letter from you on Saturday as I expected, with directions for a new direction; and if I receive none to-day, as I begin to fear I shall not, it being past twelve, I shall not venture this till to-morow, not being sure where you are, tho' Mrs. D. risked one on Saturday to York with the newspaper, and I desired her to say I would write to-day. If I do not, it is your fault who promised me a direction.

This letter, tho' begun three days ago, will clear up no mystery, for no news yet from Lord Howe. All we know is, that he did not get up with the five French ships, for they escaped him and are returned to Brest. You may perhaps expect a little from Lord Moira, the French having had time to guard all the coast, and the Royalists of La Vendée, tho' they have twice again very lately beaten the Republicans, being retired to the Loire. Not a tittle do I know of other news of foreign or home consumption.

Past one.

I this moment receive the double letter from Dear Both—but suppose I shall be able to say little to it, tho' its *Doublicity* (for I had rather forge a word than use one so repugnant to our triple veracity as Duplicity) makes it twice as welcome as its predecessors; but it is the hour when my coffee-house generally opens, and I expect to be interrupted, and have heard nothing to add within this half hour. My Agnes's letter is exactly like her modesty about her own drawings, always depreciating herself; but I am not blind to the merit of her pencil or pen, as I was to the letter for Lady Oxford, who I am told is not yet so. Had I known the marriage not yet solemnized, I should have been still more persuaded that it was levelled at one of you.

You bid me direct to the post office at York. Hark!—somebody knocks! It was the Duchess of Gloucester,* and she has staid so late, I must hurry and finish, only that I cannot forget

* His niece, one of the daughters of his brother, Sir Edward Walpole.

what it is so important to me to ask—you bid me direct to York till I direct my coachman to Audley Street. Why? are you to arrive in a balloon! are you to stop no where? You tell me to expect you on Wednesday or Thursday sevennight; but there is no date to Agnes's or your half of the double letter, which I conclude was written on Saturday, but by not mentioning on what day you are to set out, nor how long you propose being on the road, can I guess how long I may direct to York? I am to sup in Sackville Street* to-night, and will learn, if I can, greater certainty. Well, the middle or end of next week (for I will allow for accidental delays) will I trust put an end to difficulties of correspondence, and to correspondence *by letters*. Adieu!

[Dec. 13, 1793.

You will not wonder at my dullness about the time of y^r^ setting out, and of the *gîtes* you are to make on the road; you are used to my fits of incomprehension; and, as is natural at my age, I believe they increase. If I believed Lord Howe's success too rapidly, you have seen by all the newspapers that both the Ministers and the public were equally credulous from the collateral channels that imported such assertions. Well! if you have been disappointed of capturing five or six French men-of-war, you must at present stay y^r^ appetite by some handsome slices of St. Domingo, and by plentiful goblets of French blood shed by the Duke of Brunswick, which we firmly believe, tho' the official intelligence was not arrived last night (Thursday). His Highness, who has been so serene for above a year, seems to have waked to some purpose; and, which is not less propitious, his victory indicates that his principal, the King of Prussia, has added no more French jewels to his regalia. I shall like to hear the National Convention accuse him of being bribed by a contrary *Pitt's* diamond.]

If you have seen in the papers the relation of Lady Wallace's brutality to Lady Dashwood, you know how well qualified she was to be an advocate for Dumourier: at Paris she might have been aide-de-camp to Mlle. Theroign. Are such furies of the same species, of the same sex with the unparalleled Marie Antoinette?

[I have a card from the Margravine to sup at Hammersmith

* Where Mrs. Damer then lived.

on Tuesday, whither I shall certainly not go. Do you think, if the whole circle of Princes in Westphalia were to ask me for *next Thursday evening*,* that I would accept the invitation?]

You will wonder perhaps that I have tumbled to tittle-tattle, and not dropped a syllable on Lord Moira and Toulon: in fact I know nothing positive about either—am very sanguine about neither. My hopes are that the Convention will be distracted, and not know which of their armies they may venture to diminish to support the most urgent.

[Saturday, Dec. 14, 1793.

I am not going to dis-laurel the Duke of Brunswick, but not a sprig is yet come in confirmation. Military critics even conjecture, by the journals from Manheim and Francfort, that the German victories have not been much more than repulses of the French, and have been bought dearly. I confess my best hopes are from the Factions at Paris—if the gangreen does not gain the core, how calculate the duration? One wonders now that France, in its totality, was not more fatal to Europe than even it was. Is not it astonishing that after five years of such havoc, such emigrations, expulsions, massacres, annihilation of commerce, evanition of specie, and real or impending famine, they can still furnish and support armies against us and the Austrians in Flanders, against the Duke of Brunswick and Wurmser, against us at Toulon, against the King of Sardinia, against Spain, against the Royalist in La Vendée, and along the coast, against our expedition under Lord Moira; and tho' we have got fifteen of their men-of-war at Toulon, they have sixteen or more at Brest, and are still impertinent with a fry of privateers. Consider too that all this spirit is kept up by the most extravagant lies, delusions, rodomontade; by the extirpation of the usual root of enthusiasm, religion, and by the terror of murder, that ought to revolt all mankind. If such a system of destruction does not destroy itself, there is an end of that *ignis futuus*; human reason and French policy must govern, or exterminate mankind.

I this moment received your Thursday's note, and with those sweet words 'You need not leave a card, we shall be at home.' I do not believe I shall send you an excuse.

* The evening the Miss Berrys were to arrive.

The Marshal (Conway) has stepped in to tell me he has just met his nephew L[d] Yarmouth, who has received a letter from a foreign Minister at Manheim, who asserts all the D. of Brunswick's victories and the destruction or dispersion of the French army in that quarter. The Earl maintains that the King of Prussia's politics are totally changed to the right, and that 18,000 more of his troops have joined the Allies. I should like to know and to have the Convention know that the murder of the Queen of France has operated this revulsion. . . .

There! there end my volumes to my great satisfaction! If we are to have any bonfires or illuminations, you will be here to light them yourselves. Adieu to Yorkshire!]

P.S.—As I was going to fold my letter, Lord Derby and Miss Farren came in: from good breeding I was dumb on politics; at last, she asked me if any news? I said coolly, as if relating some trifle, 'The D. of Brunswick has totally dispersed the French army.' The Earl's circular face became oblong. I added with the same composure, 'and the King of Prussia has taken his part decidedly.' The Earl said, 'I suppose he is well paid for it.' And then to comfort himself, added, 'Macbride says L[d] Moira must return,'—which I do not believe.

In the month of December this active correspondence closed between Lord Orford and the Miss Berrys; and the following lines, signed 'O,' though not dated, were probably addressed to his pen on this occasion:—

TO

MY PEN,

ON THE CESSATION OF OUR CORRESPONDENCE BY HER RETURN.

Here rest thou, faithful servant of my heart!
With thanks I quit thee, though rejoic'd to part.
Thou kind one, hast a tongue to absence lent,
And almost chear'd regret into content,
For while each thought of mine thou hast conveyed,
A pen still kinder has each note repaid;
And thus, while distance urg'd its tyrant laws,
Our converse scarce appear'd to feel a pause;
Yet now thy freedom I with joy restore,
And thy fond service hope to ask no more.

To Miss B. O.

The lines addressed to one of Miss Berry's own pens, by Mr. Edward Jerningham,* may properly be here introduced, though written on new year's day.

LINES WRITTEN BY ONE OF HER OWN PENS.

TO MISS BERRY.

Though wit's bright sun your sportful thoughts display,
And through your converse dart a dazzling ray!
Yet still we praise thy magic's softer pow'r
When easy friendship smooths the social hour!
When o'er another's pain you pour the balm,
And round your bow'r diffuse a heartfelt calm!
Thus in your summer mind at once are seen
Italia's skies and Albion's soothing green!

Jan. 1, 1793.

* Edward Jerningham, so often alluded to as 'the charming man,' was born 1727, of a Roman Catholic family. He was educated at Douay and at Paris. His first work was the poem in favour of the Magdalen Hospital; his best was the 'Rise and Progress of Scandinavian Poetry.' A collection of his poetical dramas was published in 1806. Died 1812. He lived in intimacy with the most distinguished literary men of his times.—*Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography.*

LETTERS.

1794.

Miss Berry's entry for this year is—'Agnes went to Cheltenham with Mrs. Lockhart. We were a month at Prospect House, Isle of Thanet.'

The correspondence with Lord Orford continued frequent as ever, when, by his removal to London, or by their excursions elsewhere, the inmates of Strawberry Hill and its little appendage were separated. The first of these epistles is dated April 16th.* The two next are as follows:—

April 21, 1704.

You are most kind indeed in offering to come to town for me, but you certainly shall not. I will not inveigle you from Cliveden when the verdure, blossoms, and weather are in perfection. In this country we should always take summer by its forelock, tho' it may claim its waiting, like the groom of the stole, out of the regular course. We may have no more sunshine before our faithfull October. I can force myself to go out in an evening if I will. I was at Mrs. Damer's last night, and staid till they went to supper, and was not fatigued. There were her parents, the House of Argyll, the Greatheads, Mrs. Hervey, and the Charming Man—and not a spoonfull of news. To-day I have seen nobody yet, but it is only one o'clock, and I have been airing in my coach as far as Fulham.

I have found on my table a rhapsody in verse on my recovery, so extravagant that, added to the post-mark *Isleworth*, it can come from no mortal but our neighbour whose Cupid from the top of his gazebo was drowned. I must give you a slight sketch: Science begs Jove to spare my life; Jove is very

* Published in 1846.

willing; but not being so omnipotent as Science and you perhaps imagined, he calls for his household gods, his *Lares*; and who do you think they were? why Chiron and Esculapius, and *Hermes* (it is lucky for my reputation, as Mr. Courtney talks of *the fire of my old age*,) that he did not call Mercury! The Trinity of Lares *herbalize* the plains of Thessaly, but find no plants good against gout. So, while such pagan efforts fruitless prove,

The God of Mercy pities feeble Jove.

I am really ashamed to transcribe such abominable nonsense. The conclusion is as absurd, but not so entertaining; it says, I

Each theologic sect can calmly view,
And, uncorrupted, relish but the true, &c.

It is refreshing to read Mr. Courtney's satire after such flattery. Marshal Conway came in as

My bane and antidote were both before me;

I showed him both, and he would have had a copy of the panegyric, as perfect in its kind, but I thought it not fair to expose my poet laureat farther. The Marshal bids me tell you that however proud you may be of your nightingales, they have as large a colony at Park Place. He brought me the complete conquest of Martinico, with the capture of an hundred merchantmen and other vessels, and an enormous quantity of stores.

There! I shall wait for nothing more. I think I send you enough, as my Advertiser is daily.

Strawberry Hill, May Day, 1794.

I will come out of town ten times to my going thither once (as a tutor at Cambridge said to his pupils, scolding them for leaving their chambers and studies so often, and going out of college), if it brings such good luck and good news. Yesterday, as I got into my coach, I received the extraordinary gazette, without a mouthfull of success, and a miscarriage of half the victory by the non-arrival of General Mansel, who at last, poor man! I find came too soon for himself. At night, John had been in Twickenham, and heard that a courier galloped thro' the village as fast as he could considering that he was loaded

with a stack of laurels that he was carrying to the Duchess of York to make bonfires at Oatlands. I knew not for what, till on my breakfast-table just now I found y^r^ welcome letter, and another from Marshal Conway confirming the great victory, the prodigious number of cannon taken, our small loss, and the capture of the French general—as fortunate for him as Mansel was unlucky, for the Jacobin commander would certainly have been guillotined. As their attack was meant to save the town, I conclude Lendrecies will be, as Mrs. Piozzi calls everything that is *not* so, *the exergue* of our victory. As I have bushels of may, tho' no milkmaids as you are not at Cliveden, I shall make a garland for myself; and as I cannot yet dance, I shall sit and hear the nightingale sing its country dance, as I did last night.

The Abbé Nichols is in favour with me for carrying the good news to you. Did he not seem quite an émigré, hoping he should soon be restored to his chanoinie at Paris? I shall not carry my congratulations to *the water-side here*. I believe Lally is already restored to more than he ever had.

I shall be glad to hear what you have learnt of Mr. Gibbon's MSS.; but that will not be before Saturday. Tho' the verdure is not brilliant from want of rain, I do not think of returning sooner. That evening, I conclude, you will go to hear the Banti — but perhaps you may call for a moment. I am so delighted with being here again, that I do not like to lessen my term. Adieu!

That of July 31st is addressed to Miss Agnes, then on a visit to Cheltenham.

Strawberry Hill, July 31, 1794.

The longer I know you, my sweet Agnes, the more I find new reasons for loving you, as I do most cordially. You threatened not to write, and I have already received a charming letter from you; and now, as you never disimprove, I am confident you will let me hear from you sometimes, tho' I will not be exacting, nor expect you to do what you do not love, especially as I shall hear accounts of you from Mary; for you cannot help writing to one you have constantly talked to ever since you was born. What I shall most and earnestly wish to hear is, that you mend fast —and then I shall not regret your absence.

Y^r^ father and sister arrived soon after seven yesterday even-

ing. I did not expect them so soon, concluding they would be pressed to stay longer at Park-place, and would be frail. They have found the alterations to the house advanced rapidly—but those details I shall leave to Mary.

I am quite happy with the favorable account you received of dear grandmama. I have received no letters for either of you since, but yours for Mary to-day. Nor have I a tittle to tell you, but that I dined with Lady Cecilia at Hampton on Tuesday, with Mesdames Wray and Jefferies and the Wheelers, who returned to Richmond by 8 o'clock in dread of Lady Bute's footpads, who have scared the whole neighbourhood. In the evening came a whole cacklehood from the Palace.

Y^r^ sister is as much delighted with Oxford as I expected she would be, struck with profound respect for Blenheim, as was fit, but not a quarter so delighted with Nuneham as I am—and she forgot to ask to see the room with my tapestry.

I am glad you are comfortably lodged, and don't much lament your want of prospect. You will return with the more satisfaction to Cliveden.

Your pussy is enchanting. With all the graces of her kind, she has all the sense of a dog. She literally comes when I call her, tho' above stairs, follows me wherever I go without being called, and meets me when I come home. Still I shall wean myself from her, as it is time for me to do from everything, if I can, but shall not restore her till you are resettled—at least, not till the workmen are out of your house.

I know nothing from the Continent, but that armies retire before the infernals, and that there has been a new butchery at Paris, in which, amongst more than 40, the Princess d'Hennin's husband has lost his head—but I will say no more of those horrors; I wish I could help thinking on them!

Y^r^ sister will tell you, with truth, that I am quite well, and enjoy this immortal summer, tho' we have lost all verdure and a great many leaves. We have had some hours of rain on Sunday, but it made no impression on the turf.

My duty to my *silent humble* relation, and my love to her really good daughter, tho' I don't insist on your delivering either. I say nothing as a conclusion from myself, for I trust all my actions and all my letters tell you how much I am

Y^rs^

O.

In September, the Miss Berrys took up their residence at Prospect House, near Broadstairs. Miss Berry's first letter from thence to Mrs. Damer alludes to their meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Greathead* (of Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire), of whom she often makes mention in subsequent letters and journals, and whose friendship she so highly valued through life.

From Miss Berry to a Friend.

Prospect House, Sept. 1, 1794.

What jolly souls, as you truly say, are the Greatheads! We dined with them yesterday with such an Irish, vulgar, acting Capt. Ashe! who we are to see act 'Hamlet,' at the Margate Theatre on Tuesday next. Such singing, such wit, such laughter; and they, good-humoured creatures, so enjoying it! But do not pity me and suppose that *I* did otherwise. When I am neither morally nor physically unwell, as few people observe more, so nobody can be more entertained with this sort of accidental society, marked with *any* character of *any* kind. It is all food for my mind and while I can have the blessing of being able to digest that food, with one or two kindred souls, whose perfections it enables me the more truly to appreciate, and the more highly to value, I trust I shall never lose my taste for it.

The first letters preserved from Lord Orford to the Miss Berrys of the month of September are of the 21st and 24th.

Sunday, Sept. 21, 1794.

I begin my Journal to-day, tho' only the eve of its departure, and tho' I have nothing new to tell you from Europe or from Strawberry-hill, but much from the circumambient district, for the marauders have begun their courses again. A young Mr. Digby, who lodges in Twickenham near Mrs. Duane, was, with another gentleman, in a post-chaise robbed *at one o'clock at noon* by two footpads on the heath just beyond Whitton. The son of the maltster here by the post house, ditto robbed by

* Mr. Berry appears to have been on terms of intimacy with Mr. Greathead as far back as 1790, when he writes to him from Florence.

ditto;—but, on inquiry, this happened at Kennington Common, where they are more apt to be hanged than to rob,—however I shall grow uneasy when you return.

My nieces the Lisles and Miss Hotham dined here yesterday, as you knew they were to do, and I had judged well, for the last saved me all expence in conversation. At night I went to Lady Onslow's, at Richmond, and came back unrobbed. There I found the elder, not Agnes's, Darrell, who was very civil about her, but, unlike his brother, was much more struck with her companion, whom he took for her aunt, and thought extremely agreeable. I cannot say I ever was of his opinion, was I?—even before she spoiled our meeting at Park Place.

Ten at night.

Yesterday was most tempestuously windy, but to-day has been warm and fine, and I trust you have had a pleasant journey. Tell me how you like your new habitation, and if you find it comfortable; but do not go and prefer the ocean to the poor Thames!

Maugre banditti, I have been at Lady Bute's door this evening, but she was not well enough to see me; and I returned with my purse and watch in my pocket. Since that I have been sitting with the Doyleys—and there must end my letter, for I shall certainly hear nothing to-morow before the post goes out, and only write now in husbandly obedience, as I will again, as soon as I know anything that will give body to a paragraph.

I beg of you both to return revived and looking as fresh as Agnes did from Cheltenham, and then I shall not lament my involuntary widowhood, for I do not wish, as Lady Wishort says, for any iteration of nuptials, nor to have an opportunity of expressing myself like a tender husband of whom I have just been reading in Lysons, who set up as a tomb for his wife with this epitaph, 'Joan le Feme Thomas de Frowicke gist icy, et le dit Thomas pense de giser aveque luy.' You see folks were not so delicate in that age as we are, tho' to *sleep* with the departed would have been even a more scriptural phrase, and more in the style of our good ancestors, qui n'entendoient pas raillerie en tout, as the French have done of late years. Good night, sans raillerie, le feme Marie and le feme Agnes, &c.

HORACE DE OXFORD.

Monday morning.

In the new edition of the *History of Highwaymen*, for Mr. Digby & Co., 'Robbed in a post-chaise by two footpads;' read, 'Robbed, as he was walking alone on the heath, by two highwaymen.' As Truth lies at the bottom of a well, the first who dips for her seldom lets the bucket down low enough.

Wedn., Sept. 24, 1794, near one.

I have received y^r^ long letter from Prospect-house and thank you most kindly for it, but cannot answer it now, for the Churchills are here in the room while I write; it has rained heavily ever since breakfast, and they can neither go out in their chaise which they had ordered, nor into the garden; and just as I was going to begin my letter, the newspaper came in, and he has been reading it aloud to us paragraph by paragraph, half of which are full of bad news, of retreats of our army, of the capture of our Mediterranean fleet by the French, and, what I think as bad as anything for Europe, of the King of Prussia having been forced to raise the siege of Warsaw. Before I could digest half this, he came to a sale of milch cows—I don't mean the King of Prussia, nor that we are again one of his milch cows; but Mr. Churchill, who wants some for Lewisham, and has been reading of them to his wife, till I have not a clear idea left, but about y^r^ bad post-horses, and y^r^ liking y^r^ new residence, at which I rejoice. Canterbury I know by heart. It was the chief fund of my chimney-pieces and other morsels. The tomb of the Black Prince I have no doubt being of the time; his father's and mother's figures in the Abbey are also bronze and well executed, and the first posterior to his son's, as also that of Richard IInd, and of Henry IVth, that you saw at Canterbury. By St. Austin's gate I constantly passed as I went to Mr. Barret's, and admired as you do so justly.

Horace Churchill dined and supped with us yesterday. This evening we shall go to the Doileys, so I shall not have a moment to myself to do what I like best—writing to you. My kin leave me to-morow, and the Marshal, who has been in town to embark some more of his men for Holland—to make a better mouthfull for the French, is to come to me till next morning, and on Friday I shall go to town myself to receive my money, so I know not when I shall be able to write before Saturday or Sunday—and

oh! alas! here is Mrs. Wheeler and her sister, and I must finish, assuring you I am perfectly well, as I hope you both are.—Adieu!

In his letter of the 27th, he adverts to that constant theme of his advancing age—the fear of being too exacting—in his wonted tone of half melancholy, half pleasantry.

[Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, Saturday night, 1794.

I am now alone, having reserved this evening to answer your long and Agnes's short letters, but in this single one to both, for I have not matter enough for a separate maintenance.

I went yesterday evening to Mrs. Damer, and had a glimpse of her new house—literally a glimpse, for I saw but one room on the first floor, where she had lighted a fire, that I might not mount two flights; and as it was eight o'clock, and quite dark, she only opened a door or two, and gave me a *cat's eye* view into them. One blemish I had descried at first—the house has a corner arrival like her father's. Ah me! who do not love to be led thro' the public! I did see the new bust of Mrs. Siddons, and a very mistressly performance it is indeed.]

Apropos, Miss Farren is missing. She is known to have landed last Sunday—not a word from her since, which makes one—ay, and two—fear that she is ill on the road. Were it her mother, she herself would have written.

From Mrs. D. I went to my sister's, where I found Sophia, Lady Englefield, Mrs. and Miss Egerton, and Mr. Falkener. Played cribbage with them, and sat by while they supped. This is not only the whole of my private history, but of the world's too, as far as it has informed me, except that Lord Southampton does not go to fetch the future Princess of Wales, precedents having sworn that by their books, it is clear that it must be her chamberlain, tho' she has none before she is she; and he, they say, is to be Lord Pembroke—a very good choice. Lady Worcester, Lady Weymouth, and Lady Parker are kissing the public's hand for the bedchamber, and the two first will probably kiss *tout de bon*—of the third's chance I know nothing.

[Mrs. D. was surprised at my saying I should expect you after another week. She said you had not talked of returning near so soon. I did not mention this as if to gainsay your

intention: on the contrary, I hope and beg you will stay as long as either of you thinks she finds the least benefit from it—and after that too, as long as you both like to stay. . . . It is natural for me to delight in your company, but I do not even wish for it if it lays you under any restraint. I have lived a thousand years to little purpose, if I have not learnt that half a century more than the age of one's friends is not an *agrément de plus.*]

Tho' I should not doctrinate myself with these wholesome reflections, as I think you will do me the justice to own I am frequently doing, (tho' perhaps I may not practise all I preach to myself,) still I should not want monitors, who ever and again cry

Poor Anacreon, thou'rt grown old!

I was diverted a few days ago with a paragraph in the *True Briton*, which, supposing that the Prince is to reside at Hampton Court, said that, as there is a theatre and a tennis court in the Palace, Twickenham will not want a succession of company, even when the *venerable* Earl of Orford shall be no more. I little thought I was as attractive as a theatre or a tennis court, or served in lieu of them. Pray, Lady Leah and Lady Rachel, venerate y^r^ Methusalem!

What an odd creature Mr. Rhymer is! I am glad he did not propose again that his Dollyhymnia should dine with you too.

[I wish you had seen Canterbury some years ago, before they whitewashed it; for it is so coarsely daubed, and thence the gloom is so totally destroyed, and so few tombs remain for so vast a mass, that I was shocked at the nudity of the whole.

[Sunday night, 28.

I have received another letter from dear Mary of the 26th, and here is one for sweet Agnes inclosed. By her account of Broadstairs, I thought you at the North Pole; but if you are, the whales must be metamorphosed into gigs and whiskies, or split into them, as heathen gods would have done, or Rich the harlequin. You talk of Margate, but say nothing of Kingsgate, where Charles Fox's father scattered buildings of all sorts, but in no style of architecture that ever appeared before or has

since, and with no connection with or to one another, and in all directions; and yet the oddity and number made that naked tho' fertile soil smile and look cheerful.] Do you remember Gray's bitter lines on him, and his vagaries and history?

[I wish on your return, if in good weather, you would contrive to visit Mr. Barrett's, at Lee; it is but four miles from Canterbury. You will see a child of Strawberry prettier than the parent, and so executed and so finished! There is a delicious closet too, so flattering to me! and a prior's library so antique, and that does such honour to Mr. Wyat's taste! Mr. Barrett, I am sure, would be happy to show his house to you; and I know if you tell him that I beg it, he will produce the portrait of Anne of Cleves by Holbein, in the identic ivory box turned, like a Provence rose,* as it was brought over for Henry 8th. It will be a great favour, and it must be a fine day, for it lives in cotton and clover, and he justly dreads exposing it to any damp. He has some other good pictures, and the whole place is very pretty, tho' retired.

The Sunday's paper announces a dismal defeat of Clairfait; and now, if true, no doubt the French will drive the Duke of York into Holland, and then into the sea!—ora pro nobis!]

The following letter from Miss Berry bears the same date as the preceding one from Lord Orford. The same paragraph in the newspaper respecting the Prince of Wales seems to have equally amused Lord Orford and his correspondent.

Prospect House, Sunday night, Sept. 28, 1794.

I did not suppose that the Prince of Wales was likely to become your *successor* in anything, till the newspapers told me so. The enclosed paragraph, which we cut out of the *Times* the other day, amused us all not a little.

The storm has at last ceased here, and we have seen one fine calm day, which, I assure you, appears to great advantage on our boundless prospect. We were at Ramsgate in the morning, which is, of all the *gates* in this neighbourhood, by far the prettiest, I think; and since dinner have walked to one of

* Afterwards Sir Saml. Rush Meyrick, and in 1858 was at Goodrich Castle, Herefordshire. It is marvellously fine.—*Cunningham.*

Lord Holland's strange, would-be Gothick buildings at Kingsgate. We are so far both from the two metropolises of Margate and Ramsgate, that having as yet had no inducement strong enough to take us out three miles in cold dark nights, we have spent every evening at home and alone, except last night, when we dined at Broadstairs, our nearest town, with a Scotch Lord and L^y^ Balgonie, people who we never visited before; but as they belong to the county in Scotland to which we *ought* to have belonged, and have been very civil to us, we wished to be the same. Your *favourite*, Ld Galloway, was one of the party, and I have got a headache to-day by dancing Scotch reels with him and one of his daughters. Mr. Parsons, that high priest of *ennui*, is in this part of the world; and I meet every day hundreds of other faces that I know, in our airings of a morning; but we are so penitus toto divisos orbe, at this North Foreland, that they can none of them trouble us. Mrs. Fitzherbert is at Margate driving away sorrow in a phaeton and four, and the Dss. of Rutland at Ramsgate, being *driven after* by a man of the name of Devisme, or Deval, who, without knowing her, professes the most ardent passion for her, and literally follows her wherever she goes. His carriage is always at the tail of hers; when she stops, he stops, and when she goes on, he pursues. You may guess what a noise a circumstance of this sort must make in a place like this, where the man, who seems to be not at all known, has acquired the name of *Malvolio*.

There was a report yesterday in Margate of a great defeat of Clairfait; but as Mrs. Damer says not a word of it in her letter of to-day, I trust it is not true. Our situation in Flanders needs not this, I fear, to make it worse than it is. How Holland is now to be saved I do not see; and how we are to be safe when it is gone, I as little see; and how and why the D. of York stays to have half his army destroyed, and the other half driven home, I still less see. I will not ask you to answer as many questions as the Marshall. But do put on your spectacles, and if you *see* anything good that I don't see, candidus imperti. If you were in the Isle of Thanet, you would never guess that anybody ever *looked* that way, or suspect that we were in the midst of a war such as Europe never saw before. Here everybody is riding and driving, and

phaetoning and *curricling* away at such a rate, as always recalls to my mind the odd but clever phrase of your friend, George Montague—'Well, I am glad I have such rich relations.'

We can have no letters from you now till Tuesday, nor did I indeed expect them, as you mentioned being in town on Friday night. However, I shall send you this to-morrow, as I *hope* you will be wanting to hear from us.

Monday morning.

And the finest morning that ever was seen—a bright sun, calm air, and smooth sea; we mean to be out as much as possible to enjoy it. Farewell, and let us hear from you very soon. Agnes has just brought this great *bumbling* letter, which obliges me to a great waste of paper. She requests you to direct and forward it.

From Lord Orford.

Sept. 29, 1794, 8 o'clock.

Codicil to my letter of this morning.

Yes, it is very true—the plot, and it is not true, at least not known yet, that Clairfait has been so thoroughly defeated, tho' forced to retreat; and it is not true that Lord Cholmondeley is at Cowes, for he was in this room at one o'clock, and confirms the truth of the intended assassination of the King by a poisoned arrow thro' a reed, and it was to have been on the Terrace at Windsor yesterday se'nnight, but the arrow was not ready—so you see murder is not dead with Robespierre. The Duchess of Gloster has been here till this moment, and my letter must wait till to-morrow, for the post is gone.

Ld Cholmondeley came to acquaint me that the Prince of Wales had sent an express for him, and told him, that being on the brink of marriage, he should set him and Lady Cholm. at the head of his family; and as yet had named nobody else—so perhaps my report of Ld Pembroke is not true. The D^ss^ says Ld Southampton does go for the Princess—I tell you what I hear, but answer for nothing; I have no more right to know truth than the rest of the world, who do not care a straw whether what they tell be truth or not. Ld Cholm. heard yesterday from Townshend, the factotum of the police, that he himself seized

the two assassins of the Old Man of *the Mountain*, and is in chace after a third; and the D^ss^ had heard of the plot too. For example, everybody has affirmed for this last week that the King is building a superb palace at Kew, and has begun pulling down houses—reduced to a simple fact, a couple of rooms are erecting there for Prince Ernest.

Ld Cholm. told me what touches me much more! He once hired Prospect House, and says it is a single house and the very temple of the winds, and that he once rose out of bed thinking a troop of them were coming to eject him. I hope they will give *you* warning without filing a bill; and I am afraid to mention it lest you should think me impatient to bring you back—not in the least—go any whither, where you can be safe, but do not be blown into the chops of a French privateer.

Report—a mighty newsmonger—with whom I deal lavishly when you are absent, but of whom I have a bad opinion, and do not delight to let within my doors at other seasons, informs me that Mr. Douglas, Lady Catherine's husband, is to be Chancellor of Ireland, where there is going to be a prodigious *remue-ménage*, that Lord Mansfield is to be President of the Council here, in the room of the new Viceroy Ld Fitzwilliam, and the orator Grattan Chancellor of the Exchequer to the latter.

Don't you pity Margaret Nicholson? She came before her time or she might have been entitled to the honours of sepulture with Mirabeau, Marat, and other felons of this consecrating age. Poor woman! She is forgotten—but indeed so are Jacques Clement, Ravaillac, and Damien, and even the Convention's ally, Ankerstrom—*apropos* Mrs. Ankerstrom's mother is not returned yet—but in truth, she is so gentle, humane, and agreeable, that nobody can part with her—her daughter alone is more amiable.

Eleven at night.

I have been at Lady Douglas's, where the Mackinsys, Onslows, and everybody agreed in the reality of the plot. The known criminals are three young apprentices, two of whom are in custody. The plan was to raise a riot in the playhouse to occupy attention, and during the confusion, to shoot the King. A watchmaker, who was employed on the fabrication of the dart, discovered the design. I pretend to no further intelligence yet.

A story of very different complexion is arrived to-day, when Lord Leicester has received a letter from the post office (his new

bureau) informing him that two Frenchmen have escaped from Dieppe and bring an account of Talien having proclaimed the young King in Paris—not to be credited easily. I send you accounts from commissions of Oyer—but you will wait for those of Terminer, which seldom accord.

The Comte d'Artois is certainly with the Duke of York; Prince William's letters say so. The Comte de Provence is settled at Venice, and receives a pension from the senate. The Cardinal de Bernis is dead. Dixi.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 1, 1794.

My letters are continually giving themselves the lie; but I have warned you, when I tell you news, *to wait for the echo.* This is a favourite proverb with me, but I except Prospect House out of my injunction, for when the wind blows there I beseech you not *to wait for the echo,* but to descend to the plain. Clairfait has not been defeated from anything we know; and whether poor young Louis XVII. is alive or not, it is not probable that he has been restored—but to raise our Stocks. Mr. Mackinsy observed to me justly, that it was very unlikely that two French royalists should escape *from* France if royalty was reestablished.

The assassination plot here is universally believed, and no doubt had deep root. Three young English apprentices were not likely to have had zeal enough of themselves to meditate royal murder. It tells me that our Jacobin Clubs having been checked by the seizure of so many of their instruments, have been working under ground. I wonder what diabolic sacraments they have invented to bind their devotee, since the Pandæmonium has abolished all religion.

I have received y^r^ Sunday's dispatch, and begin this answer before dinner against tomorrow, lest I should be interrupted then. Where is Lord P., that he leaves the whole coast open to Malvolio! And so you have Mrs. Fitzherbert! I suppose our countesses (I don't mean *my* two, but), especially our latest, are now thinking on, or ordering their robes, since Mrs. F. has waved her claim to Ich Dien, tho' the Catholics, they say, are going to be admitted ad Eundem in Ireland. I see Mr. Berry frown hither—yet I own I am rather for those who prefer three Gods to none: and I abhor a system of liberty established by guillotines, and daggers, and poisoned arrows. The French have

equalled the horrors of the Inquisition in Peru and Mexico: Atabalipa's bed of roses was momentary in comparison of what Marie Antoinette suffered from the moment she was stopped on her escape and carried back to Versailles.

I went to Bushy this morning, and not finding Lady Guilford returned by Cliveden to look after your new plant shed. It is quite finished except glazing, and the garden is as fine as that in Milton's 'Allegro,' and much prettier, tho' not so immortal.

The Divine is come back; I shall propitiate her tomorrow by a couple of partridges, as you are not here to accept my *roasted* offerings.

Lady Bute I doubt is going. It will be *very inconvenient to my Lord Castlecomer*, for her house you know was my resource in winter evenings. I have outlived almost all my acquaintance of my own century, or the remainder are grown too young again ever to be in their own houses, unless they expect half the town, and that at midnight. I came into the world when there were such seasons as afternoons and evenings, but the breed is lost! and if any of them did exist, they would be of no more use than an old almanack. I believe Hannah More herself will soon be obliged to keep saints' nights instead of saints' days.

Ten at night.

Well! well! well! and so at last I fib, when I think I am most sure of my veracity! I have been with the Doiley's, who have had two officers from London with them this morning, who say the plot is now disbelieved in town, and that nothing will be made out—no, then I am sure the Ministers have acted sillily in publishing it before they were certain of their ground. I have a mind to send you no more news, for what can one believe? And yet what can I do? I had rather write what others invent, than be forced to invent myself. Pussy and I have no adventures: now and then a little squabble about biting and scratching, but no more entertaining in a letter than the bickerings between any husband and wife.

They say (my best authority) that the packet is supposed to be taken, as no mail has arrived for so long a time, and Pichegru may be Stadtholder for ought we know. Good night! I am disgusted with the falsehoods I have told you, and I am not at all in a humour to add to the number—you may as well rely on the daily papers and dispense with me as your gazetteer.

Thursday morning.

I have received the thumping letter, sealed with a foreign coronet, which accompanies this for you, sweet Agnes, but not inclosed in it. The *True Briton* is not arrived, but I have had a note from the Pavilions with a letter to be franked, and as the duchess tells me nothing new, I suppose there is nothing.

I cannot tell how y^r^ weather is on Mount Ararat, but my little hill only *hops*, which I conclude in the Hebrew only means *charming*, and October but just shows those marks of a green old age that become so beautiful a summer, like that good sort of old men whose œconomy begins to take a tinge of gold.

The newspaper is come in, but tells one neither yes nor no on anything that signifies, so my veracity is in no danger. Adieu!

The following letter from Miss Berry appears to have been of the same date as Lord Orford's last.

Prospect House, Wednesday morning, Oct. 1, 1794.

In vain you may say 'Begone *my cares*, I give you to the *winds*,' *we* shall certainly not be *blown* away from you, for it has been the finest calm, clear weather for these last three days at the Prospect House, that can be conceived, and the sea is so covered with our vessels, of all sizes, from seventy-fours to fishing-boats, that you have as little chance of getting rid of us by a French privateer; tho' at this instant, from my window, I can clearly see that hostile coast. I always long to exclaim to it, in the words of Dante—

O Francia, Francia, vituperio delle gente!

an epithet which may certainly now be applied to it, with more justice, than to the former peccadillos of poor, little, insignificant Pisa, to whom the author addressed it. With a glass I can discern several high buildings near the coast, the situation of a village and a windmill; and at Ramsgate they say they have seen the tri-coloured flag flying in a camp near Calais.

With respect to our return, you are exactly as I could wish you—very anxious to get us back, but not at all displeased at our staying a little longer while the good weather lasts.

Ld Cholmondeley, in spite of the bad character he gives the Prospect House, inhabits the next house, within fifty yards of it,

in just the same exposed position, where he is expected to return to-morrow evening. The little boy, Ld Malpas, who has continued here, is as fine a stout, healthy child as you ever saw, and the image of his father. That Ld Chol. is to be put at the head of the Prince's family is really news, as everybody has been anxiously making out lists of his household, and L^d^ and L^y^ Chol. were in none that I have either made or heard made; tho' I think them perfectly proper people for such a situation, and only wonder nobody thought of them before. *We* say *at Broadstairs* that Ld Sutherland is to go over with Ld Southampton to fetch the P^ss^, in which case, I should suppose, she must be intended to continue in her household. Much as attendance on princes and places at court are laughed at and abused (by those who can't obtain them), so desirable do I think any sort or shadow of occupation for women, that I should think any situation, that did not require constant attendance, a very agreeable thing.

What a strange business is this plot of assassination! But I cannot help thinking it will be found never to have gone further than the mad heads of these three or four poor apprentices, led astray by the nonsensical and pernicious doctrines they hear in their clubs and societies, and pushed on and encouraged by *much more* profligate villains, who would willingly make use of their feeble arm to create a confusion, which, in some way or other, they suppose (and perhaps too truly) they could turn to account.

I heartily wish the story f^m^ Dieppe *might* prove true, because I think an obligation for a civil war to call off their troops, is the only thing that can save us and Holland; and besides, if they *must* go on filling the world with crimes and carnage, while they are committed among and upon one another they are certainly doing the *least* possible mischief, and nine times in ten, I am convinced, their punishments will fall on the guilty, let them be inflicted by and on whatsoever party.

Mr. Douglas has, and dare say will bustle well for himself; whether he can *bustle* himself into the Chancellorship of Ireland I know not; but I know he *bullied* himself into the Secretaryship, a method, I believe, much oftener successful with Ministers than used by those who deserve to be so.

Talking of Ireland puts me in mind of poor L^y^ Lynnot, who

has been so extremely ill that it seems almost settled that she is to come to us for advice and change of air. If she comes, she comes alone, in which case I shall be much mistaken if you do not find her *much less disagreeable* than you suppose, or at least in no respect the *trouble-fête* that she appeared to you last year.

I am sorry that you *would*, and did, see Mrs. Damer's house before it was ready to be seen, for fear that f^m^ seeing nothing well but its only defect (the corner entry), you should take one of your sudden prepossessions, which you say yourself (tho' in *all* cases *I* won't allow it) totally deprives you of future judgment.

The Greatheads are returned to Margate, and we are going to dine with them to-morrow. This is our first *gaiety*, for, except our dinner at Broadstairs, we have spent every evening at home and alone. But the rides and drives here in fine weather are really charming and almost infinite, for the country, tho' not without trees, is so perfectly open and unfenced and *unditched*, that one may steer to almost any part of the Island with a compass in hand, without meeting the smallest obstacle to turn you half a yard out of your course. The unaccountable *colony* of buildings at Kingsgate exactly answers your description. Altogether they are an ornament to an open country, tho' separately they are one worse than another. But it is really very odd that any man should have had the rage of building so much, and in so many different styles, without *ever deviating* into any one ever seen before, or worthy to be seen again. Mr. Coutts at present inhabits the large house—the Italian Villa as it is called—the front of which is in much purer taste than many Italian villas; but I should think the very large pediment and colonnade not projecting, but sunk *into* the house, must make it a bad and inconvenient dwelling. If the weather should be fine when we leave this, and we find it compatible with our journeying with our own horses, we will certainly go and see Mr. Barrett's, in which case I shall beg you to advertize him of our visit, that we may not be taken as swindlers come to steal his Anne of Cleves, or to see his house under false pretences.

And now farewell! I shall leave a corner for my last words to-morrow morning.

Thursday morning.

I would not seal my letter till the post came, in case it

might produce anything to add; but I have nothing but a letter f^m^ Mrs. D., just setting out for Goodwood. Farewell, then, for the present, and let us hear f^m^ you soon, for I like your letters when you have nothing to say, almost better than when you have much.

It is no small proof of the extraordinary sensitiveness of Lord Orford, both to the welfare and to the possible wishes of Miss Berry, that he should, on expressions so general as those contained in this letter of October 1st, in favour of a situation at court, have been fired with alarm at the idea that she wished for such an occupation for herself or for her sister, and at the same time be longing to be the means of gratifying any wish she might entertain.

Saturday, Oct. 2, 1794.

I receive y^r^ letter of Wednesday but this moment, and not having a tittle of news to tell you, and receiving at the same time one from Mrs. Damer that gives an account of her sister, who is so dear to me, I shall defer replying to yours till I have more to say. I only see that Talien has been nearer to being treated like a king than to restoring one, and that the Convention and the Jacobin Club are advancing towards a civil war, and much harm may it do to either or to both!

I have been writing to Mr. Barrett, but cannot help adding a word on a passage in y^r^ letter, on which I had determined to meditate till tomorrow; but lest you should think that *you* can drop a word or hint a wish that does not make an impression on me, I must add a few lines, tho' I have scarce time. To my extreme astonishment you speak with approbation of a place at Court! Is it possible *you* should like one! or can I assist such a wish! Interest I have none upon earth anywhere, nor if I had, w^d^ condescend to employ it for any one but for you or y^r^ sister. I have been rummaging my head, and can see no glimmering but one: my telling you of Ld Cholm. perhaps led you to think I might try thro' him. For *you* I would. Maid of honour I can scarce induce myself to believe you w^d^ submit to: bedchamber-woman you may perhaps mean—destined they most probably are by this time; but if you have such a wish, it

shall not fail thro' my neglect. Therefore, make me an immediate answer, and a direction to him, if you wish I should write to him.

From Miss Berry.

Prospect House, Oct. 5, 1794.

My dear Friend,—Your letter, which I have just received, would make me laugh, if your kind affecting attention to my *every supposed* wish was not much nearer making me cry.

The sentiments I expressed in my last, with respect to places at court, were merely general, and occurred to me from having heard them laughed at and abused by those to whose idleness and insignificance no court could add. Your letter first suggested the possibility of their application to ourselves, and at the same time a probable means of success. But as for myself, I feel to belong so entirely to the two or three people in this world in and by whose affection, friendship, and society I alone support a sickly existence, that *any* situation that in any degree separated me from them, were it that of the Princess herself, instead of that of her attendant, would by me be shunned as a misfortune. As to my sister, I trust I shall see her happily established in a respectable marriage, the best and most desirable of all settlements for a young woman.

I know you are aware, and do me the justice to feel, how little the native pride and independence of my mind has ever, in any circumstances, been swayed by motives of interest, and *that* from principle, and not from any romantic contempt for the goods of this world, or of ignorant insensibility to their advantages. You cannot wonder, therefore, that I should sometimes cast an anxious thought towards the possibility of my sister's feeling, in more advanced life, the evils of a narrow fortune, to the thoughts of which it is not without effort that I have accustomed myself. I am writing in a hurry for the post of to-day, but I think I have said enough to convince you how exactly my sentiments are your own on this subject. I wish I had said or *could* say enough to satisfy my own heart with respect to *you*—to your offering that interest which I know you not only never prostituted to power, but never condescended to employ, even for those who had every claim upon you, except those of the heart.

While I retain *these*, be assured your *interest* will be a sinecure with respect to my farther demands upon it.

Farewell.

To the Earl of Orford.

From the Same.

Prospect House, Monday, Oct. 6, 1794.

My dear Friend,—I feel not to have said half enough to you in my hurried letter of yesterday, and yet I know not in what stronger terms to express your total misapprehension of my meaning. Can you possibly conceive me a *bedchamber woman*—dawdling away my time in waiting-rooms, and stuck up with people who might probably as heartily despise me as I should them,—

> Far from all joys that with my soul agree—
> From taste, from learning, very far from thee!

No, my dear friend, my attendance shall be of a very different sort, and the willing homage of a grateful heart to a character, which courts could never either captivate or corrupt. I should not think it necessary again to mention this subject, because I am sure a moment's thought will convince you what must be both my own and my sister's ideas upon it in every light, but that I know how difficult it sometimes is, to erase a first impression from your mind.

It blew last night what the sailors call *a capfull of wind*, after several perfectly calm days; and we have just heard the melancholy tidings that two small vessels were wrecked between this and Ramsgate. These incidents are so common on every coast, that they make but little impression except upon us inland people. And when do you turn your faces inland again? I hear you say—why certainly the beginning of next week, or sooner, if the weather should become bad; for all comfort and amusement here depends upon the weather. A vile situation for this climate, you will say. I have made a sketch of the Prospect House for you, that you may yourself judge of the *snug retreat* we have been inhabiting. L[d] Cholmondeley's house, much as he abuses the situation, is within fifty yards of ours, and much civil parley has taken place between us. They

have with them a Mr. Lee, an old acquaintance of ours, who the other day gave us a long account of all the particular civilities that accompanied the Prince's interview with Ld Chol., and his desiring him and L^y^ Chol. to be at the head of the new household. He says Ld Chol. declined going to fetch the P^ss^, which the Prince wished him to do, because during the time of his embassy he must be considered as receiving orders from and acting under the Ministry, with which he wished to have nothing to do, and made a sort of proviso for the future freedom of his political conduct and sentiments. This is attempting to *thread a needle*, which, I should think, he will find impossible.

I have not heard from Mrs. D. since she got to Goodwood, therefore your letter was the first that informed me of the D^ss's^ continued illness, for which I am really sorry on every account.

We are going to-morrow to the play at Margate with the Greatheads, to see Hamlet acted by a gentleman; and very *gentleman-like* acting I dare say it will be, but I expect to be much amused. Mrs. Siddons left this the very day after we called upon her, so that we were none the better for her neighbourhood.

Farewell! Your little scrap yesterday I hardly consider as a letter, and therefore hope to hear from you very soon again. Once more farewell!

The correspondence on this subject would be incomplete without Lord Orford's letter of October 7,* which has already been published in part.

[Strawberry Hill, Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1794.

Your answer, which I own arrived a day sooner than I flattered myself it would,—I wish it could have told me how you passed the storm of Sunday night!—has not only relieved me from all anxiety on the subject, but has made me exceedingly happy; for tho' I mistook you for a moment, it has proved to me that I had judged perfectly rightly of your excellent and most uncommon understanding. Astonished I was no doubt while I conceived that you wished to be placed in a situation so unworthy of your talents and abilities and knowledge, and powers of conversation.

* Published in part in 1846.

I never was *of* a court myself, but from my birth and the position of my father could but, for my first twenty years, know much of the nature of the beast; and from my various connections since I have seldom missed farther opportunities of keeping up my acquaintance with the interior. The world in general is not ignorant of the complexion of most courts, tho' ambition, interest, and vanity are always willing to leap over their information, or to fancy they can counteract it; but I have no occasion to probe that delusion, nor to gainsay your random opinion that a court life may be eligible for women—yes, for the idle ones you specify, perhaps so,—for respectable women, I think, much less than even for men. I do not mean with regard to what is called *their character*, as if there were but *one* virtue with which women have any concern. I speak of their understanding and consequential employment of their time. In a court there must be much idleness, even without dissipation, and amongst the female constituents much self-importance ill founded, some ambition, jealousy, envy, and thence hatred, insincerity, little intrigues for credit, and—but I am talking as if there were any occasion to dissuade you from what you despise, and I have only stated what occasioned my surprise at your thinking of what you never did think at all.

Still, while I did suppose that in any pore of y^r^ heart there did lurk such a wish, I did give a great gulp and swallowed down all attempts to turn y^r^ thoughts aside from it, and why? Yes, and you must be ready to ask me how such a true friend could give in to the hint without stating such numerous objections to a plan so unsuitable for you. Oh! for strong reasons too. In the first place, I was sure that, without my almost century of experience, your good sense must have anticipated all my arguments; you often confute my desultory logic on points less important, as I frequently find; but the true cause of my assenting without suffering a sigh to escape me, was because I was conscious that I would not dissuade you fairly without a grain or more of *self* mixing in the argument: I would not trust myself with myself; I would not act again as I did when you was in Italy, and answered you as fast as I could, lest self should relapse. Yet, tho' it did not last an hour, what a combat it was! What a blow to my dream of happiness should you be attached to a court! for tho' you probably w^d^ not desert Cliveden entirely,

how distracted would y^r time be! But I will not enter into the detail of my thoughts; you know how many posts they travel in a moment when my brain is set at work, and how firmly it believes all it imagines. Besides the defalcation of y^r society, I saw the host of your porphyrogeniti from *top* to bottom bursting on my tranquillity. But enough—I conquered all these dangers; and still another objection rose. When I had discovered the only channel I could open to y^r satisfaction, I had no little repugnance to the emissary I was to employ.* Tho' it is my intention to be equitable to him, I should be extremely sorry to give him a shadow of claim on me; and you know those who might hereafter be glad to conclude that it was no wonder they should be disappointed, when gratitude on *your* account had been my motive. But my cares are at an end, and tho' I have laboured thro' two painful days, the thorns of which were sharpened, not impeded by the storm, I am rejoiced at the blunder I made, as it has procured me the kindest and most heart-dictated and most heartfelt letter that ever was written, for which I give you millions of thanks. Forgive my injurious surmise; for you see that tho' you can wound my affection, you cannot allay its eagerness to please you at the expense of my own satisfaction and peace.

Having stated with most precise truth all I thought related to *yourself*, I do resume and repeat all I have said both in this and my former letter, and renew exactly the same offers to my sweet Agnes, if she has the least wish for what I supposed you wished. Nay, I owe still more to her, for I think she left Italy more unwillingly than you did, and gratitude to either is the only circumstance that can add to my affection for either. I can swallow my objections to trying my nephew as easily for her as for you; but having had two days and a half for thinking the case over, I have no sort of doubt but the whole establishment must be compleatly settled by this time, or that at most, if any places are not fixed yet, it must be from the strength and variety of contending interests; and besides, the new Princess will have fewer of each class of attendants than a queen, and I shall not be surprised if there should already be a *brouilleries* between the two Courts about some or many of the nominations. And tho' the interest I thought of trying was the only one I could pitch upon,

* His nephew, Lord Cholmondeley.—*Wright.*

I do not on reflection suppose that a person just favoured has favour enough already to recommend others. Hereafter that may be better; and a still more feasible method, I think, would be to obtain a promise against a vacancy, which at this great open moment nobody will think of asking, when the present is so uppermost in their minds. And now my head is cool, perhaps I could strike out more channels, sh[d] your sister be so inclined; but of that we will talk when we meet.]

Eleven at night.

I could not possibly, from different intermissions, get my letter finished before the post went out. I shall hope to hear, on its arrival to-morrow, that you have not been carried off either by Sunday's hurricane or by a privateer.

I see with pleasure that the Convention and the Jacobins have been breaking, tho' perhaps patched together again for the present. It will break out again. The former are wofully uneasy. They complain of factions everywhere, tho' trying to conceal their disasters by boasting of victories; but they display their wants and their deficits—lament the loss of their commerce and manufactures, which themselves have destroyed. They tremble at the crowds in Paris, and wish to thin them; are sick of anarchy; but their efforts to disperse the former, and to lessen the latter, will disperse the dissatisfaction thro' the provinces, and augment the latter. It is plain they fear not being able to contain the capital in obedience; and if they fail there, who is to govern the armies? These grievances will, I think, produce a civil war, or some kind of counter-revolution. So be it! Neither will settle the country soon, nor is it to be wished it should be. It will require time to amend Frenchmen or Frenchwomen, were the task possible.

Our footpads seem dispersed. I believe they no longer met with game; our old does took the alarm, and kept close in their burrows. I have been in their warren at Richmond for the two last evenings; so they will have no claims on me when you return. Good night! I reserve a morsel of my paper in case of having anything to answer. Methinks my whole time is employed in writing to you, or in being frightened about you. Pray come back, that I may have time to think on other people.

Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1794.

I hope it was diversion that had diverted you, for you was not very clear when you wrote your last. It was dated on Thursday the 9th, and I received it this morning, the 14th. I did on Saturday expect a letter to tell me when I might expect you, and I did hint at my disappointment in the cover of a letter I inclosed for Agnes.

With the lingering note of the 9th I received y^r^ orders for Mrs. Richardson. I have desired her to tell you that you will hear from me to-morrow morning (by the coach too); and this is what you will hear.

I am rejoiced you have been at Mr. Barrett's; tho' it will have made Strawberry sink in y^r^ eyes, Lee is so purely Gothic, and every inch of it so well finished. I am still more glad that your visit thither, instead of hurrying you, has not made you risk Shooter's Hill and Blackheath. Well, I hope on Thursday all my alarms will be at an end, and that I shall neither dread tempests, nor privateers, nor highwaymen. Come and enjoy your own balcony and little conservatory, and a friend who hopes to see you looking much better for y^r^ expedition, and Agnes as charmingly as she returned from Herts, and who always wishes to have you both pleased, tho' your absence always fills him with fear of one sort or other.

I have been at Richmond this morning to inquire after the eldest girl of the poor Valetorts, who has a scarlet fever of the worst kind, and of whom Dundas had no hopes on Sunday. Sr George Baker has been down, and there are rather better symptoms. They have moved into another lodging; but the poor mother is in a piteous way, within a month of her time, and dreading the arrival of the grandmother post on hearing of the danger.

Lady A. has been at Goodwood, and returns to-day. The Marshal tells me from town, that the D^ss^ is better. I wish fervently it may be so, but I expect that they only wrote so to prevent the visitation—tho' in vain.

The public's scarlet fever is bad indeed, from Clairfait's copious bleeding, and the spreading of the contagion everywhere!

Lady Douglas called here yesterday and desired me to bring you to her on Saturday evening, which I hope you will let me do.

Adieu! How glad I shall be to write you no more letters! Humpity comes to me to-morrow: his second volume, which I have had, tho' not quite complete, is still more entertaining than the first.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 15, 1794.

I can bear disappointments patiently, when it is for your health or pleasure; I consult both, and do not allow myself to reason against y^r^ reasons. If you call the weather settled, I will call it so too. It is enough that you can amuse yourself where you are —your liking to stay longer contents me.

Mrs. Richardson is gone to Audley-street with a note from me to you. The state of public affairs is too bad and too voluminous to discuss. The *True Briton* of Oct. 13th is a day I doubt we shall have cause to remember as a date!

I shall be glad to hear your opinions on Lee, and am pleased that I contributed to y^r^ seeing it, both for your sakes and Mr. Barrett's, to whom I owe the greatest gratitude for his too great partiality to me.

When you see the note in Mrs. Richardson's hands, you will find by what accident it happened that you had no letter from me on Saturday. I cannot say more now. Adieu!

Lord Orford's letter of October 17th* appears to be the last of this year addressed to the Miss Berrys, their return to Little Strawberry having superseded the necessity of further correspondence.

Oct. 17, 1794.

I did not indeed know the arrangements of the future court, nor had the least curiosity about what concerns me so little, and of which there is mighty little probability of my seeing more than the outset. Indeed, I did not suppose that it would affect me in any manner, and yet I am very glad that Mrs. Fitzroy† and Mrs. Stanhope‡ will be of it. They will be of credit to it, as well as great ornaments.

[I had not the least doubt of Mr. Barrett's showing you the

* Published in part in 1846.

† Mrs. Fitzroy. Miss Warren, an heiress, the wife of the first Lord Southampton.

‡ Wife of Col. Stanhope, only brother to the late Earl of Harington.

greatest attention; he is a most worthy man, and has a most sincere friendship for me, and I was sure would mark it to any persons that I love. I don't guess what your criticisms on his library will be; I do not think we shall agree in them, for to me it seems the most perfect thing I ever saw, and has the most the air it was intended to have, that of an abbot's library, supposing it could have been so exquisitely finished three hundred years ago. *My* closet is as perfect in its way as the library, and it would be difficult to suspect that it had not been a remnant of the ancient convent only newly painted and gilt. My cabinet, nay, nor house, convey any conception; every true Goth must perceive that they are more the works of fancy than of imitation. . . . Y^r devoted

ORFORD.]

P.S.—The little Edgcumbe they hope is out of danger. I called there last night as I went to Ly. B. Machinsy, who had sent to me to invite you if you had been returned.

The letter of a gentleman of the name of Benwell,* dated November 27th, shows the interest Miss Berry was known to take in the classics.

Trinity College, Nov. 27, 1794.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I was very sorry to hear from Miss Loveday that you had been ill. I sincerely hope that this will find you better, and that the literary business with which I am going to trouble you, will not be an unseasonable intrusion. I have just received a packet from your friend Canon Bandini, containing some collations of Xenophon, together with a most obliging letter, in which he requests me to communicate the contents of the enclosed paper to any of the English booksellers that I know. Recollecting your acquaintance with Edwards, I have taken the liberty of forwarding this paper to you, in case you should have any opportunity either of speaking or writing to him on the subject. That you may not have the trouble of translating for Mr. Edwards, though I know you to be full as capable of

* There is reason to suppose, from some passages in Miss Berry's Journal, that Mr. Benwell afterwards married the friend of her early youth, Miss Loveday.

it, or more so, than myself, I will just set down the principal contents, which are, that having formerly published a catalogue of the Gr., Latin, and Italian MSS. of the Medicean Library in 8 volumes folio, he has within these four or five years published 3 vols. more in the same form, containing an account of MSS. from different collections, that have since been added to the Medicean Library. That these three supplemental volumes may be purchased for one sequin each volume, or one sequin and a half for the large paper copies. That he has also by him (or had when this paper was printed, April 1793) 29 complete parts of the first eight volumes, which may be purchased for 10 sequins each part, and that he has besides upwards of 200 parts wanting only the first volume of each, which may be purchased, by those who are already in possession of the first volume. In addition to these he has several copies of the *Annales Juntarum* to dispose of at the very reasonable rate of 5 pauls, or about 2*s.* 6*d.* each. As it would give me much pleasure to render any little service to Mr. Bandini, after his great civility to me, and as I know you will feel the wish still stronger than myself, I trouble you with the above particulars. Mr. Edwards may probably know some gentleman who would like to purchase the Catalogue; and at all events I should think the *Annales* would sell very well in town. Mr. Fletcher, of Oxford, would like to have 20 copies, and if Mr. Edwards is willing to take any number, I could write to Mr. Bandini for them. I quote from the letter I have received the following passage relating to yourself: 'Nunquam mihi dubium fuit, quin lectissima et litterarum amantissima puella Maria Berry memoriam mei quamvis absens firmam animo suo retineret; perspexi autem nunc id maxime, postquam tanto locorum intervallo a me sejuncta, recordatur tamen consuetudinem nostram, neque hoc tantum benevole atque amanter facit, verum etiam, quod proprium est fidelis et veræ amicitiæ studet mihi parare amicos ejus generis homines, quibus ego plurimum delector. Quare ipsi gratias quam maximas meo nomine pro tam effusa in me humanitate et benevolentia reddas, oro et obtestor.' I should be much obliged to you if, when you see Mr. Edwards, you would beg of him to enquire among any English gentlemen he knows who collect books, or among his correspondents abroad, for the two following books:—'Xenophontis Memorabilia, 4to. *Paris.*

apud Nic. Bogardum 1541.' 'Brodæi Annotationes in Xenophontem, *Basil.* apud Nic. Brylingerum 1559.'

If I could be favoured with the loan of these books for a month, I should be very glad.

I hope Miss Agnes is as well as when she left Cheltenham. Forgive, my dear Madam, the liberty I take in troubling you with this, and believe me with the greatest respect and regard, Your obliged Servant,

W. Benwell.

LETTERS.

1795–96.

THE following note of April 7th is the only one remaining addressed to Miss Berry by Lord Orford at this time, when she was living at Little Strawberry Hill:—

Tuesday morning.

I dispatch two snipes as my deputies to receive and welcome you at y^r^ return.

The Princess arrived at St. James's on Sunday at three o'clock. Madame des Ursins was not arrested, and sent out of the kingdom full dressed with all her *old* diamonds *new-set*; nor do I believe that Mrs. Fitzherbert will forbid the banns, for she has taken Marble Hall, and proposes to live very platonically under the devout wing of Mrs. Cambridge.

Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, who were at Lewisham, went to Greenwich, and saw the Princess show herself at a window, and bow exceedingly to the people, as she has since done at St. James's, till the Prince shut the window, and made excuses of her being fatigued. Everybody speaks most favorably of her face as being most pleasing, tho' with too much rouge; she is plump, and by no means tall. The marriage is not till to-morrow.

Mrs. Lockart and Mrs. Palmer are to be with me this evening. I am not *sure* of any other company but Mr. Palmer. Do you know of any I shall have?

Miss Berry.

This year brought with it much sorrow to those with whom Miss Berry was living in habitual intercourse, and it also gave birth to happy expectations for herself which were never destined to be fulfilled. The death of Field-Marshal Henry Conway, the father of Mrs. Damer and

the dearly-loved relation and friend of Lord Orford, must have spread for a while a deep shade of melancholy on the Strawberry Hill society. He died at Park Place, and, according to Mrs. Damer's account to Miss Berry, very suddenly. 'He had been remarkably well and cheerful at supper' on the evening of July 8th, and was dead between four and five o'clock the following morning, owing, in a great measure, as she says, 'to his imprudence in exposing himself to cold and damp.' In announcing his death to Miss Berry, Mrs. Damer expresses her solicitude for Lord Orford, asking her to give some account of him, adding, 'he seemed never to apprehend this!' There was probably no particular reason for apprehension till the fatal moment came; and Lord Orford had indeed written to Marshal Conway, on the 2nd of June, telling him of the intended visit of Queen Charlotte, her six daughters, the Duchess of York, and the Princess of Orange, and again on the 7th, giving a playful account of their reception, in which he had been aided by his daughter Mrs. Damer.

In Miss Berry's spirited vindication of Lord Orford, in answer to the article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' she adverts to the attachment that had subsisted between him and Marshal Conway, from their boyish days at Eton to the death of the Marshal, as one of rare occurrence between men of the world, and as creditable to both. Miss Berry avows herself in this *Advertisement* to have been the author of a character given of Marshal Conway in Lord Orford's works, nominally edited by her father in 1798, and which may claim to be here repeated as a tribute to one whose death must at that time have caused so sad a blank in the little society in which he was so highly valued.

'To his public conduct on many great occasions the political and military history of his country will bear honourable testimony. His opinions and conduct with respect to America have already

received that sanction of applause from all parties which the soundest policy as well as the most perfect probity, often obtain only from distant posterity. The part he took on the memorable repeal of the Stamp Act, when considered as the efficient Minister in the House of Commons, is happily not intrusted to the indiscriminate relation of some future half-informed historian, but is circumstantially recorded in the glowing, sublime, and immortal eloquence of a contemporary (Burke's Speech 19th April, 1774). The reputation of Marshal Conway as a public man may be safely rested upon such evidence.'

'It is only those who, like the Editor, have had the opportunity of penetrating into the most secret motives of his (Marshal Conway's) public conduct and into the inmost recesses of his private life, who can do real justice to the unsullied purity of his character—who saw and knew him in the evening of his days, retired from the honourable activity of a soldier and of a statesman, to the calm enjoyments of private life; happy in the resources of his own mind, and in cultivation of useful science, in the bosom of domestic peace—unenriched by pensions or places, undistinguished by titles or ribbons, unsophisticated by public life and unwearied by retirement.'

The two fragments by Lord Orford upon the life and character of Marshal Conway, now for the first time published, were doubtless written with the intention of serving as a monumental inscription.

Character of Marshal Conway.

An assemblage of dauntless and even of thoughtless intrepidity clothed in mildness, patience, and unaffected temper;

Of benevolence and generous charity, founded on good nature and extended beyond considerate economy;

Of most graceful eloquence sometimes too refining from his tenderness of conscience, but capable, tho' rarely, of being ruffled by injustice into pointed spirit:

Of disinterestedness, superior to all temptations of fortune or ambition, which he trampled under foot, when in competition with his honor.

Indefatigable in whatever he undertook, and fonder of employments that fed his love of science in his profession, than of greater offices that opened the secrets of politics;

Of greater and more useful knowledge in military architecture than perhaps was possessed by any man of his time;
Of deep insight into chemistry and natural philosophy, which he displayed by useful experiments, and successful discoveries;
Of original taste in architecture, particularly in the construction of bridges, and in ornamenting grounds in a style equally unborrowed and admired;
Of felicity in writing verse, a talent which he exercised but late in his life, and possessed of wit which appeared only occasionally and unsought.
All these endowments formed the singular and most amiable character of Marshal Conway,
And the whole assemblage was united to a soul of untainted virtue,
And was venerated to his last hours as it had been through his whole life
By the esteem of all who knew, or had examined the composition of so excellent a man.
Such a character was slightly shaded, not clouded, by trifling imperfections.
He was subject to absence of mind, either natural or from the plenitude of its occupations, as acute logic led him to dispute. . . . .

Biographical Sketch of Marshal Conway.

Henry Seymour Conway, born in July 1719, at Beaufort House, Chelsea, was second son of S. C. L[d] Conway by his third wife, Charlotte, second daughter of John Shorter, Esq., of Bybrook, in Kent, and youngest sister of Catherine Lady Walpole. Henry was bred at Eton School, and from thence removed to Geneva.

In 1742 he was chosen into Parliament, and in 1744 was appointed Aide-de-Camp to His R. H. William Duke of Cumberland. He was present in the actions of Dettingen, Loffelt, and Fontenoy, at the latter of which he was taken prisoner; in 1748 he was second in command in the attempt on Rochfort, when he, as before, gave remarkable instances of his valour, as he did of his talents as an author in a noble defence of General Mordaunt and himself, on the miscarriage of that expedition, as he had in various instances as an orator in England and Ireland, in

which last kingdom he had been Secretary of State to William fourth Duke of Devonshire.

In the reign of George the Third he continued Groom of the Bedchamber to His Majesty, as he had been to George the Second, and Colonel of a regiment till 1765, when he was dismissed from both those preferments for his constitutional resistance of war, and for his still more constitutional rejection of all offers of corruption and threats from the Minister, G. Grenville. On the change of the Ministry he was appointed Secretary of State in which post he was entreated by Mr. P. to remain, but resigned it after all manner of persuasion had been employed to retain him in, when he was made Lieut.-General of the Ordnance, and afterwards Governor of Jersey, where—&c.

In the published correspondence of Lord Orford there are but six letters, written to different persons, in 1795, and none bearing date nearer the time of Marshal Conway's death than those addressed to Lady Ossory in December.

Miss Berry's entry in her short diary of this year (1795) is—'We went to Cheltenham. O. H. came there. We met afterwards at Park Place. Came from Little Strawberry to settle in town in November.'

The correspondence between Lord Orford and the Miss Berrys was commenced on their going to Cheltenham, and many of the letters of this year have been preserved, though till now they have remained unpublished.

Aug. 19.

About an hour after you was set out on Tuesday, I found the above paragraph in the newspaper. I foresaw that Mr. Walter * would not lie dormant, when he was become so near a neighbour to us! A writer of a newspaper, I suppose, like what is said of the Astracan Lamb, devours all the plants that grow within his atmosphere. The '*charming man's*' visit to him t'other day no doubt inspired the panegyric on you two, and as certainly was

* Mr. Walter, the editor of the *Times* newspaper, then living at the Villa at Twickenham, next to Strawberry Hill.

the echo of what he had said of you. In any great dearth of news, shall you wonder if the public is acquainted how finely you work hammercloths? When Mr. Walter had made a will for me, he might have been content to let my living ashes rest in peace. Well, when he has exhausted us, I trust he will extend his appetite and browse on the House of Orange and the Pavilions—nobler forage than quiet us.*

When you return, remember to make me show you a message that a former Swiss footman of mine delivered to me in his broken English from Mrs. Ellis, which I had totally forgotten, but tho' not a *bon mot*, is worth all your collection, and which I found in the letters you have lately been reading. I know how impatient for it you will be, but it would be most improper for me to write to you. Lupino is nothing to it; it makes me laugh while I am writing.

Holbein Chamber, Strawb. Hill, Wedn. night, Aug. 19, 1795.

I put myself in mind of a scene in one of Lord Lansdown's plays, where two ladies being on the stage and one going off, the other says, 'Lord, she is gone! well, I must go and write to her.' This was just my case yesterday: you had been gone but a few hours, when I thought I could *amuze* or *amuzle* myself better by sitting and thinking of you, than by going out I did not care whither; so I began this for the post to-morrow, tho' I had not a word to say but Mr. Walter's paragraph, as I soon found; so I went to the returned letters, where I recovered David's delightful message, which you will know some day or other.

Intellectual Mr. Bush has been here this morning; as I doubted whether Nanny's intellects, high as she holds them, were mounted to an unison with his, I ordered Kirgate, for want of you, to accompany him about the house, that I might have a faithful account of his sententious reflexions. He brought with him, as I concluded, another intellectual cock and two hens; but alack! they did not lay one egg worth sitting on or sending to you: chanticleer himself is ancient and formal; the others, mere barn-door fowl.

* The Prince and Princess of Orange were then living in Hampton Court Palace; and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at two small buildings called the Pavilions, in Hampton Court Park.

The Mendips* are expected to-morrow; so we shall be as lively as soups, and removes, and entrés and pools at cribbage set to clarionettes can make us. Moreover, I shall learn for your edification all that the Corps Diplomatique knows or is ordered to disperse; as from another quarter I shall be informed how all the Princes and Princesses in Europe do. Can I miss you, when my time may pass as merrily as if I were at the Diet of Ratisbon!

To-day you have had charming weather for travelling; not sultry for certain, and not a drop of rain. The corn I hope you found most levelled! The papers talk of such prodigious plenty, that one w^d^ imagine there were danger of our being devoured by wheat and barley, and that the farmers and Jacobins would raise a clamour on that score!

Wednesday night.

I have been with Lady Di, and voici what I heard. Nel of Clarence plays Ophelia to-night at Richmond. Miss Hotham has issued cards for a tea on Friday. I have not received *one*, tho' last year she *swore* by me; but this has not noticed me. I shall not break my heart.

There! I think, considering how small and close my writing is, and that we have been parted not quite two days, this is a tolerably long letter—in the Charming's Uncial Letters it would fill two folio sheets. I trust, too, that it is as full of nothing as the heart of Agnes can desire. Good night, both!

Thursday, one o'clock.

I have detained my letter till the newspaper and post were arrived: in the former is nothing of consequence; by the latter no letters for any of you — but I have received one myself which I will keep to show you. It is to inquire who put into the paper, my 'Settlement on Lord Hertford'? You may guess at the writer from the indecency and folly of the inquiry. Don't take notice of this in your answer. Adieu!

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 22, 1795.

Tho' I persuaded you to go to Cheltenham, and am happy you are there, I little imagined I should rejoice at your *not*

* Wilbore Ellis Agar, the first Lord Mendip.

being here; yet I do, at least I did yesterday, when we had an outrageous storm of thunder that would have frightened you terribly: I thought it directly over the blue-room, and it was so near that it did fall on Davenport's field, over against the Round Tower, and reduced a shock of corn to powder. Lady Cecilia (her first visit since her return) was with me, and tho' so apt to be frightened out of her senses when not in the least alarmed, was not at all dismayed, for she was frying Lady J., and had no leisure to be terrified.

I have *trusted* —— with my anger at the paragraph about my will, that she may *betray* me, and report what I said, that they who make wills for me would be much disappointed; but that I should not have wondered if people had concluded that instead of his nephew if I should have designed his uncle for my principal heir. This sentence I am determined shall by some channel or other be conveyed to those who are so impatient for my succession, and so indelicate as to let me see it on all occasions.

Yesterday, just as I had breakfasted in my closet where your bust is, I saw the Kingston Fencibles pass by on the river. They were standing in rows on a high platform in a western barge, with colours and music. They saluted my castle with three guns —unfortunately I had no cannon mounted on my battlements to return it—then they gave Mrs. Osbaldiston seven, who, I suppose, was standing in her garden on the shore, and repaid the compliment with seven bowls of punch, and perhaps had invited company for the *spectacle*, as she did when she imagined the Queen was to come in a barge to breakfast with me. I hope I shall have a letter to-morrow to notify your safe arrival at the Fountain—here is a letter for my t'other half. Adieu!

Str., Aug. 23, 1795.

Tho' I have already written twice to you in four days, I must postscribe a few more lines to-day as I have this instant received your first, which does not please me at all, from the disagreeable accounts you give both of your own health and of Mrs. Damer's. For yours, I am delighted that I persuaded you to go to Cheltenham, and that you are actually there. I have vast hopes in the waters, and some in the change of air, and in a variety of amusements without late hours.

How extremely silly is Lady C. in venting her malice so un-

guardedly! but is not that indiscretion a providential antidote to ill nature? It would be useless to detail to her all the virtues, all the sense, all the qualifications I find in you two; her narrow mind that never cultivated any seed but that of wormwood, would not be capable of conceiving what I think and should say of you; but I could tell her another reason for my loving you both so extremely: in neither do I find a mixture of pride and selfish meanness; no, nor envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. Foh! but she is below one's anger; nor can she have a worse tormentor than the spitefull temper that inhabits her own bosom. She and her daughter are like Scylla and Charybdis—nobody can pass near them without being barked at.

I shall long for Tuesday, in hope of hearing that you are quite recovered. Name your company; have not you the quiet Murrays and the undancing Darrels? is the august and serene Mrs. K. at Cheltenham this year? There is a more august and as serene a personage, who some day or other, I believe, will not be more disposed to curtsie to either of you than the former to Agnes last year.

I must go to town on Wednesday to receive some money—not for Mr. Walter's nominee, Lord H., nor for Lord H.'s self-appointed competitor. Do you wonder I am offended at being *laid out* so often to my face? yet I will act as I always do in such cases, I will change in nothing which I once thought right—but hola! there.

P.S.—Pray keep the parcel of letters till you can bring them yourself; you must have a voracious appetite if you can digest more than one every day.

Strawb., Aug. 25, 1795.

Here is your letter, and *luckily* (which I ought not to say) I shall have time to answer it incontinently, which I thought I should not have, for Mrs. Doiley was to bring her friend Mrs. Sloane to see my house, but the former is *unluckily* indisposed, and I am at liberty to follow my wicked inclinations.

Take care you both return in perfect health, and both illuminated by as many roses as Agnes brought back last year, or I shall repent of my self-denying ordinance which sent you to Cheltenham—I do not grow at all reconciled to your absence; pis-allers are the worst allers in the world, and when the coach

comes to the door at eight o'clock, and is not to carry me to Cliveden, I grow peevish and almost wish that Fons Blandusiæ were fragilior Vitro, and had been smashed to pieces some years ago in one of his moods when it flew into the most religious and gracious head upon earth. No I don't; it agreed with sweet Agnes, and I trust will be as salutiferous to sweet Mary:—

> O Bessy Belle and Mary Gray,
> I love ye streen and am sure can never alter,

and if ye find benefit, what signifies a month of insipid evenings?

Of news I have not heard a tittle. Lord Guilford's match is avowed.* They accept joy at Bushy. I was at Lord Mendip's last night, when Gunning, his surgeon, came in, and after examining his foot, declared it quite healed; so I suppose he will frisk to Hampshire next month as usual, for he never falls to the earth, but, like *feu* Antæus, he springs up again with all his spirits.

On *Sunday*, as it was a most comely evening, I returned the anti-divine Cecilia's visit,† concluding she would be on the terrace of the Palace sidleing towards the Oranges.‡ I had guessed rightly. Then I called on Mrs. Garrick§ and to my surprise was for the first time in my life let in, tho' uninvited. She met me at the door and told me she had an hundred head of nieces with her—and in truth so I found; there were six gentlewomen, a husband of one of them, and two boys. An elderly fat dame affected at every word to call her *Aunt*. However, they were quiet enough, and did not cackle much, and even the lads were tame, and did not stare at my limping skeleton as I expected, and which I do not love to expose to Giggledom.

I can coin no more nothings without straw, and this assignat is not worth a farthing more than a French one, and those I see with pleasure sink every day, notwithstanding the Convention

* With the eldest daughter of Mr. Coutts the banker.

† Lady Cecilia Johnston.

‡ The Stadtholder's family, then established in Hampton Court Palace.

§ The widow of David Garrick, a native of Vienna, married 1749, who continued to reside at Hampton till her death in 1822, in her ninety-seventh year, having survived her husband forty-three years.

has bought peace with so many kings whom they had devoted to destruction. Adieu! I told you I shall be in London to-morrow, and mayhap I may not write to you again for I don't know how many minutes to come.

Berkeley Square, Wedn. after dinner, Aug. 26, 1795.

Here I am, with no earthly whither to go but to my sister's at supper-time; then why should I not go on writing to you, which I like better than anything when I am not with you, especially as I have some nothingly scraps to send you? I called on poor Stumpity, and found him sick and very yellow—he goes to Bath on Friday; this will delay his peregrination of the rest of his parishes, for which I am sorry.

Mrs. Molyneux, grandmother of the *present late* Princess of Wales, is dead; they call it *suddenly*, tho' she was above ninety years of age before this impromptu came into her head.

The court of Brighthelmstone furnishes the idle of this town with the chief topics of conversation. Mr. Tyrwhit, a favourite of no ancient date, is gathered to his numberless predecessors, for having roundly lectured Lady J. on her want of reverence for the *legal* Princess, and the poor injured lady had no way to escape but by inventing a swoon, in the height of which came in the Prince, who, learning the cause, dismissed Nathan. Miss Vanneck is come away furious also, on never being asked to play at cards; nay, she was desired for her *amusement* to bring her spinning-wheel into the play-room, where I suppose she banged and bungled the instrument like Lady Loverule. The J.'s do not go into the house in Warwick Street—some say on a remonstrance of the present, others of the last chancellor. They are to have the house of Lord William Russell, which was his grandmother Bedford's in Pall Mall—still *harping* on Carleton House. Don't mention these *ouidires* (for the truth of not one of which I will be responsible) on the green or pantiles of Cheltenham, which I repeat merely to divert you, without caring a straw about the dramatis personæ. My next paragraph the Darrels probably know, and may have told you: it was printed at the bottom of the playbills at Richmond last week, that Mrs. Jordan would not perform, as it was the birthday of his R. H. the Duke of

Clarence—no, to be sure she could not, for the Prince of Orange was to dine with him, and she did the honours at the head of the table—no, the Princesses were not there.

Well, come, this shall be a complete royal letter: they say that honest gentleman, the King of Prussia, does not pay the Margrave his annuity; Dame Cowslip, I doubt, will not bring grist enough to the theatrical mill to keep it going.

How very foolish is the tedious wise letter of the new King of France! What business had he to make promises and threats? The former will not restore him an hour sooner nor be believed; the latter *will* be believed, and will hurt him. Poor M. de Sombreuil's is a most melancholy story. He was in church here at the instant he was going to be married to a young woman with whom he was in love and in love with him, when the courier arrived to summon him for the expedition to Bretagne: 'Then,' said he, 'I must go!' The ceremony was deferred for ever!

Miss Hotham is to have another tea on Friday, and has not only sent me a card for it, but has written to the anti-divine to beg her to press me to be at it. I shall be exceedingly unwilling, and have not promised, for I have heard that on Monday she had Miss Tag, and Miss Rag, and Miss Bobtail, and I suppose will have as many next time.

Lord Lucan is made Earl of the *Ilk*—no wonder. Lady Camden, the Vice-Queen, is, you know, Lady Lucan's niece.

The weather is as gorgeous as in the Summer Islands—I hope you have your full share of it. The verdure is luxuriant, from the snow of the winter and the rains of the summer—it is pity we must buy fine autumns so dear. Methinks when the Parliament brought the months eleven days forwarder it should have ordered that the commencement of summer, should not date till after the deluges of St. Swithin. Good night for the present; all I have been saying will keep cold for two or three days.

Strawb., 27th.

The Churchills were not in town, nor could I find a creature but old Pompey, and of him I soon grew tired, and came home at nine o'clock, and this morning returned hither. *The Bower you are bigging on yon burn brae* advances rapidly,

but the new road across your field is not begun for want of hands; they are all cutting wheat, which, as nurses say to children, cries 'Come eat me!' Our dreaded famine is turned into exuberance, every road and lane is filled by loads of corn crossing in every direction, yet such a panic is gone forth that every common is going to be ploughed up and applied to tillage. I received a printed card from the Duke of Northumberland to-day to invite me to meet him and the neighbouring gentry at Isleworth to consider of breaking up Hounslow-heath; his Grace disapproves, to be popular with the cottagers.

A droll idea is started into my head for a drawing by Agnes; but I shall not tap it till you return, for tho' I think it will divert us amongst ourselves, yet as it is not a good-natured thought, I should be afraid of its getting into the printshops. Another good night! This is such a heap of trumpery, that I will wait a day or two for something more worth sending; yet at this season what can one have to talk of but weather and harvests—or of French horrors?

28th, eleven at night.

Well, I have been at Miss Hotham's in a bright but most chill moonlight. The assemblage was not so ungain as I expected, for tho' there were some of the clan of the Bobtails, there were several I knew, as the Guilfords, Mount Edgcumbes, the Yonges, the Cunninghams, Lady Mary Duncan, Lady Mary Fordyce, and a few more. I played with Lady Cecilia, Lady Guilford, and Mr. Sutton; and Mrs. Sutton, with a thousand civilities, invited me to Molesey for Tuesday next, and I will certainly go, as they are of y^r^ acquaintance.

This morning I received y^r^ letter, and have great comfort in hearing that the fountain agrees with you; how I shall applaud myself if you find essential benefit! I am glad, too, that you have such an excellent cicerone as Lysons; if you have time when at Gloucester, make him carry you to the Bishop's Palace and to George Selwyn's late house at Matson, a beautiful situation, and to Prinhnage, on the hill to which, in a cottage, I purchased for five shillings a most venerable and most ancient cradle of wood, exactly like one in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' that saved Edward II., and then I was ashamed to bring it away,

as having no babe to put into it; I should be more ashamed now that I have two wives and yet no progeny. Adieu!

Str., Sept. 1, 1795.

I am resolved to correct my hand, for my writing was grown so small and so close, that I myself could scarce read over my last letter; and tho' your eyes are fifty years younger, I believe you found difficulty to decypher it. At present I have so little to say, that I had better make my alphabet as tall as Jerningham's, tho' I have not his happy facility of making every sentence a double entendre. Mercy on us if he and S. were to correspond! They would have occasion, to use an expression of Lord Bacon's, *to speak without fig-leaves.* Some say *the charming* will succeed Tommy Tyrrwhit.* I wish with all my heart he may. He will not offend by leaving his old friend, Madame de Main*tenant*, nor displease by his abrupt *sophisms*, congenial enough to the climate.

After all his vast profusions Lord Moira's expeditions are given over, and he is retired to Donington Castle, carrying with him his first aide-de-camp, the Duc d'Angoulême, son of Monsieur, who is gone to tap another attempt on Bretagne. How those two rejettons of the Plantagenets and Bourbons will sympathise on their vanished grandeurs! This is all I know beyond the next milestone.

Lord Clifden is returned from Ireland, and has been three days at his uncle's, but he and the silent woman and the old bittern are gone to Ramsgate for two months. I am sorry, for my lord is very agreeable. The Archbishop of Cashell is arrived too, but the Patriarch of the Agars is so much recovered that I believe he will soon remove to Hampshire. Every absentee makes a gap now in my narrow beat; but at the end of the month I trust I shall miss nobody, nor care who leaves the neighbourhood.

Did not I hear some time ago that Mr. May was gone to Cheltenham? If he is there, I hope he will be as zealous about my wives as he was last winter about me, and address some more irresistible verses to God, beseeching Him to order Jupiter to restore you two to perfect health. Had his Cupid not been blown from the top of his summer-house into the

* As Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales.

Thames, perhaps he would have been so gallant as to have sent the urchin on the errand in an ode, and directed him to wait on the Virgin Mary and entreat her to lay her commands on her friend Venus for that purpose.

I was last night at Mrs. Sutton's. There was not an inundation of people, as I feared, chiefly Hampton courtiers and its excrescences, Dutch and French. There was a little music, and Miss Broadie sung and played, and so did another, a man, and there was a large supper, at which I left them. The situation seems handsome, the house extremely pretty and in very pure taste; there is a lovely little gallery painted in treillage, rather prettier than a paper of that gender, which I have seen somewhere or other, I forget where. Mrs. Sutton's own landscapes, as far as I could judge by candle light, seem very good. I like her herself and her husband too; he is the civilest of men. I recollect the terror I felt last Christmas when you was to return from a ball there at three o'clock in the snow. I had concluded you was to ferry, and had quite forgot the bridge at Hampton Court; you know I sometimes have such inveterate distractions.

Thus far I had written after breakfast, but tho' I then received y^r^ Monday's letter I could not finish mine, for I had promised Mrs. Doiley to show my house to her, Mrs. Sloane, and a dowager, Miss Agar, who is at Pope's; and they being old women who do not live at the brink of fashion, they came in sunny time, and not three hours after it was pitch dark, as fine ladies would have done who hope to be immortal by always being too late for every diversion they may be supposed to like. Before the trio were gone arrived my niece, Lady Horatia, with her two glorious eldest boys;* the second, especially, is a bold miniature of his mother, and consequently beautiful. They staid with me till dinner time; Lady Lincoln has lent her house at Putney, while she is at Tunbridge, to Horatia, who expects Lord Hugh soon from sea.—Now I will answer you.

I am delighted that you have got O'Hara.† How he must feel his felicity in being at liberty to rove about as much as he likes!

* George Francis, afterwards Admiral Sir George Seymour. Hugh Henry, afterwards Lieut.-Col. in the army, died 1821.

† General Charles O'Hara, who had just been freed from a French prison, subsequent to his having been wounded and taken prisoner at the siege of Toulon.

Still I shall not admire his volatility if he quits you soon. I am sorry he thinks Lady Ailesbury so much changed, yet how amazing it would be if such a loss as she has had made no visible impression; a husband who, living and dying, seemed to have thought only of her!

The success of the water on you both charms me, and tho' I am very *unked* without you, I enjoin you not to think of coming away.

Another command I have to give you, and like most, I hope, of my ordinances, not originating in self; it is, not to write me such long letters. I have always heard that writing is prejudicial in a course of waters. Besides, it takes up an unconscionable portion of your time, which I wish to have constantly diverted. Don't measure your letters by mine; I have no other occupation which I like a quarter so well as conversing with you. I wish to amuse your idle moments, but not to misemploy them; and is it fit that your youth should be confined to the entertainment of your great-grandfather? Let me babble, but don't reply. Adieu.

Str., Sunday night, Sept. 6, 1795.

I sent two letters to-day, one for y^r^ father, the other for y^r^ sister, and two to Audley-street, but none from myself, for I had not a morsel of news in the house, and this letter perhaps will wait for a supply; our region is quite dry, unless I were to send to the scandal-pump at Hampton Court, with which you like to deal as little as I. In our village I suppose I am thought grown very sociable, unless they suspect the true cause, for I call every now and then (at my *vacant* eight o'clock) on the few I do visit; last night a second time at the foot of the bridge,* where indeed they are very zealous about the Clivedenites. I am a little tired of the clan at Pope's, of the formality and cribbage, and formality again! T'other night there was an Irish miss, who is thought a prodigy in music; and indeed she did belabour the harpsichord as if it had no more feeling than a kettledrum.

I sent the Udneys† half a buck: they wanted me to partake of

* Mr. Cambridge's family.

† Mr. Udney had been formerly Consul at Leghorn. He had made a large collection of pictures in Italy, and at this time inhabited a house at Teddington.

it, which luckily I declined, and well it was I did, for they had invited that surfeiting flatterer, Lady E., and such a hogshead of sweet sauce would have overloaded any stomach that has not a royal digestion. Not that I have escaped, for alas! she is there still, which I, not knowing, went thither this evening, and fell into her mouth. Oh, how she crammed me with all that the Queen and Princesses had said to *her* about their breakfast here, and how they every day recollect something new that they admired. I fear I did not offer her to come and see how *she* would like the house. Mrs. Leneve formerly advised me never to begin with civilities to people I don't like; 'for,' said she, 'you soon let them see that, and then they are more offended than they would have been by coldness at first.' You will bear me witness that I did not sniff up the Countess's incense kindly the first time it was offered to me.

Monday night.

The day has produced nothing that will help my letter a step forwarder. I have not seen a soul except Lady Horatia and her two Cupids, who dined with me, and half our conversation has rolled on panegyrics of the weather, which continues as fine, and warm, and summerly as if all the snow and rain in the skies had been let out to clear the complexion of September; the sun himself is as constant as Lord Derby. Apropos, Lady Betty and her Cole were here this morning to see the house, according to your order. I will talk no more of the weather but to tell you that I, who used to delight in a storm of lightning and thunder, am grown, since I saw your fright at Richmond, to dread a threatening appearance of a tempest, and watch whether it points Cheltenhamhoy. I wish I were always as clear about everything that relates to you, but you know that sometimes my étourderie is inconceivable. So it was yesterday: the two letters that I imagined came to me by the post were only sent to me from Cliveden for y^r^ servant William Croft, with a view of my transmitting them to Cheltenham. You may tranquillise him about them if you have alarmed him, for having occasion to send Kirgate to town yesterday, I delivered them to him, to be left in Audley-street, where the mystery was cleared up, and whence he brought them back to-day; and they will depart franked to-morrow under y^r^ colours, and if there was any sweethearting in the case, William, I hope, will excuse my occasioning him two sleepless nights.

If I receive no letter to answer to-morrow, these two poor homely pages must set as good a face upon the matter as they can, but will own honestly that for these last three weeks the gentleman who sends them has not been at all the man he was, is pleased with nothing he does, nor tells them a syllable that in their humble opinion is worth y^r^ ladyship's reading, tho' he pretends our successors will be much more entertaining than we are, quod est demonstrandum (they say, Madam, you speak Latin as well as Madame Damer, the great *statue-woman*), but for our parts we confess we should no more have thought of acting the part of a letter than of pretending to as much wit as Mr. Congreve, y^r^ ladyship's favourite author.

Tuesday morning.

Yes, here is your letter, and I like all it tells me, that you have chained y^r^ general* to y^r^ car, tho' you could not make him enter the prison with you; and no wonder that even the divine Mr. Howard's luxuries of a dungeon are not an antidote to the diabolic infection of Robespierre's and Charrier's refinements on barbarity. I like y^r^ jaunts, and that they answer so well, and I hope they will be as beneficial as the waters to both of you. I suppose you will advertise me when I am to change my direction, tho' unless the public is more prolific of events than it has been for this last week, Twickenham is not likely to provoke me to write soon. Adieu!

Tuesday evening, Sept. 8, 1795.

This is a mere codicil of business to my morning's letter. I have been to survey the works at Cliveden. Imprimis: the new road is not begun. Nobody, they said, had received specific orders about it. I specified them to no purpose. Chapman was there, and imagined there was to be a double ditch and rail—no such thing—a simple path of gravel for a coach: what a fright would more be from Agnes's balcony.

The two rooms are covered in; the scaffolding will be struck to-night. I clambered to the top of the stairs and peeped in, tho' the steps are not placed yet; they will be pretty chambers.

Mr. Berry's rick is almost finished.

I found poor Muff bad, not with his eyes, but his back very mangy. I have ordered him to be entirely clipped, and dipped at the powder mills.

* General O'Hara.

As the letter to the gardener only affected to have been wafered, but came open, I looked to see whether I could expedite any orders. I found that your favourite gardener is leaving you. I asked wherefore; he replied the wages are too low. Pray suspend that decree if you wish to keep him. I think I could accommodate that impediment.

I have given orders for a new gigantic ice-house, that you may not want a profusion, if there should ever be such a *feel-omenon* as a hot summer.

Strawb., Sept. 10, 1795.

The postman at Cheltenham may growl as much as he pleases, or make as ill-natured glosses as he has a mind, on my writing to you almost every day: as long as y^r^ servant fetches the letters from the office, what has the man to do but to receive them? If Kirgate, who is forced to put my letters into the post so very often, were to complain, and demand an increase of his wages, I should not wonder, tho' since my press has stopped, he has scarce anything else to do; or if you, the greatest sufferer of all, were to lament being obliged to read such heaps of insipid scribbles, it would be no marvel; but till I receive some remonstrance of that kind, I shall persist to the last drop of the next fortnight. I trust I am still in a free country, and not in one where everybody that is below me is much above me, and has a right to tell me what I shall not do, when I have nothing at all to do, and when, as at this present writing, no mortal can take upon himself to say that I am doing any thing at all.

Having thus confuted the postman, and asserted my natural liberty as a Peer of England of being as foolish as I please, I come to the next important article of my present life, which is very necessary for you to know, or you would be entirely ignorant of one trifling event of my actual existence. The House of *North and by Douglas** dined here to-day, and I could not get a soul to meet them: the Keenes are at Tunbridge; I sent to the Mount Edgcumbes, but they are gone this blessed day, he to the Mount and she to Norfolk, while the Dowager is merrymaking with Lord Cardigan in Northampton. Having mounted quantum in auras ætherias of Richmond Hill, I tantum in Tartara tendebam, and invited the Mother Ankerstrom and her daughter-

* Lady Guildford and family: her eldest daughter married Sylvester Douglas.

in-law, and they also would not come; so not being able to make a party for Lady Guilford, she and her younger daughters (the elder and her Strephon to love and a cottage) went after tea to Pope's to visit Mrs. Arch-Cashel,* who, by the way, is created Lady Somerton, for Irishwomen turn to peeresses as easily as the figurantes at the Opera who form shepherdesses in the first dance, are changed in the next to graces and goddesses. So being left alone on my own shore, what could I do but fling myself into the Thames or write to you? Now you see and rue the consequences of leaving me by myself in this depopulated region! Another danger is, that if you don't return soon, I shall be devoured by venison, and hares, and partridges, and pheasants from Houghton. I am forced to water all my neighbourhood with game: to Lady Anne I shall be supposed to be making court for a legacy, tho' it is only gratitude for the large cabinet of gold and silver medals which she insisted on giving to me, and which I was so overjoyed when authorised to send back to her.

Saturday morning, 12th.

Thank all the stars in which I have any friends, for bringing me yours of Thursday last at this instant, when I had not a word to say, nor could have made out the semblance of a letter, had I not had this antecedent piece ready cut and dried in my writing box, tho', as you justly say, when my pen gets a drop of ink in its eye, it cannot help chattering (to *you* s'entend) as fast as Miss Hotham.

If you have gulped enough of the fountain—tho' I fear not, nor conceive that water can work miracles in three weeks—I like your journeyings about and diverting yourselves with sights. Of Sudeley Castle, the principal point to tell you is, that there is a print of the beautiful chapel, in which but a few years ago was found the tomb of Catherine Parr, the castle then belonging to her last husband, Admiral Seymour; and as I am descended from her by her first, I would you had been advertized to say a mass for y^r^ great-grandmother.

I do not wonder that Madam K. ordered the windows to be shut when the weather was sultry—it was to display her dignity, or to increase the volume of her noisy voice, which she always

* Wife of Charles Agar, Archbishop of Cashel, created Baron Somerton 1795.

exerts for the same reason. I wish *they* had been gentlewomen, and then they would not have always aimed at being princesses.

I will say nothing about y^r^ gardener nor Cliveden now. I believe you will think my pen more fuddled this morning than it was two nights ago, for this part of my letter is much worse written than the former—the truth is, I am very nervous to-day, and my hand shakes, yet I am otherwise quite well, as Mrs. Damer will testify, for I expect her by dinner on her return from London, and she is to stay with me till to-morrow, of which I am very glad.

The out-pensioner of Bedlam, G. H., whom I hoped I had offended in the spring by refusing him a plenary indulgence, wrote to me last night to *dine* with him on Tuesday next with the Archbishop of Cashel. I knew this was to imply, 'my cousin is Lord-Lieutenant'—with all my heart! Accept I did not; however, as it showed good humour, I sent a very civil sorrowful fib in return, and pleaded having engaged company myself for that day. You know I never enter into dinner-parties that have a round of consequences. Adieu!

Str., Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1795.

I this moment receive the dear *double* letter (for I am always delighted when I find even a few lines of my sweet Agnes's writing—and yet I am not ungrateful for the many that sweet Mary writes, tho' against my orders; but tho' I love both so much, and so equally together, I am still always wishing to show a whole affection to each separately; but as two wholes are impossible, I must go on in the old manner, and only make a distinction whenever either of you lets me discover an individual wish that I can gratify, and then I am sure that there is no preference I show in complying). Well! after this endless parenthesis, I begin in obedience to y^r^ commands to write this for y^r^ reception, though I have heard nor done anything worth repeating since Saturday, when Mrs. Damer came to me, and gave me the only very agreeable day that I have passed since you left me. Her lameness is greatly better than I expected, and not to be perceived unless one is apprised of it. I settled with her, and by her mother's request, to meet you at Park Place, and you must let me know when that is to be.

I can now do no more than answer y^r^ paragraphs, tho' I

must jump to the one that pleases me the most, your finding yourself so well; my having persuaded you to the journey infinitely overpays all the ennui it has occasioned to myself. I only wonder how I endured so many summers and autumns here before I knew two persons in whom *some folks can discover nothing so extraordinary*!

My next, and a great satisfaction too, is your purchase of a horse—if it be a sure-footed one—but I do not love a *cheap* horse; pray let it try anybody's neck before yours.

To your friends at Bushy I went last night, but found no soul but the mother and two daughters—the second son was in the house, but would not condescend to appear—I suppose I am not *mauvais ton* enough for him. To gratify my lady, who loves cribbage as well as Lady A. or Lady Mendip, we played *four* rubbers, to the joy of poor Lady Anne as little as to mine! It was near eleven before I got home.

This is the whole of my diary, except fifty frets and torments about tickets for seeing the house; and yesterday, tho' I am forced to keep a list of those I have given out, I had made a confusion, and given two for the same day: this I had discovered, as I hoped in time, and wrote on Saturday to a clergyman at Norwood, one of Nanny's customers, to change the day, but he had not returned home, and, consequently, had not received my letter, and so both companies arrived within three minutes of each other, and I was forced to admit both, only substituting Kirgate to conduct one set, and charging Nanny to be as tedious as she could with the other, that they might not jostle in the gallery—'Yes, yes, my lord, I'll palaver 'em enough in the blue room'—and with such a plenary indulgence to that perpetual motion her tongue, I do not doubt but she told them ten times instead of three, 'that that on the staircase, gentlemen, is the armour of Francis I.'

The newspaper is not arrived tho' near one, and I do not know a syllable of truth or falsehood, nor whether the Convention are murdering or murdered. Adieu! both! and a thousand million of thanks, my sweetest Agnes, for your kind postscript! it is not thrown away on me! Return looking as well as last year, and you know how happy it will make me.

The visit to Cheltenham being over, Lord Orford's last

letter of the month of September was addressed to Miss Berry, at Mr. Coxe's, Quarley, near Andover.

Friday night, Sept. 18, 1795.

I mean this shall meet you at Mr. Coxe's on Sunday, and am quite happy that you have had and have such a posthumous summer for your travels. To-day has been the Phœnix of days, so bright, so clear, so soft, and warm enough to be called hot by the courtesy of England. I am obliged to the weather too for furnishing me with a beginning, for the trade of correspondence is low indeed! I went to the palace at Fulham this morning, and have been at Lady Di's and Lady Betty's this evening, and could not bring away a scrap of novelty, but that the Parliament is to meet on the 29th of next month. What care you or I?

T'other morning Lady Horatia brought me her new sister and my new cousin Lady George Seymour * to see me. I found her much better than I expected; her person I had heard commended, never her face, yet that I found extremely well, with good complexion and a lively and sensible look.

The best news I can tell you is, that that public nuisance of this district, Davensport, seems growing quite frantic; he has quarrelled with his protector the Duke of Northumberland's steward, and has driven a cart across his hedge; and he—not the steward, but Devilport—has beaten a poor woman that he found gleaning on his field unmercifully. Such rich upstarts are apt to grow tirannoni. In France he would have guillotined her and her whole family, for gold petrifies dunghills sooner than it does velvets.

The emigrants of Richmond are beginning to return. The Dowager Mount Edgcumbe is arrived at her son's villa. These scraps are all I can sweep together. Were you to be absent another fortnight, I should be reduced to have recourse to Mrs. Wright at Hampton Court, to learn what all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood have had for dinner every day this week.

Saturday morn.

Oh! thank you, and so does my letter, for it was quite exhausted and here is yours of 17th to set it going again! Now

* Daughter of the Hon. and Rev. George Hamilton.

I shall be impatient for the next from Mr. Coxe's. Yes, I will certainly come to you at Park-place, but as I know I should take fright and conclude you ill, were I not to find you there, I will allow for accidental delays, and will not be there myself till Sunday the 27th, or Monday 28th; if I hear that you have met with any remora—not by y^r^ cold I hope—but how can it last in this celestial weather, which ought to operate all the miracles in Pope's 'Messiah'—ought—I don't say does, for tho' I am certainly lame enough for a marvellous experiment, I am so far from finding I can

Leap exulting like the bounding roe,

that last night I was near tumbling headlong down Lady Di's steps, as I got out of my coach, but her footman caught me in his arms. Well! to-day is yesterday's twin, and as like as any two Hobarts or Forbes's. The cream was actually turned this morning at breakfast; what a phenomenon on the 19th of September!

I wish every *Jacobiterian* that would lay waste the face of this beautiful rich country were to taste a few—not a quarter, which would be too many for one human being to wish to another, of the horrors that General O'Hara beheld in France—and where excess of Reformation has now produced a system of despotic impudence that surpasses even the triple partition of Poland. Their *unchristened* month of *Fructidor* will retain its denomination in the memory of mankind by the *fruits* it has generated in its decree of perpetuating two-thirds of the Convention. We shall see how blessed they will be by establishing the power of such a host of tyrannical monsters!—Adieu!

A friendly letter from Professor Playfair* written at this time shows the estimation in which he held the

* John Playfair, an eminent Scotch mathematician, born 1748. Member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 1784; in 1789 became its President; in 1785 he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. In 1805 he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy. He published an edition of Euclid with notes and a supplement. He took a strong interest in geology and philosophy. He travelled in the Alps and in Italy to study the geology of those regions. He was much loved and respected. Died 1819. A monument to his memory is erected on the Calton Hill.

society of the Miss Berrys. How long the acquaintance had been formed does not appear, but the friendship lasted for the remainder of his life.

London, Sept. 4, 1795, London-street, No. 42.

DEAR MADAM,—I cannot leave London without accounting to you for my not having revisited Twickenham before you left it. The truth is I had it not in my power, for I never have been at any time less master of my own actions than this summer. The principal object of my visit to London was the settling of the affairs of my brother's family, and this being a work in itself not very simple, has afforded to one who has no great aptitude for *business* a very complete and sometimes even a laborious occupation. There is no advantage or pleasure, however, of which it has deprived me, that I so much lament the loss of, as not having had it in my power to enjoy more of the elegant and rational entertainment that the society of your family affords above anything I have ever met with, or can hope to find in any other place. The only consolation I have is, that I have now succeeded pretty nearly in the main object of my long stay in London. Such is the true solution of the problem, that I understood from Mrs. Cholmeley you was so good as to expect from me; and, to express it mathematically, I should say that the phænomenon in question arose not from any weakness of the attracting force at Twickenham, nor from the *inertia* of the body attracted, but from the violent and irregular action of a disturbing force.

I am now going to retire within the *Arctic circle* for the *winter*, and must request that from that frozen region you will have the goodness to permit me sometimes to address you in a few lines. It is so terrible not to hear a word of the motions, employments, or even health of those in whom one takes a certain interest, and I have so long experienced this evil with respect to your sister and you, that it will be an act of the greatest charity to relieve me from it. I will not be very troublesome, for I know how much the exchange must run in my favour, and I would not wish to be too selfish. From me you can expect to hear only of Lines or of Angles, or perhaps of those metaphysical speculations that are almost as natural to Scotland as her heaths and her snows. Among the many

interesting topics of which you can speak, I must remind you of one in particular, the production that I listened to with so much pleasure when I saw you last, and in whose fate I shall always have a deep concern.*

I see Mrs. Cholmeley frequently, always with much pleasure and increased esteem. I was glad to learn from her that your party at Cheltenham is agreeable, and has lately received the great addition of General O'Hara. Farewell! I leave this on the 8th, and, wherever I am, will not cease to remain, with the purest esteem,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN PLAYFAIR.

The following letters are all that remain of Lord Orford's correspondence with the Miss Berrys for the year 1795—the two first directed to Park Place, the rest to North Audley Street:—

Friday night, 9 o'clock, Oct. 6, 1795.

A storm is *something*, and in a village a big event, and so I have now a wherewithal for writing. We had a tremendous tempest of wind this morning before five o'clock; it did not wake me till the close, tho' it had done me mischief. It has levelled the two tall elms in the meadow beyond the clump of walnut trees, and snapped two others short in the grove near the terrace; it ripped off the tiles from the corner of the printing-house, and Kirgate rose in a panic. It demolished some large trees in the angle of the common, and threw down one of the vast old elms before Hardinge's door, but it fortunately fell towards the river, or had crushed Ragman's Castle, and perhaps some of the inhabitants. At Lord Dysart's it has felled sixteen trees, which I suppose will only improve the prospect, which he always made keep its distance. Havoc, too, I hear, is made in Bushy Park—

* The production to which he alludes was a play written by Miss Berry; probably that entitled 'Fashionable Friends.' Mrs. Damer says in a letter that she is glad that Miss Berry had shown her play to Playfair, 'but,' adds she, 'if I could be diverted just now I should, for you put me in mind of the Persian, in I know not what tales, always looking for something or somebody not to be found, and you are looking for one that does *not* admire your play, on whom you mean to pin your faith, and then, I suppose, burn your books,—not exactly the case with authors in general.'

other distant mails are not yet arrived. This hurricane, I hope, did not extend to any of our fleets!

My fillip of gout is nearly gone, as I expected, nor have I stirred from the chimney-corner these three days. Your father, sister, and Miss Dilkes came and sat with me yesterday evening: the two last are gone to-night to the dancing Darrels and to Miss Flora Raphael.

I am impatient to hear the result of Lord Malmesbury's review, and not a little for an authentic confirmation of Clairfait's and Wurmser's victories, which tho' everybody believes, do not yet seem substantiated.

I will keep this unsealed till one o'clock to-morrow, in case I should have any casualties to add to the Twickenham Daily Post. Mr. Walter, our neighbour, I suppose, will be prolix on them in *the Times*. Good night!

Saturday.

Good morrow! One of the bricklayers, who is at work on *our* new icehouse, says there has been a great slaughter of chimneys in London, which I conclude will raise the price of smoke, like everything else; and that two houses have been blown down, but as truth does not know where, it was probably her toadeater, *Mrs. Theysay*, who told her so.

Pray tell Mr. Hoper, who will be with you to-morrow, that I thank him for his letter, and am not sorry that Thelusson has withdrawn. Lord Malmsbury, I hope, is no banker, and does not propose to buy the most beautiful villa in England to make money of it.

Lady Betty has just been here to visit my goutling, and says Mr. Pitt has written to the Post Office to confirm the Austrian victories—I know not to what amount, nor can tell but what I am told—nor shall save the post if I write a word more.

Wedn., Novr. 4th, 1795.

You commanded me, mighty princess, to write to you, and said I write best when I 'have nothing to say'—no flattery to the moments when I have anything to relate. However, were the case so, this letter would be perfection! Lord Rochester, indeed, thought non-entity so fruitful a subject that he wrote an ode on *Nothing* (though he generally chose more productive themes), and I think called *Nothing* the elder

brother of *Shade*, which I apprehend was false genealogy, for tho' they might be twins, I should suppose Master *Light* appeared before Master *Shade*, and that the pre-Adamite *Nothing* was only a false conception. I therefore, who am a rigid genealogist, shall attempt to deduce no progeny from a miscarriage; though I could point out a suitable match for that non-apparent heir, *Nothing*, in my own Princess Royal who never was born.

Thursday, 5.

You!— you are no more a judge of what makes a good letter than Dame Piozzi, who writes bad English when she ought to be exactly accurate, but mistakes vulgarisms for synonymons to elegancies. Hear the oracle Lear—not in Ireland's spurious transcript—

Nothing can come of Nothing—speak again.

So I will, when I really have anything to say. At present, not finding the inspirer *Nothing* very procreative, I shall only tell you that I have a little gout in my right foot, and though I had ordered the coach for Cliveden last night, I could not go, nor shall to Lady Betty's to-night; though I am easier to-day, and think it will not be a fit, but I shall propose to my Agnes and Co. to come to me. She has been here, and will come, and sends you this inclosed. Adieu!

Straw. Hill, Nov. 22, 1795.

I have heard *Nothing*, know *Nothing*. These two negatives not having, according to the proverb, gotten my pen with child of anything, will assuredly not engender an entertaining letter, and I only write a line as you desired, but did hope it would be in answer to another from you, telling me how poor Horace Churchill is.

The night you left me, I went to *Cambridge's* to advance my 50*l.* for the potatoes for the poor here. He told me a curious circumstance, that the great elm which fell into the Thames at Marble Hill in the late hurricane killed several fishes. It is new for gudgeons to be knocked on the head by a tree in their own element; if a dolphin got into the boughs, or a boar into the current, à la bonne heure!

As Mr. C. was *peroring* to me, I did not hear his boy, who

entered at nine to tell me my coach was come, so I trespassed half an hour on the prayers. I did not stay till one in the morning, as with you at Teddington. I think I should have found out the length of the time; indeed, I did now wonder that nine o'clock came so slowly, and did ring the bell. However, old *Cherrytree* was very good-humoured and gracious about my having entrenched on the canonical hour.

As my own stock of Nothing is so unproductive, I will, while expecting Marchand, who is to call to see my Jupiter, transcribe the wonderful Sanscrit paragraph which you found t' other morning in Murphy's 'Portugal,' and which you will like to possess:—

'From whose splendid virtues, the great men, who delight to sport in the atoms which float in the beams of light issuing from the beauty of the leaf of the sleepy Ketahee of the diadem of the goddess Saraskatee, went to adorn the females of the eight points.'

Such are the treasures of Eastern literature which we are so proud of importing, and which will tend to improve us about as much as the Infantheof and Outfantheof of our Saxon ancestors! or as the ferociser, sansculotiser, pantheoniser, &c., of French neologisme! Adieu!

Wedn., Nov. 23, '95.

I thank you much for your note, tho' it gives me so unsatisfactory an account of you; yet I own I should have been alarmed, if I had not seen your own hand. Still, as you have had a little sleep, I will command myself, and will hope for better news to-morrow. I am even resolved not to see you till Saturday, to leave you to recover entirely by repose; if I come to you to-morrow, as I am much inclined to do, I might draw you too soon out of y^r^ room, or disturb you by my anxiety. Therefore I wave my own uneasiness to weigh what is best for you. Nay, if you are not quite well again, I promise you not to be more frightened, even if Agnes writes instead of you, and can tell me *with truth* that you are better. I will say no more now, not to provoke you to write yourself.

Straw., Nov. 24, 1795.

By not receiving a word from you yesterday, I own I was a little afraid that you was out of order again; and now I find that I guessed too justly! Would I knew how or what to

advise you! Alas! I can only be meanly personal, and say to myself, 'At least she does not suffer by my persuading her to stay in the country, I did not attempt it;' but is that a comfort? Do I feel your pain the less for not having contributed to it? Gone I trust it is by this time, and that hope I can enjoy; 'but such consolations are of short duration.' You are both so delicate, that to-morrow, perhaps, I may hear that Agnes is ill!

I do not like the Churchills being still in the country; it does not look as if Horace were in a good way.

My own story will be very brief. Being a very fine evening, I did go last night to Lady Juliana and delivered your excuse. There was one large bouncing woman that I wish you had seen: she was all in the reigning white, but with an ample stream of blood-coloured ribband flowing from her chin to what would have been her knees, had they not spread. . . .

There I heard of the conquest of the *Cape of Good Hope*. I always direct myself to believe in good omens, and never in bad; so this is of the propitious side. It will keep up the credit of our navy a little, which has been sadly hurricaned, and we shall have many trinkets to go to market with at the peace; yet I had rather we had taken one seaport in France than all the Capes and Corsicas in the ocean.

My former old gardener, who lives near the church and is superannuated, t'other day, in a feverish delirium, flung himself out of a window thirteen feet from the ground, and yet was but little bruised.

Kirgate shall certainly make the cases you want, because *you* desire it; but how ridiculous for *me* to be ordering still *more* great-coats for my own letters! I shall say, like St. John, 'the world will not hold them all.' However, you shall wait a little for the next liberator (to talk in my exchequer style) till Kirgate can get better parchment in town. I do think of going thither on Saturday myself for a couple of days, as I have business with Mr. Blake, but shall return hither on Monday for a few more days to pay my bills, and settle my potatoes with George Cambridge, who will not be at Twickenham till Sunday next.

Mr. Coxe comes to me to-morrow, to read some more chapters of my father's life to me. I am exceedingly pleased at its

being undertaken by so very able a hand; but I shall wish it not to be published till I am gone. As there will not be a sentence of my writing in it, tho' I have given him some information, I should be sorry to have a tittle imputed to my partiality, tho' I have religiously told him nothing but truth. Even when he consulted me on his memoirs of my uncle, I said to him, 'Tho' I acknowledge that I had the strongest reason for having great prejudices to my uncle, I will not suffer those prejudices to influence me in what I shall say to you of him;' and, indeed, I believe you will not find in Mr. Coxe's account of that man one hint of the injuries he did me, of which I have told you, nor of his base ingratitude to his brother in regard to the descendants of the latter: but keep all this part of my letter to yourself at present.

I am impatient for to-morrow's letter, to confirm y^r^ recovery. Adieu!

Thursday, half after noon, Nov. 27, '95.

My Sweetest,—Mr. Coxe, whom I could not dismiss, has staid reading to me till this instant, till I can scarce save the post. Thank God for a little better account of dearest Mary; yet it is not near good enough. Still, as you say she must be kept quiet, I will suppress my impatience, and *will* not see her till Saturday evening. Yet I shall long to receive a more comfortable letter to-morrow morning. I dare not stay to write a syllable more. Adieu, adieu!

Strawb., Dec. 1, 1795.

I am rejoiced that you are free from pain. However, I do beg you will, at least to oblige me, once more consult Sir George Baker, and learn his opinion, whether there is no regimen to which he could advise you. I, who am so ignorant in physical cases, shall indubitably not be prescribing for *you*. I hope the reasonableness of what I say will make impression on you.

Though so wet, yesterday was quite warm. To-day is soft as possible.

I found my poor old gardener dead. I can have nothing else to tell in so short a space of time.

Dec. 3, 1795.

The note y^r^ father has brought gives me great comfort by telling me y^r^ pain is gone. Still, I must repeatedly implore

you to talk to Sir George Baker. Your headaches return so very frequently, and yet you do nothing that even pretends to guard against relapses, or even to mitigate them.

The weather is so soft and mild, that while it lasts so I must stay here a few days longer. However, I shall probably be in town on Monday or Tuesday next.

I have heard nothing, but the Prince is to dine this week at Lady Dancinda Darrell's, who, I suppose, is again to be disappointed. Adieu!

Sunday, Dec. 6, 1795.

It will be impossible for me to be in town before Tuesday, and I must want the sight of you for a day longer. I shall certainly come on Tuesday, for I have various threats of the gout. I suppose you will think I have staid too long in the country, and caught cold, which is far from being the case. The weather has been soft as in the beginning of autumn, and I have not been out of these two rooms since Wednesday morning last. Can I, old and broken, and full of cracks as I am, expect that pain will not enter into some of them? Yes; entirely free I never am; and as I hate to trouble others with complaints of natural infirmities, and perceive how sensibly I decay, I like to be much alone, and care not how few I see, except the very, very few that I really love. I am expecting Mr. Blake on business, and therefore will say no more now. Adieu till Tuesday!

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